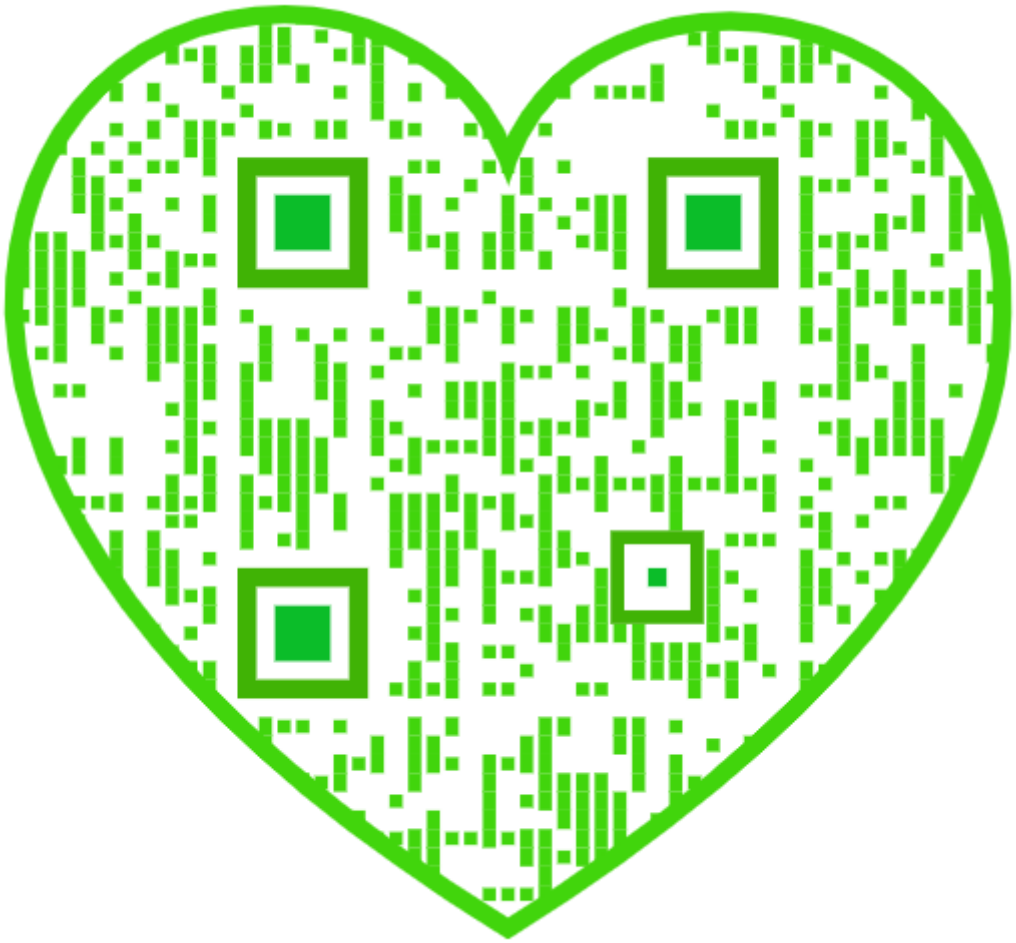

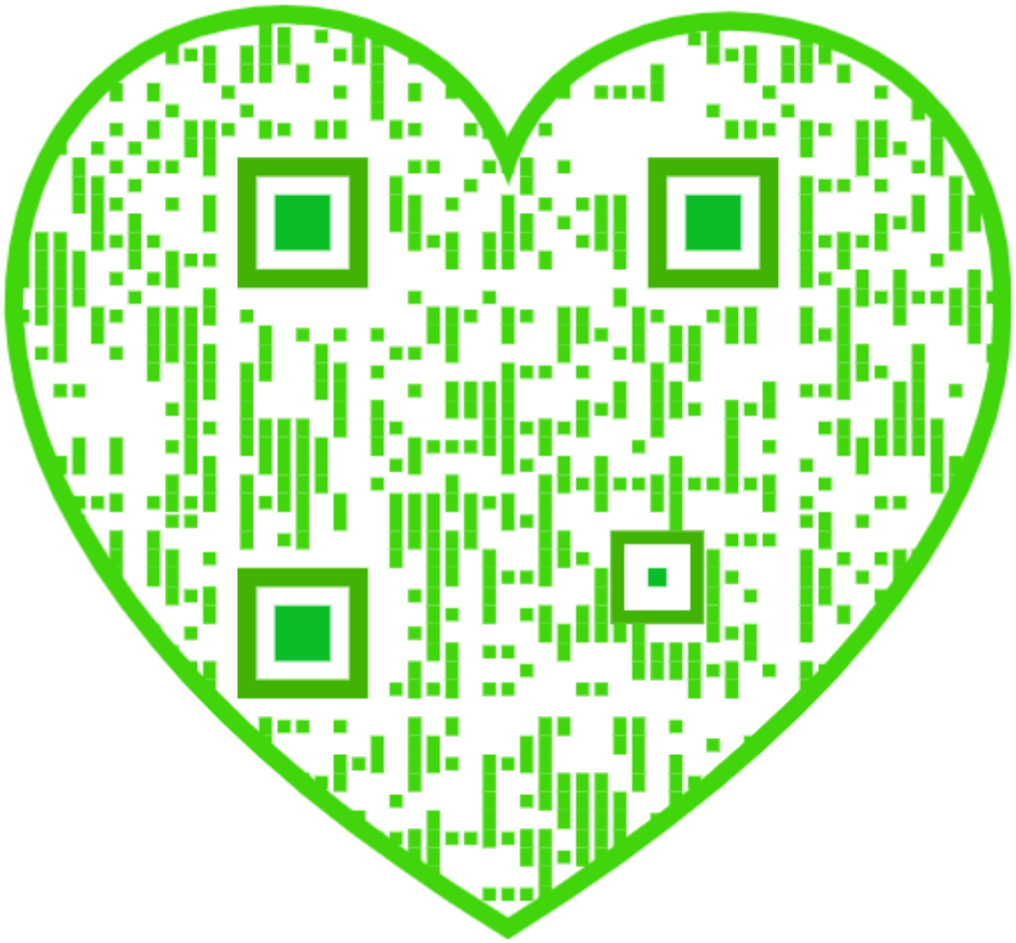

Brother Ignatius.

THREE MONTHS

IN AN

ENGLISH MONASTERY.

A Personal Narrative.

BY

CHARLES WALKER.

" We must not stint
Our necessary ac'ions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers: which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd."

KING HENRY VIII.

LONDON:
MURRAY AND CO., 13, PATERNOSTER ROW.
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PREFACE.

THE following pages contain notes of a visit paid to Claydon in the summer of 1863. Books of travel are much written now-a-days, if not much read; and as we are often told that our own country supplies the widest and most necessitous mission-field without crossing the ocean in search of heathens who need converting, so it not unfrequently happens that as much instruction may be gained by the investigation of home scenes as by researches in foreign climes. At all events, to most Englishmen the monastic system is as much a *terra incognita* as the source of the Nile, or the interior of the Japanese Empire; and a man who has spent Three Months in a Monastery, though he have naught to relate of perilous encounters and hair-breadth escapes—though he can grace his narrative with none of the stirring incidents of travel—and though he performed his journey most prosaically by an ordinary English railway—may not unfairly claim some of the respect paid to the visitor of a distant land. The traveller who "does" the Pyramids finds himself surrounded by monuments of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemys; but the inmate of a monastery sees before him daily and hourly a living panorama of the times of St. Benedict and St. Basil, of the ages when those far-off Egyptian deserts were peopled with Antonys and Pachomiuses. Twelve hundred miles may separate the one from his native shores, but the other has travelled back as many years. And as—to carry the comparison further—the philosophical traveller delights to trace the similarity of human instincts and passions in whatever zone, there will be something interesting to Churchmen to mark the witness borne to the unchanging oneness of the faith by the successful working of an English

monastery in the nineteenth century. The same psalms and prayers were said, and at the same hours in the one case as in the other, and in either instance in the common language of the country. Each detail of the habit had been handed down, by the pious conservatism of the Church, unchanged in the minutest matter of detail for thirteen centuries; and it is instructive to find, in these days when men are striving to sweep away the old landmarks under pretence of adapting themselves to the "altered times," the system that brought the rude peasants of Monte Cassino to the foot of the cross working equally well with the villagers of Suffolk;—to learn that, bridging over alike modern Roman accretions and Protestant negations, the Church of the present can take up common ground with the Church of the sixth century.

The subject of Monastic Institutions has never been entirely allowed to die out during the period that has intervened since their forcible suppression in this country by the tyrant Henry. Bishop Ridley is known to have lamented the wholesale destruction of communities, which, whatever abuses may have attached themselves to them during the Middle Ages, had in theory, and as regards their constitution, the sanction of those primitive ages of Christianity to whose standard the reformers were endeavouring to bring back the English Church. In the reign of Queen Mary a noble attempt was made to repair the injustice and sacrilege of her royal father. All the moneys that had accrued to the crown by the suppression of the religious houses were restored, and the monks recalled. This act, however, only tended to identify the cause of monachism with that of the papacy. Queen Elizabeth determined to "suppress" popery as Henry had "suppressed" the monasteries, and employed pretty much the same means. Richard Whyting, dragged on a hurdle, and executed in sight of his convent for refusing to deliver up Glastonbury Abbey to the king, is ably supplemented by Father Campion, hung, drawn, and quartered for "saying mass," and Margaret Clitheroe pressed to death for attending thereat! Perhaps the "virgin Queen" shares with her sister a slight advantage over their father, in that they deluged the land with blood to bring about a forced unity, he with no higher aim than to fill his own coffers.

When Elizabeth, in the execution of her projects, instituted the Penal Laws, there were, as a matter of fact, no monastic orders but those restored by Mary, and attached to the cause of Rome. They, as the active missionaries of the Papal See, were naturally chiefly obnoxious to the Queen, and were accordingly singled out for destruction. To take the vows of religion in England became punishable with death. Those who had taken them abroad were subject, on their return, to perpetual banishment. Hence, whatever feelings were evoked by the course of circumstances against the papacy, naturally showed themselves especially against the monks; and hence, too, arose the absurd (though, under the circumstances, natural) identification of monasticism with Romanism, which still to a great extent survives.

Under the Stuarts the Church began rapidly to recover from the terrors of the Egyptian bondage she had suffered under the iron grasp of a Henry, an Edward, a Mary, and an Elizabeth. The Church had time to review her position, and to maintain the real principles of the Reformation—an appeal to Christian antiquity—against foes without and false friends within. Accordingly, we find men foremost in the Church's cause, such as Laud and Taylor, upholding the principles of the monastic state. The former, as is well known, not only led a celibate life himself, in order to "care" the better "for the things of God," but declared his intention, in disposing of his Church patronage, to give the preference, other things being equal, to single over married clergy. The latter, as a voluminous writer, speaks yet more to the point. "Marriage," he says, "is by Christ hallowed into a mystery to represent the sacramental union of Christ and His Church," but "virginity is a life of angels, the enamel of the soul." Reviewing, in his "Life of Christ," the circumstances recorded in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew, he thus speaks:—"He instructeth the Pharisees in the question of divorces, limiting the permission of separations to the only cause of fornication; *prefereth holy celibate* before the estate of marriage in them to whom the gift of continency is given, in order to the kingdom of heaven." "He instructs a young man in the ways and *counsels of perfection*, besides the observance of precepts by heroical renunciations." On the subject of *vows*, he employs this language:—"The religion of vows was not

only hallowed by the example of Jacob at Bethel, of Hannah praying for a child, and God hearing her, of David vowing a temple to God, and made regular and safe by the rules and cautions in Moses's law—but *left by our blessed Saviour in the same constitution* He found it, He having innovated nothing in the matter of vows. And it was practised accordingly in the instance of St. Paul at Cenchrea; of Ananias and Sapphira, who vowed their possessions to the use of the Church; and of the widows in the apostolical age, who therefore vowed to remain in the state of widowhood, because concerning them who married after the entry into religion, St. Paul says, *they have broken their first faith.* And such were they of whom our blessed Saviour affirms *that some made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven*—that is, such who promise to God a life of chastity." But Churchmen of this era were not content with such witnesses as these to an important feature of primitive Christianity. Nicholas Ferrar, himself a deacon, like him whose labours are recorded in these pages, founded a religious house at Little Gidding, on distinctly ascetic principles. Like the later Port Royal, it was a home of sanctified study and prayer, not unmixed with acts of charity, though not professedly a missionary institution. Archbishop Laud warmly interested himself in its welfare, as did also the king. It was swept away in the terrors of the great rebellion.

At the Restoration the Church had to regain her lost ground, and barely had she done so when the Revolution drained off some of her best members to the nonjuring cause. To this period belongs Law, the well-known author of "A Serious Call." We find him thus dealing with the question now under consideration:—

"Ever since the beginning of Christianity there hath been two orders or ranks of people amongst good Christians.

"The *one* that feared and served God in the common offices and business of a secular worldly life; the *other*, renouncing the common business and common enjoyments of life, as riches, marriage, honours, and pleasures, devoted themselves to voluntary poverty, virginity, devotion, and retirement; that by this means they might live wholly unto God in the daily exercise of a divine and heavenly life.

"This testimony I have from the famous ecclesiastical historian Eusebius, who lived at the time of the first general

council, when the faith of our Nicene creed was established, when the Church was in its greatest glory and purity, when its bishops were so many holy fathers and eminent saints.

"'Therefore,' saith he, 'there hath been instituted in the Church of Christ two ways or manners of living. The *one*, raised above the ordinary state of nature and common ways of living, rejects wedlocks, possessions and worldly goods, and being wholly separate and removed from the ordinary conversation of common life, is appropriated and devoted solely to the worship and service of God, through an exceeding degree of heavenly love.

"'They who are of this order of people seem dead to the life of this world, and having their bodies only upon earth, are in their minds and contemplations dwelling in heaven, from whence, like so many heavenly inhabitants, they look down upon human life, making intercessions and oblations to Almighty God for the whole race of mankind; and this not with the blood of beasts, but with the highest exercises of true piety, with cleansed and purified hearts, and with a whole form of life strictly devoted to virtue. These are their sacrifices, which they, continually offering unto God, implore His mercy and favour for themselves and fellow-creatures.

"'Christianity receives this as a perfect manner of life. The *other* is of lower form, and suiting itself more to the conditions of human nature, admits chaste wedlock, care of children and family, of trade and business, and goes through all the employments of life, under a sense of piety and fear of God.

"'Now all they who have chosen this manner of life have their set times for retirement and spiritual exercises, and particular days are set apart for their hearing and learning the Word of God; and this order of people are considered in the *second* state of piety.'*

"Thus the learned historian.

"If therefore persons of either sex, desirous of perfection, should unite themselves into little societies, professing voluntary poverty, virginity, retirement, and devotion, living upon bare necessaries, that *some* might be relieved by their charities, and all be blessed with their prayers, and benefited by their example; or, if for want of this, they

* Euseb. Dem. Evang. II., c. 8.

should practise the same manner of life, in as high a degree as they could by themselves, such persons would be so far from being chargeable with any superstition or blind devotion, that they might justly be said to restore that piety which was the boast and glory of the Church when its greatest saints were alive.

"Now, as this learned historian observes, that it was an exceeding great degree of heavenly love that carried these persons so much above the common ways of life to such an eminent state of holiness, so it is not to be wondered at that the religion of Jesus Christ should fill the hearts of many Christians with this high degree of love.

"For a religion that opens such a scene of glory, that discovers things so infinitely above all the world, that so triumphs over death, that assures us of such mansions of bliss, where we shall so soon be as the angels of God in heaven; what wonder is it, if such a religion, such truths and expectations, should in some holy souls destroy all earthly desires, and make the ardent love of heavenly things be the one continual passion of their hearts?

"If the religion of Christians is founded upon the infinite humiliations, the cruel mockings and scourgings, the prodigious sufferings, the poor persecuted life and painful death of a crucified Son of God, what wonder is it if many humble adorers of this profound mystery, many affectionate lovers of a crucified Lord, should renounce their share of worldly pleasures, and give themselves up to a continual course of mortification and self-denial, that thus suffering with Christ here, they may reign with Him hereafter?

"If Truth itself hath assured us that *there is but one thing needful*, what wonder is it that there should be some amongst Christians so full of faith as to believe this in the highest sense of the words, and to desire such a separation from the world that their care and attention to the one thing needful may not be interrupted?

"If our blessed Lord hath said, '*If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me,*' what wonder is it that there should be amongst Christians some such zealous followers of Christ, so intent upon heavenly treasure, so desirous of perfection, that they should renounce the enjoyment of their estates, choose a voluntary poverty, and relieve all the poor that they are able?

"If the chosen vessel St. Paul hath said, '*He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord;* and that *there is this difference also between a wife and a virgin, the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord that she may be holy, both in body and spirit;*' what wonder is it if the purity and perfection of the virgin state hath been the praise and glory of the Church in its first and purest ages?—that there hath been always some, so desirous of pleasing God, so zealous after every degree of purity and perfection, so glad of every means of improving their virtue, that they have renounced the comforts and enjoyments of wedlock, to trim their lamps, to purify their souls, and wait upon God in a state of a perpetual virginity?

"And if in these our days we want examples of these several degrees of perfection; if neither clergy nor laity have enough of this spirit; if we are so far departed from it, that a man seems like St. Paul at Athens, *a setter forth of strange doctrines*, when he recommendeth self-denial, renunciation of the world, regular devotion, retirement, virginity, and voluntary poverty, it is because we are fallen into an age when the love not only of many, but of most, has waxen cold. The highest rules of holy living, devotion, self-denial, renunciation of the world, charity, virginity, voluntary poverty, are found in the sublimest counsels of Christ and His Apostles, suitable to the high expectations of another life, proper instances of a heavenly love, and all followed by the greatest saints of the best and purest ages of the Church.

"'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'"*

In another place we find him consoling his readers in the then absence of any such organized societies:—"You cannot build hospitals for the incurable, *you cannot erect monasteries for the education of persons in holy solitude, continual prayer, and mortification;* but if you join in heart with those who do, and thank God for their pious designs, if you are a friend to these *great friends of mankind*, and rejoice in their eminent virtues, you will be received by God as a sharer of such good works, as though they had none of your hands, yet had all your heart."†

Even the dull, dreary time of Queen Anne witnessed an attempt to found a kind of college for women who needed

* "Serious Call," c. ix. † Ibid, p. 327. S.P.C.K. edition, 1842.

retirement and mutual society; and although the stupid prejudice of the age arrayed itself against the project, as savouring too much of the conventual system, we find a man so utterly removed from Catholic sympathies as Bishop Burnet—a man not only not a celibate bishop, like Laud, but one who had so little practical respect for antiquity as to avail himself of the permission to marry (never then granted a second time) thrice *—sufficiently above a popular outcry to leave it on record that "Something like monasteries for women would be a glorious design, and may be set on foot to be the honour of a queen on the throne."

I need not here allude to the various attempts made, as by the Nonjurors, to effect a corporate union with the Eastern Church, and also that under Archbishop Wake, with the Gallican Church, in none of which did the question of monastic institutions, so prevalent in both Churches, present itself among the points of difference that would require smoothing before the object in hand could be effected. As a matter of controversy, the whole monastic question was "out of court." The suppression was the work of an ostensibly Catholic king, and prior to the Reformation. When that event took place there were no monasteries to reform.

To come to our own times. The "Oxford Movement" was yet in its infancy, when the absence of monastic institutes was seen to constitute a very serious difference between the present English Church and the primitive age of Christianity, which she avowedly takes as her standard.

"The history of the Church," wrote one of the contributors to the well-known series of "Plain Sermons," "affords us an additional lesson of the same serious truth. For three centuries it was exposed to heathen persecution; during that long period God's hand was upon His people. What did they do when that hand was taken off? How did they act when the world was thrown open to them, and the saints possessed the high places of the earth? Did they enjoy it? Far from it; they shrank from that which they might, had they chosen, have made much of; they denied themselves what was set before them. When God's hand was removed, their own hand was heavy upon them. Wealth, honour, and power they put away from them. They recol-

* See p. 134.

lected our Lord's words, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'* And St. James, 'Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?'† For three centuries they had no need to think of those words, for Christ remembered them, and kept them humble; but when He left them to themselves, then they *did voluntarily what they had hitherto suffered patiently*. They were resolved that the Gospel character of a Christian should be theirs. Still, Christ, in the Gospels, makes His followers poor and weak, and lowly and simple-minded; men of plain lives, men of prayer, not 'faring sumptuously,' or clad in 'soft raiment,' or 'taking thought for the morrow.' They recollected what He said to the young Ruler, 'If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me.' And so they put off their 'gay clothing,' their 'gold and pearls and earthly array;' they 'sold that they had and gave alms,' they 'washed one another's feet;' they 'had all things common.' They formed themselves into communities for prayer and praise, for labour and study, for the care of the poor, for mutual edification, and preparation for Christ; and thus, as soon as the world professed to be Christian, Christians at once set up among them a witness against the world, *and kings and monks came into the Church together.* And from that time to this, never has the union of Church with State prospered, but when she was united also with the hermitage and the cell."‡

It is not to be wondered that Mr. Ward, a dissenter from tractarian principles, in so far as he denied that the Reformation was a *bonâ fide* appeal to antiquity, yet a useful witness as being one so thoroughly mixed up in the "movement," should object in his "Ideal of a Christian Church," that "the universal prevalence of monasteries or other like institutions, nay, of solitaries in the desert, must be immediately felt by all as indicative of a spirit directly at variance with that prevalent in the English Church." ||

Whether we regard the wonderful series of *Lives of the English Saints*, that emanated from Littlemore, as the pro-

* St. Mark x. 23. † St. James ii. 5.

‡ "Plain Sermons," vol. v., pp. 44, 45.

|| Ward's "Ideal," c. iv., p. 139, second edition.

duction of men still true to the cause of their mother Church, or of those who had ceased to sympathize with her and were feeling their own way, or were even striving, of set purpose, to lead others to give their allegiance to a communion that appeared to them to possess more marks of the true Church, their testimony is equally valuable. They were the productions of men who had deeply studied the questions that then agitated the Church; of men well read in Church history; of men willing to dare and to suffer all for the sake of whatever might commend itself to them as the truth of God. If the former were the true view, the series is most valuable, as showing what to their minds constituted the weakness and impaired the efficiency of the English Church. If the latter, it is scarcely less so, as pointing out the reasons which produced dissatisfaction, and eventually led to the secession of men who began as earnest workers for their mother Church. The very first number, the Life of St. Stephen Harding, was an attempt to enlist the sympathies of churchmen with the monastic system, and to point out the effects that system produced on society and on the Church. Later we have the biographer of St. Wilfrid, recording his conviction that "A Church without monasteries is a body with its right arm paralyzed;" and reminding the young of that day that "there is yet another more excellent way of advancing the Catholic cause," which they would do well to look to if they sought "some field for their zeal and were turning it into the poetry of religion. What poetry more sweet, and yet, withal, more awfully real—indeed, hourly realized by the sensible cuttings of the very cross—than the pursuit of holy virginity? What is the building of a cathedral to the consecration of a living body? What is the sacrifice of money to the oblation of an undivided heart? What are the troubles and pains of life to the struggles of the sealed affections, struggles which never come to the surface, plaints which have no audience, sorrows which cannot ask for sympathy, and, haply, joys of which it is but a weak thing to say that they are not fathomable?"

The object of the series was, "by setting forth the deeds of the old missionary monks and holy founders of these glorious abbeys to provoke our own generation to a godly jealousy, and to plead the cause of our manufacturing districts most effectually by adorning the memory of those

whose peaceful and conventual cities are, after all, but so many witnesses of what the old saints did against difficulties hardly less than ours. And especially the monastic character of the early Saxon church, by which the England of ancient times was subdued to the cross, may intimate to us that however lawful it may be in itself, and if so be, of primitive warrant, yet a sturdier weapon than a married clergy can alone hope to convert (for we may not use a milder form) the crowded multitudes of modern England."*

The revival of Catholic truth was too young, however, to carry out the higher walks of the spiritual life. Men's eyes were opened to the need; but if we except one or two abortive attempts to supply it, the sole consequence of the awakening was to people foreign monasteries with converts who lacked patience to wait for better and riper days. As a writer in the series referred to truly says:—"Monks and nuns are not commodities to be found everywhere, and to be moulded for the nonce whenever they are wanted. Funds may be found, and buildings raised, and vestments manufactured, but it requires a special vocation from God to make a man or woman renounce the world."† In due time the vocation was vouchsafed.

Dr. Pusey asked with much reason, "Why should the daughters of our land be in a manner forced into marriage, as in the former days of Romanism they were into celibacy, and the days of the Old Testament be brought back upon us, and our maidens marry in order to 'take away their reproach from among men?' Now that He who was looked for is come, and they can serve Him, not by becoming mothers of the holy line whereof He was born, but by ministering to His members in a sanctified virgin estate. Why should not we also, instead of our desultory visiting societies, have our *Sœurs de la Charité*, whose spotless and religious purity might be their support amid the scenes of misery and loathsomeness, carrying that awe about them which even sin feels towards undefiledness, and impressing a healthful sense of shame upon guilt by their very presence? Why should marriage alone have its duties among the daughters of our great, and the single estate be condemned to an unwilling listlessness, or left to

* "Life of St. Paulinus."

† "Life of St. Gilbert of Sempringham."

seek undirected, and unauthorized, and unsanctified, ways of usefulness of its own?" In due time the response came in the person of Miss Sellon, whose work is too recent to need enlarging upon, and has given rise in twelve years to upwards of thirty sisterhoods such as the doctor was advocating.* But so long as the movement was confined to communities for women it was necessarily incomplete. Dr. Pusey pointed out the need for colleges of unmarried clergy to cope with the spiritual destitution of our large towns. So moderate a writer as Mr. Gresley, while witnessing to the fact that "much is said, and more hinted, in the writings of the present day, with regard to the revival of the monastic system," pointed out—"It is clearly an erroneous impression to associate the idea of monasteries with the Roman Catholic Church *alone*, such institutions having existed long before the corruptions of popery were heard of, and being perfectly compatible with a reformed church;" and that "the objection to which the monasteries of the middle ages were liable arose, not from their essential character as religious societies, but from their accidental connection with a corrupt religion," and declared himself in favour of a restoration of the system. Archdeacon Churton, in his "Early English Church," did much to set the question in its right light before those to whom the "Lives of the English Saints" would have proved too strong meat.

Somewhat more recently we have an English writer giving his—or I should say her—English readers "A Glance behind the Grilles of some Religious Houses in France," and we are constrained to excuse the partiality of the book when we contrast the numberless institutes of Catholic France with the Scripture-readers and district visitors of Protestant England. We cease to wonder at, though not to deplore, the lack of faith to look forward to brighter days, and of the nicely-balanced judgment that is requisite to weigh two-sided questions. The writer hastened to join herself to a communion that showed so many signs of life.

On the opposite side we have a well-known writer in-

* "A Catholic," in a recent number of the *Norwich Argus*, characterizes the formation of Anglican sisterhoods as "one of the most singular instances of vitality, apart from the See of St. Peter, to be met with in modern times."

dicating the restoration of monasteries as an attempt to revive the obsolete practices of other ages under widely different circumstances.* The answer is obvious. Monasticism is a doctrine enshrined in the Gospel, and the doctrines of Christianity are immutable. They cannot become antiquated and out of date like a garment of other days. Satire, if it be worthy of the name, such as that displayed by the author of "The Falcon Family," was an old weapon. An anonymous novelist was an apt successor to the last of the heathen poets, Nomentianus, who employed his pen in the same way. History repeats itself.

In the interim, as I have had occasion to remark below, a deeper and more systematic study of history has done much to do justice to the monastic system. Directly, the works of Carlisle and Palgrave, and the writings of Disraeli and Lord John Manners, and last, though not least, the magnificent "Monks of the West" of the Count Montalembert, and Taylor's "Convent Life in Italy;" and indirectly, such books as Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, have extended in this direction. Sisterhoods have worked their way into an acknowledged place in the Church, and are deemed worthy of forming the topics of Episcopal charges, and of papers read at Church Congresses, and at length, with every appearance of stability, one similar community for men has been established, and its working during its first year of novitiate at Claydon is recorded, as far as it fell under my observation, in the following pages.

My aim is to present the reader with a perfectly truthful representation of things as they fell under my own observation, and as they presented themselves to my mind. That I may be able honestly to say I have done this, I will mention at once the only occasions in which I have called fiction to my aid. The first of these is in certainly rather a prominent place—the title-page. The visit here recorded occupied ten weeks of August, September, and October, and was preceded by a shorter visit of five weeks during the previous Lent, which I have not alluded to in the text. The title of "Three Months in an English Monastery" is not, therefore, strictly correct. The Objector, who is intro-

* Maitland's "Dark Ages."

duced, is also, as will be perceived, a fictitious character, and the conversations with him imaginary, except in so far as they embody objections urged in the hearing of the writer either at Claydon or elsewhere. In all other respects, I trust, the following pages contain a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, and an honest exposition of impressions.

I am not sorry that the course of my observations should have involved topics not directly connected with the restoration of the monastic system, but which will have to Churchmen a scarcely secondary interest. Readers of this class will be as interested to find a bold line conciliating respect and disarming opposition—a pronounced ritual filling the Church not merely with idle gazers, but with faithful communicants, and non-communicating attendance at the Eucharist asserting its propriety by its success—as to learn the possibility of working an English community on strictly monastic principles. Is it too much to hope that, as has been the case with the work itself, the book which describes it may tend to cause some who are most opposed to the "Oxford Movement" to view it more favourably? may prove at least that a "Puseyite" is one who has higher aspirations than to set up a pair of altar candles, or to force "unusual vestments" and "obsolete ceremonial" on an unwilling people? That these things are not "the follies of a sect," but means—and successful means to boot—to revive forgotten truths, and to bring back the masses to long-neglected means of grace? These I would merely ask, by way of preface, to put aside prejudices, to condemn nothing merely because the Roman Church has had the wisdom to adopt it, but to "judge righteous judgment."

The reader who is interested on the subject of meditation, which I have endeavoured, I fear very imperfectly, to describe in some of the following pages, will find an excellent *rationale* of that exercise in the eleventh chapter of Dr. Goulburn's "Introduction to the Devotional Study of the Holy Scriptures." It is followed by seven sketches of meditations on various parts of Holy Scripture. It is much to be wished that this portion of the book were published separately in a cheap form.

Since my remarks on Gregorian music were made, my attention has been drawn to a passage in the preface to

Mr. Skinner's "Daily Service Hymnal," which exactly expresses the principle I have endeavoured to enunciate in the text as far as it applies to hymnology, and will serve to explain my antagonism to such books as "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," not as denying their infinite superiority to numberless modern compositions, but as deprecating their use in churches where much better things might be looked for. "The hymns to be sung at certain services daily, and on certain days and at certain hours," he says, "demand as absolute and positive an appointment as the collects to be prayed and the Gospels to be read." His objection to the "Hymnal Noted"—the only English collection that fulfils this canon—that it does not contain hymns of eastern and (modern) English writers, would apply equally to the Prayer-book, as not embodying all orthodox prayers, or the liturgy as not giving expression to every edifying ceremony that has obtained in any branch of Christendom.

It is gratifying to the writer to find that since these pages were in the hands of the printer, and, consequently, since the remarks touching a corporate re-union of such bodies as the Wesleyans were penned, a proposition for a "Lay Order," such as is there suggested, has been brought before Convocation, and favourably received by our bishops.

One feature of the routine at Claydon has been removed from the text, as the incident by which it is illustrated did not occur during my last stay there.

On greater festivals some relaxation was wont to be given to the Brothers in the shape of a quiet walk into the country. One of these I describe here for the sake of the lesson it conveys. On the Feast of St. Benedict, the 21st of March, two of the Brothers undertook a journey to a Benedictine Nunnery at East Bergholt, about fifteen miles from Claydon, which was the occasion of some amusing incidents. The expedition involved a journey by rail to Manningtree, and a walk from thence of about four miles. The Brothers in question partook of a meal, I think, about ten o'clock, and shortly after set forth, arriving somewhat fatigued and terribly cold—for a Suffolk east wind was blowing—at their destination at about two p.m. They presented themselves at the gate and rang the bell. A female

withdrew the shutter of the grating; but on seeing two men in the unusual garb of a monk instantly closed it, and I suppose communicated to the household the vision that had met her astonished gaze. After some time a boy of about sixteen appeared, and, opening the door till a passage was made just wide enough to admit of his squeezing through, demanded their business. They said they wished to see the convent, mentioning the name of a gentleman, a solicitor, of Ipswich, who managed the affairs of the nuns, and, as it happened, those also of the Claydon Brotherhood. The boy said, in a somewhat disagreeable tone, that the sisters were in chapel, and that no one was admitted on any pretext.

The Brothers urged their suit, and the boy continued obdurate, from churlishness passing to insolence; remarking that he knew who they were, a couple of Puseyite monks, and he should not take their message to the abbess. Declining to enter into controversy, which the young gentleman evidently wished to provoke, they said, by way of protest, that the Benedictine rule commanded hospitality to be shown to all strangers, and that they should write to the abbess, complaining of the treatment they had received, and turned away to examine the parish church, a fine structure raised by Wolsey. Here they were found by the boy, who said the sisters begged they would come in. Not very well pleased with their reception, they demurred; but the boy was entreating; evidently the threat had told. So they entered the forbidden gate, crossed the court-yard, and were shown into the parlour. Here they received a very formal welcome from two nuns of advanced age, who immediately entered upon a theological argument. They informed them that it was impossible they could see the convent—not even the chapel, which was only open on Sundays for the use of such of the villagers as were Catholics. At the same time they expressed a regret that they had not brought a letter from Mr. ——, a document which would apparently have produced some alleviation of their rigour of the excluding system. The Brothers arose to depart, and as they were really nearly dropping from fatigue, asked the sisters if there was any place in the village where they could rest. After a great deal of looking at each other, and dumb show, the sister who was the "chief speaker" of the party, said that they were just going to

compline; and that if they liked to rest there till their return, they thought there could be no harm in allowing them to do so. During their absence, two priests came in, to whom the Brothers confided their woes. Whether they reported favourably of them to the nuns, I do not know; but on their return, a "change" had come "o'er the spirit of their dream." The Father ——, they said, would be happy to show them the grounds and such parts of the house as he thought proper—which turned out to be the cemetery, the chapel, and the school-room, where the young ladies were drawn up in double file for their inspection. On returning to the parlour, the sisters became very friendly, and pressed them to take some refreshment. Not liking to inconvenience them, they merely asked for a crust of bread. This was brought, with wine and oranges; and during the discussion of this repast, the good sisters confided to them the history of their community. Their house had, I think, been founded at Brussels in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the penal laws rendered monastic life in England an impossibility; and there it continued till the Revolution, in which the good nuns lost all their property, and landed in England penniless. Some one gave them a house at Winchester, some straw and some tick, which they spent the first day there in making up into bedding. When the Brothers told the nun, who was relating this, that that was how they were beginning at Claydon in perfect poverty, she said, very emphatically, "Then you'll succeed." She inquired after "Miss Sellon" and some "Church of England nuns," who had been at Ipswich. Eventually the good sisters bade them a most friendly "good-by," and expressed a hope they might receive another visit from them, when they would meet with a better reception. They expressed much astonishment at the "rigour" with which the rule was kept at Claydon. Certainly vespers were not said at two, and compline at three p.m.! The abbess sent word she was sorry that, being confined to her bed with gout, she could not receive the visitors. On their complaining of the insolence of the boy, they expressed much regret, but accounted for it quite naturally on the ground that he was "a convert." The individual in question seemed much astonished at the attention which the "Puseyite monks" received! Altogether, this visit must have given the good sisters something to talk of in recreation hours for some time.

The priest who accompanied them evinced much interest in the work at Claydon, though he would not allow the "reality" of anything "Anglican." He seemed rather taken by the bold line adopted, though, it seemed to the Brothers, rather envious that a pseudo-monastery should be courageous enough to wear the habit in public, which the "real" ones were prohibited from doing. It did not apparently occur to him that on Roman Catholic grounds the Church of England, from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the humble little community at Claydon, need not be "unreal," nor even *de jurè* schismatic, though of course so *de facto*. In the "great schism" of fifty years duration when the Church was rent into Urbanists and Clementines, one faction must have been schismatical, if communion with the Pope is a necessity of Church membership, yet the schismatic section produced B. Colette, the saintly reformer of the Order of St. Clare, whose acts were ratified by the Church when peace was restored, and she herself allowed to be revered as a saint by the Franciscan Order. Though *de facto* in schism she was not so *de jurè*, or her memory would not have been thus reverenced by the Church. May not Roman Catholics, on being struck with the vitality she displays, adopt a similar conclusion as to the position of the Church of England, and pray, that like its prototype, the schism may one day be healed?

We are met sometimes by the objection that our bishops have not thrown themselves into the great Church "movement," that they either do not hold Catholic verities, or will not do battle for them. This may be a sad fact, but it cannot affect our position as a branch of God's Church, otherwise where was the Church of France when her bishops hastened to avow themselves deists? No amount of accidental Protestantism can affect her existence, however it may her efficiency, so long as she appeals to a Catholic standard any more than Jansenism affected the existence of the Gallican church.

Brother Ignatius on the occasion I have related, for he was one of the brothers alluded to, returned to Claydon as the bell was ringing for evensong, and notwithstanding his long fast and the fatigues of the day, he went straight into the church, sang the office, and preached a sermon, as though the day had been spent in the ordinary routine of the cloister.

If I have denounced somewhat strongly defects in the Church party to which it is at once my privilege and my happiness to belong, it must not be attributed to a cavilling spirit, still less to any ill-feeling towards individuals, whose particular cases, in every instance without mention of names, have been cited as samples of widespread deficiencies. A "Tractarian" by conviction, and having the welfare of the movement deeply at heart, such language, where I have felt myself constrained to employ it, must be interpreted as springing from a legitimate jealousy of any blot or "bar sinister" that may disfigure its fair escutcheon. I have not cared to hide evils that exposure might remedy, and if no such result follow, at least I have acted on the canon of the great Montalembert that "to show only the vices of a human creature or an historic period is to betray truth, but it is equally so to show nothing but the virtues." *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* The evils I have noticed have been patent to me long before the visit to Claydon, which forms the subject of these pages, and I am glad that my experiences there only confirmed me in conclusions I had arrived at long before. At first, with the characteristic caution and timidity of my party, I was, despite theoretical conclusions, fearful lest the bold line adopted at Claydon would bring about some grievous catastrophe. But no; the burning of incense was not found to be the forerunner of a revolution, nor did the wearing of a chasuble superinduce an earthquake. The Catholic faith was taught in its fulness, boldly, and undeniably, without verifying Dr. Cumming's predictions as to the end of the world. On the contrary, as I had always anticipated, straightforwardness and boldness were found to conciliate even the most unlikely persons.

With these preliminary remarks, I throw the following narrative on the indulgence of my readers, who will credit my sincerity, even while impugning my conclusions, and deprecating my inartistic handling of the subject I have undertaken to write upon.

4, Belgrave Place, Brighton,
April 28, 1864.

THREE MONTHS IN AN ENGLISH MONASTERY.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Contrast between Monasticism and the every-day life of the nineteenth century.—The place of departed spirits.—Absence of the "Ascetic" element of religion in England.—Awakened interest in Monastic Institutes; felt by those who view them in widely different lights.—Popular views of "Monkery."—Monasticism "adapted" to the nineteenth century.—Mediæval and modern phases of the system.—Practical success the only test that can affect all classes.—The *Times* newspaper.—Description of the *habitat* of the Claydon Brotherhood.—Arrival of the writer.—A slumbering friar.—A disquisition on poetry.

In this busy nineteenth century, with all its varied means of rapid communication, whether of travel or thought, when a man, a hundred miles off, scribbles you a letter after breakfast which reaches you before you sit down to dinner; in this age, when everything material is worshipped, and, disguise it as we may, everything spiritual correspondingly undervalued; when the whole human race seems to be doing nothing from morning till night but hurry to and fro on business or pleasure, the entire reversion of the ordinary every-day life of even the quietest and most retiring, implied by Three Months

spent in a Monastery, will readily be allowed to be great. A sudden plunge from the haunts of one's fellow men, where, however much we may hold ourselves aloof from them, fashion, human applause, fear of public opinion, and a thousand other influences of a like character, are real living powers that make themselves felt, into a retreat which, take whatever view of it we will, we must pronounce to be *in* the world, but not *of* it, where the vagaries of fashion are opposed by one uniform habit of more than Quaker-like simplicity, where the sounds of human applause, or the strictures of public opinion, either are unable to reach, or fall like the echo of distant muffled bells, powerless to break the soul's reverie, almost reads like a descent into that region of disembodied spirits, where the trammels of the flesh being cast off, and "the former things"—the world, with all its thousand motives and springs of action—"passed away," each one awaits in calm and peaceful expectation the dawning of the great day when it shall be reunited for aye to the flesh, which was its companion in the house of its pilgrimage.

And in a country like England, where partly from the discordant elements of religious strife, partly, perhaps, from the natural bent of the mind of the nation, the ascetic element in religion has been so much lost sight of, this is especially the case. Now and then, when some "convert," illustrious either by birth, or by vigour of intellect and power of mind, descends into the silent shades of the cloister, the English world wakes up to the

fact that La Trappe or Monte Cassino are names known to the nineteenth as well as to the seventeenth and sixth centuries, and that, be the system good or evil, it is a real living power in our very midst now as then. Or some Maria Monk will astonish the world with direful tales of

> "Fires by monkish fancy painted,
> Abject fears, and dismal cells,"

and a thousand other horrors, which, after going the rounds, recruiting, as it were, their bands of credulous believers, are proved to have existed only in her own prurient imagination, and then, like a nine-days' wonder, the subject dies out from public talk, and the world goes on as before. But it would, I think, be wrong to shut our eyes to the fact that an interest is felt on the subject of monastic institutes in some form or other, by thinking men who look at the matter from widely differing points of view, which it would vainly have challenged some few years ago. Whether in these days of travel the monastic revival on the continent in any way influences, although unconsciously, those outside the pale of the Roman Church, or whether, to confine ourselves to England, the march of education and the consequent breadth of ideas have so far broken down the barriers of three hundred years, that the spread and practical working of religious orders in the Anglo-Roman Communion has attracted the attention of those least amenable to their direct influence, the fact, I think, remains undisputed. Perhaps all these causes combine. Some, indeed, go so far as to argue from the busy, plodding—and as they would say, "prac-

tical"—character of the age, that monastic institutions are entirely out of date. I might point these to the working of religious orders on the continent, but as my information would necessarily be at second-hand, and from sources easily attainable, I prefer to state what has fallen under my own observation. Three months of my existence have been recently spent in the midst of a religious community, not in the solitary heights of Mount Saint Bernard, or in the deserts of the Chartreuse, far removed from anything that may appeal in any especial way to English sympathy, but in an English monastery—English not only in locality, but as being in communion with the Established Church of England; and I now lay before the public my experiences, leaving them to form their own judgment on the working of the system in whose midst it has been my lot to spend a quarter of the past year.

Thanks to the "Thunderer," and the smaller fry who follow in his wake, the once obscure village of Claydon in Suffolk is now known, by name at least, to most educated Englishmen. Sundry "sensation" paragraphs, headed "Strange doings in a country church," "The Claydon eccentricities," &c., have informed men, all due allowance being made for the embellishments inseparable from this branch of literature, that the services in the parish church of that village are carried on with a degree of ritual, which, rightly or wrongly, is not usually to be met with in churches of the establishment; and that a religious community for men was in existence there, and

was working in the parish with the rector's sanction. Whether the ritual drew attention to the Brotherhood, or the Brotherhood to the ritual, I do not undertake to say. I merely mention the two things in conjunction, as summing up pretty nearly all that is known about Claydon by those who have not given the matter any special degree of attention. In some the name provokes a smile, in others a jeer; others doubtless would "hear" further "of this matter;" and others, again, look upon the "experiment" there inaugurated with mixed feelings of hope and fear. To all these I am rash enough to hope these pages may not prove uninteresting.

"Every man for himself and God for us all" is a motto much affected by Englishmen, and certainly in matters religious we are apt to take the first clause to the exclusion of the second. Even within the Church of England there are as many imperceptible shades of thought, neutral tints, as it were, between the three great parties, as there are tones in an autumn sky at sunset, though it is doubtless becoming less so every day. On the question of monastic revival, then, we must expect to find many shades of opinion. There are those to whom the very words "monks and nuns," or even the more modified Brother or Sister of Mercy, are abomination. I trust these will not deem it waste of time to peruse these pages. What terrible revelations, if not of dark and loathsome dungeons, of foul impurities, of fearful penances and despotic lord abbots, at least of monastic idleness and uselessness and of monastic superstition, of luxurious

tables and of good cheer in general, cannot a man make who has spent Three Months in a Monastery?—three months, during which he had access to every nook and corner of the establishment, had constant intercourse with all the inmates, and lived among them quite as one of themselves.

"In the good old time
Of venison and wine,
Some half-warrior monks did dwell
In an old cloister'd fane,
Bolton Abbey by name,
Where they lived right merry and well.

"The abbot was portly, frank, and free,
By the cross on his breast a crusader was he;
In armour of steel, or robed in purple and white,
With the sword and Missal he maintained feudal right," &c.*

Others, again, without troubling themselves to think much on the subject, with no practical knowledge of its working abroad, dismiss the matter from their consideration with the thought that it may be all very well in Roman Catholic countries as part of a system which is perhaps suited to the warm imaginations of southern races. They have discrimination enough to take popular accusations against the religious orders *cum grano salis*, and logic enough to perceive that charges of lazy sensuality and convivial banquetings, and of stern fanaticism, terrible discipline, and fakir-like penances, are mutually destructive of each other: they content themselves with a superficial glance at the system as at what

* "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time."—*Lines by S. R. L.*

concerns them no more nearly than the manners and customs of some foreign nation, against whom it would be bigoted and illiberal to entertain prejudices merely because they differed from their own. To these people the ruins of Tintern and St. Albans, and Glastonbury and Fountains, of Dryburgh and Melrose and Jedburgh, have no eloquent tongues speaking to them in their desolation. History, too, pointing to fifteen centuries of uninterrupted monastic chronicles, is equally mute for them. Workhouses and the poor laws point no warning finger. Some, deeper thinkers than these last, are not unwilling to admit that, with certain modifications, a restoration—or shall I not rather say an *adaptation ?*—of the monastic system would be a gain. "Nineteenth century monasticism" must be very different from the monkery of the middle ages. A piece must be lopped off here to suit that popular prejudice, or tacked on there to meet the requirements or coincide with the broader spirit of the age. These people would hesitate to say in words what, in reality, though unconsciously, they hold, or act as if they held, that the monasticism they dream of must be as different from that of the early church—from that of a Chrysostom or an Athanasius or an Augustine—as from that of mediæval times. They are churchmen, and the Church of England has an awkward habit of referring them to those early ages, and to those ancient fathers, which would ill accord with any such open expressions of dissent. They fail to see that the same principle applied to the dogmas of religion would produce a worse

than Roman theory of development. The "development" of Rome is at least logical and progressive, however absurd may be the premises from which it starts; but this system of lopping and pruning to suit the spirit of the age, besides being essentially neologian, has all the absurdity without a single redeeming quality. It is gravely argued that the English nation is not an "ascetic" nation, and that, therefore, a strict and stern rule, such as was suited to the fourth or fifth centuries would never "go down" with the people. But surely the question is, whether the Christian religion is an "ascetic" religion or not? If it be not, *cadit quæstio;* if it be, the absence of this element in the national character is all the more reason why its necessity should be insisted on. The English are a money-getting nation, but no one argues from this that it is impolitic or unwise to preach on the danger of riches. The very object for which the Church was founded was to be a *teacher;* if she fulfil not this end, if she deliver not her whole message, and declare not the whole counsel of God, but pares it down to suit "the requirements of the age," what is she but a sham?—a splendid sham it may be, venerable for her age and from her accidental accessories, but a sham nevertheless—a marble cistern carved with delicate tracery, and time-ornamented by many tinted creepers and soft velvet mosses, but "a broken cistern that can hold no water."

Others, yet again, there are, willing to yield an unqualified admiration. They view the monastic system as

a magnificent poem rather than as a living reality; hence theirs is a homage of the imagination rather than the intellect. With the author of "Vathek," their "heart delighteth in a legendary tale of the monastic sort." They entertain

> "The antiquarian humour, and are pleased
> To skim along *the surfaces* of things,
> Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours."

They will even afford a sigh over the times when all these things were not fair though baseless dreams, but living realities; but they regard the system as a beautiful exotic, which would infallibly die in the cold chilling atmosphere of northern scepticism and unromance; which would be as out of place and utterly impossible in our midst as the gorgeous scenes of the Arabian Nights. With them monasticism is but a part of mediævalism; they mistake its accidents for its essence. The splendid abbey, rich in carved work of stone and wood, raising its lofty towers in the peaceful valley, with its long procession of hooded monks winding round the cloister, would be incomplete without the lordly castle frowning from the summit of the neighbouring hill, with its train of squires and pages issuing from the portcullised gateway and clattering over the drawbridge to the chase or to the war; or its line of courtly dames on ambling palfreys, wending their way, with hooded falcon on their wrist, to seek sport more congenial to their sex. The little monastery of Citeaux—destined to be the mother house of the Cistercian Order—rudely formed of timber cleared from

the ground on which it stood, and its lowly chapel with its three simple windows, its altar of painted wood, and its iron candlestick, would be to them as much an anachronism as the system they admire at a distance would be in the altered circumstances of our own times. Yet that humble monastery, and that chapel, poor even to rudeness, were the spiritual nursery of one on whom they would lavish their highest admiration—the great St. Bernard. These people are doubtless tiresome to deal with, but I by no means despair of them. I think we treat our *dilettantists* rather too harshly. They are bad enough and hollow enough if they never emerge from this chrysalis state; but in my experience they generally do emerge. The Catholic system has room for the imagination, and if people are led by this avenue to higher things, who shall gainsay? Show these persons the system really at work in our own age and clime, and the smile of incredulity will soon wear off; they will set themselves to find out the poetry of nineteenth century monasticism. Without a whit undervaluing all that is great and good, or even merely pretty and romantic, in the middle ages, they will learn to feel that poverty and simplicity in an age of almost unparalleled luxury, self-denying labour for God and His poor, coarse food and clothing, and little outward esteem, have quite as much the ring of true poetry in them as mitred abbots, stately abbeys, solemn general chapters, and all the outward "pomp and circumstance" with which "the ages of faith" surrounded the cloistered life. Their poetry

will take a practical line, which will at least be admitted on all hands to be a gain.

There is one test, and only one, which, if not the highest, is perhaps the most efficient, that can equally affect all these different classes of persons. It is that propounded by the *Times* in a leading article on this very subject: "If such efforts *succeed*, that ends the question."* People will overlook a great many short-comings in any work that achieves success. *Finis coronat opus;* but woe to any one who begins and breaks down! Perhaps some answer as to whether the Claydon "experiment" of a restored monastery, purged indeed of abuses which from time to time may have arisen as excrescences on the system, but avowedly founded on undiluted monastic principles, can stand this test, may be found in the narrative of my observations and experiences as recorded in these pages.

To the latter class of persons to whom I have been just alluding, I am afraid the Claydon Brotherhood would at first be very disappointing. It savours very strongly of Citeaux and its iron candlestick. A low stuccoed wing of a country rectory—not even built as rectories are so often now-a-days, in a semi-ecclesiastical style—perfectly plain, with square windows of most ordinary type, unadorned with ivy or creeper of any kind, its monotony broken only by a single cross surmounting the gable, is the outward aspect of what at the time of my

* *Times*, May 27, 1863.

narrative did duty as "the monastery." The situation is good, for so flat a country; the lawn is ornamented by some fine cedars, and the churchyard is bounded by a row of Scotch firs that are accounted the finest in the country. From this terrace there is a pretty view, with the village below, and the river, and here and there a country house, and an attempt or two at a hill; one of which is, I believe, pointed out as the scene of a sanguinary encounter between the Danes and our Saxon ancestors. The rectory stands in its own grounds, which contain some rare shrubs, though but few flowers, and are bounded by a walk through a fir plantation, extending from the churchyard three sides of a square, the fourth of which is formed by the road. Within, having ascended a plain wooden staircase, you come to a long narrow corridor or cloister, barely wide enough to admit of the passage of two persons, with open rafters of stained wood; out of which open the four rooms appropriated to the Brothers. That on your left, with the simple inscription on the door, *In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam,** is the dormitory.

The rule enjoins that a lamp shall be kept burning here during the hours of night, to facilitate the rising to the night office, I presume; but this is a luxury that the slender means of this community at present renders impossible. The next room on the right is the parlour; the next, the Superior's room; the fourth, crossing the

* "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest."—*Psalm* iv.

corridor lengthways, the refectory. The rooms are lofty, the walls unpapered, being washed, as also the ceiling, with a yellow wash, and the furniture is of the simplest character. In the dormitory there is nothing but the beds, a washhand-stand, and a cupboard; in the Superior's room, a bed, a table, an arm-chair, a washhand-stand, and a small square of carpet; in the refectory, a long board on tressels for a table, a form of corresponding length, both of deal, a chair for the weekly reader, and a cheffoniere of painted deal. A crucifix hangs on the wall opposite the table, and under it is posted up the daily routine of work for each hour according to the season. On the opposite wall a corresponding sheet of paper bears the word *Silentium* in large letters, implying that conversation is interdicted in the room; the prohibition extends likewise to the cloister and the dormitory. The parlour, as being the reception room for visitors, is furnished with rather more pretension; it is carpeted throughout, and its large deal table is covered with a cloth, and spread over with a few books; a few prints hang on the walls, and the high desk of painted deal is surmounted by a crucifix and two candlesticks of painted wood; a chest of drawers, with a large painted figure of our Lord as an infant in the arms of His mother standing thereon, an arm-chair, and two other chairs complete the inventory.

It took me some little time to make all these discoveries, especially those which relate to the external

details, as I arrived by a late train, and had little opportunity for observation. The bell was ringing for the evening service as I came from the station. I met several parties of labourers returning from the fields, it being harvest-time. On ringing the bell, I was admitted by a servant, and soon found myself in the parlour. The most unbroken stillness reigned. The bell had ceased before I had reached the rectory, and from the window I could see the church with the lights gleaming through the east window, and could hear the faint murmur of the chant and the notes of the organ ever and anon. Finding no signs of life, I went to explore the different rooms. In the refectory I found one of the Brothers seated near the window, with his hood over his head, perfectly motionless. As he gave no signs of observing me, I withdrew. I concluded he was under penance, and so was excluded from attendance at the service, but this proved afterwards not to be the case. He was either meditating, or had fallen asleep, I am inclined to think the latter, from the ignorance he afterwards expressed of my having entered the room. Finding nothing to occupy me, I returned to the parlour, and, flinging myself upon a chair, I also abandoned myself to half-dozing reflections, awaiting the arrival of the Superior; now trying to realize the kind of life that lay before me for the next few weeks, now listlessly watching the colours of the church window, or trying to catch a note that would give me a clue to the part of the service at which they had arrived.

The reader who seeks in these pages the poetry of the monastic life will have begun to perceive that the poetry of the Claydon Brotherhood is all of the homely type. I may be singular in my opinion, but to my mind this is the grandest of all poetry. The greatest poem in the world's history was enacted in the lonely cave at Bethlehem; those who took part in it were a humble virgin, a simple artisan, a weak babe; there was nothing outwardly sublime or magnificent in its surroundings—the shed, the manger, the ox, the ass; and the only apparent exception to this rule, the chorus of the heavenly host, was witnessed only by a few poor illiterate shepherds. What more simple even to rudeness, yet what more sublime? And from that day to this all that is really poetic in Christianity has been moulded and fashioned after the pattern of that way-side stable cave. Now and then, as we shall see further on, a modest ring of the bell will summon one of the Brothers to receive for the community a loaf or two of home-made bread from some poor woman, or some other humble donation in specie, from one or other of the village children; this is the nearest approach I saw to the scene depicted in the celebrated picture, "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," which is alluded to in the lines quoted above. I doubt not that an artist who had learned the grand lesson, not to "despise the day of small things," could make an effective *tableau* of it, notwithstanding the homeliness of the accessories. It is, perhaps, its readiness to grasp the poetry of what is elevated

in nature or man, when surrounded by the simple and the homely, that more than anything else is the secret of the wonderful success achieved by the Pre-Raphaelite school. It goes straight to the heart, when attempts at "effect" only bewilder.

CHAPTER II.

"Brother Ignatius."—The writer tells a little about himself.—Mr. Lyne's "antecedents."—A very juvenile preacher.—Mr. Lyne at St. Paul's.—With a tutor.—At College.—A zealous catechist.—An affecting farewell.—Work at Lakefield.—Return to England.—Ordination.—Insight into foreign Monasticism.—Miss Sellon.—Reasons for adopting St. Benedict's rule.—A dangerous illness and singular recovery.—Work at St. George's Mission.—A "sensation" sermon.—Affection of the poor.—The Brothers settle at Claydon.

I SAT gazing thus for some time, when some dusky figures gliding about on the lawn betokened the conclusion of the service; their noiseless movements and their sombre habits, indistinctly visible in the deepening twilight, seemed indeed like a vision of other times, and I had to recall myself, by a start, to a recollection of the practical purpose for which I had undertaken my journey, and to remember, by an effort, that I was about to see the practical working of an English community. The thought of the little square red-brick Baptist chapel I had passed on my way from the station, assisted me wonderfully in re-arranging my ideas; there was nothing mediæval or even primitive about *that*, at all events. In a few minutes the door opened, and I received a hearty welcome from the Superior.

It was not the first time we had met. My connection

with the Claydon Brothers is a curious instance of the dependence of events on each other, interwoven as these are like the links of chain armour, so that one could not be removed without altering the position of all the rest. The consequences of a given action, either for good or evil, and the colourings it may give to a lifetime, are mercifully veiled from us, or who would dare to act? Six years ago, a lady of my acquaintance wished to become a Sister of Mercy, and asked me (in order to further her object) to write a letter in a religious newspaper of that day to which I had contributed some articles on the revival of monasteries, broaching a proposal for the foundation of a contemplative sisterhood. I complied with her request. The idea fell to the ground, and the lady joined one of the existing sisterhoods; and so far, apparently, the letter had produced no result. Among my correspondents, however, was a lady residing at Plymouth. Two or three letters passed between us, but with the idea our correspondence naturally dropped, and in intervening events her very address had escaped my memory. These were years of sharp personal trial, which left me little desire for theorizing—trials which I need not more particularly allude to, as they do not directly, at least, connect themselves with my subject. But the associations of happier days thus rudely snapped asunder were destined to be revived.

In the summer of 1861, a letter in a strange hand lay on my breakfast table. It was from a curate of St. Peter's, Plymouth, the Rev. Joseph Leycester Lyne,

destined to be known hereafter as "Brother Ignatius." In a conversation with Miss ——, the writer said, that lady had mentioned me as one warmly interested in the revival of monasteries, and had given him my address, and he accordingly wrote, as he thought I should take an interest in the attempt he was making to carry out in a practical manner my views, as Miss —— had represented them to him. A correspondence ensued, which was interrupted by the serious illness of the curate; and hearing no tidings of him, I was afraid his experiment had, like many others, died in its infancy. To put an end to suspense on this head, I wrote again to Miss ——. From her I learnt the details of Mr. Lyne's illness and his present address on the continent. I wrote to him there, but from some cause or other he never received the letter. Strangely enough, about a week later he returned to England, restored to health, and wrote to me independently, requesting a personal interview in town. I made arrangements accordingly, and called at the house indicated. Mr. Lyne was not there, the servant said, nor indeed was he, she believed, in England; certainly he had said nothing to lead them to expect him there; indeed, the family was absent from town, with the exception of Mr. Frank ——, a student at King's College; but if I liked to walk into his room, the only one in the house not undergoing the agonies of "a grand clean," I was welcome to do so, and wait to see if he turned up. I accordingly did so, and presently Mr. Frank —— appeared. He could throw very little

extra light on the subject, except that Mr. Lyne was certainly in England; he had heard from him a day or so back, and he was located at St. George's Mission. Just as I was beginning to ponder in my mind whether my correspondent were a myth or a living reality, the servant entered with a budget of letters for Mr. Frank ——, amongst which was one for myself, explaining the cause of the non-appearance of the writer. He was staying with friends at Ealing, who grudged him any of the short time he had snatched from his duties at the mission to spend with them, and begged of me, in consequence, to visit him there. I mention this incident thus circumstantially, as it illustrates two traits in Brother Ignatius's character that I shall often have occasion to revert to—his forgetfulness of little matters of business, which contrasts oddly with his capacity for carrying out great ones, and the personal affection with which he invariably inspires all who enjoy his society.

I may as well here give Brother Ignatius's "antecedents" as I gather them from the *Ipswich Journal*. I understand that Mr. Lyne, senior, has characterized the account as "highly coloured;" but he has not, as far as I am aware, advanced anything to impugn its substantial accuracy.

Joseph Leycester Lyne, according to this authority, is the son of Francis and Louisa Genevieve Lyne; the former being of an old Cornish family, the latter a Miss Leycester, of White Place, Berks, a branch of the Leycesters of De Tabley, in Cheshire; Leycester Warren,

Lord De Tabley, being the head of the family. Francis Lyne and Louisa Genevieve Leycester were married at Cookham church, Berks, on the 7th May, 1835. Joseph Leycester, the second son, was born on the 23rd November, 1837, at his father's house in Trinity-square, London. From earliest childhood he longed after the ministry of the Church.* His childhood was principally spent at No. 6, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square. When ten years of age he was sent to St. Paul's School, London, whence at the age of fourteen he was removed, owing to very delicate health, in 1851. In the following year he was sent to a private tutor, the Rev. G. N. Wright, of Ayscough Fee Hall, Spalding, Lincolnshire. His education while there was paid for by a wealthy relative, Stephens Lyne Stephens, Esq., his father's first cousin. While here he first began to show "tractarian" tendencies. Mr. Wright, his tutor, moved from this place to Worcester, in 1853. Leycester Lyne followed him there, and remained with him till he was nineteen years of age. At this stage of his life he began to practice weekly communion, and frequent, if

* He has often told me himself how he would as a child extemporize a church, and get his brothers and sisters to do duty as the congregation. The hall was, I believe, generally the scene of these "shadows beforehand." Every available chair was collected on these occasions, and these were packed as closely as possible to represent a *crowd*. When these preliminaries were settled to his satisfaction, he would clamber up on to a table or chair, and preach.

not daily, attendance at the cathedral services. With these practices his father, fearing *precocious* piety, saw fit to interfere; he restrained him within the bounds of communion once in two months.

He was now most anxious to go to college, but the relative above alluded to refused to aid him in his desire; and his father appears to have been unable at this time to incur any extra expenses, and was also opposed to the extreme views of his son. Just at this crisis the young man heard of Trinity Theological College, in Scotland, and wrote to Dr. Eden, the Bishop of Moray and Ross—a family connection—begging him to aid him in entering that establishment. The bishop wrote to the young applicant's mother, and between them it was arranged that Leycester should be admitted divinity student there. A lady in Worcester, who had shown him great kindness as a boy at school, assisted him in paying his college expenses.

When the theological course was passed, the future "Brother Ignatius," now twenty-one, was employed by the Bishop of Moray at Inverness, as catechist. Here we catch a glimpse of the bold, uncompromising advocacy of what he believed to be God's truth, which has since brought him so prominently before the public, and which is his characteristic feature. He made no secret of his "High Church" views, but began at once a *raid* upon the Presbyterian poor of the town, many of whom he brought into the communion of the Episcopal Church. A little stir being created by this, the bishop hinted to

him that he had better not remain there any longer. "He was much grieved," says the writer whose account I have been following, in words eminently characteristic of the man he is describing, "at his work being thus broken up; it was, however, the bishop's will—he must go. The last night that he attended service at the bishop's Mission Chapel was on a Wednesday; the place was full of poor people and children, who had come to say good-bye to Mr. Lyne. Not a few eyes sparkled with a tear!" It is curious to observe the similarity of this leave-taking before he had definitely turned his mind to the monastic question, with others which took place after he had devoted himself to the life. St. George's Mission and Claydon Church were destined to witness scenes of this kind, of which the above words would serve equally as a description. In the former place, while he was absent at Brighton, to recruit his strength, he could only get some work done by telling the person to whom he had entrusted it, that he should not return till he had received it complete; in the latter, as we shall see, during his visit to the Highlands, the perpetual inquiries as to the time of his return were quite amusing, and would have been sometimes quite troublesome, were it not refreshing to see a clergyman held so dear by classes too often the most inaccessible to church teaching. "While in Inverness," continues the writer, "God had raised His young servant up many friends, among whom were the Camerons of

Lakefield, Glen Urquhart, who, being much distressed at the bishop's having cast off his *protégé*, invited him to spend a year with them in their exquisite mountain home." The family with whom he thus spent a year of his early life had built a church on their grounds, but, except in the shooting season, it was but thinly attended; the inhabitants of the Glen being Presbyterians. Here was a field for the zealous young catechist. The bishop still granting him license in that capacity to preach, he commenced a regular mission work among the Presbyterian mountaineers. Numbers soon flocked around him, and on a work-day evening many a highlander might be seen entering the little highland church, to join in the vesper service of the Scotch Episcopal Church. A choir was soon organized, a Sunday-school began, and a regular system of visiting the cottages set on foot. All at once the Presbyterian ministers take alarm, and a "Session" or Court of Judgment is held on their people. One week-day evening, Mr. Lyne's service was attended by a very large number; but the deacons of the Free Kirk were outside, watching behind the trees for the congregation to leave the church, in order to notify to the ministers the names of those who attended. The session was held—a great disturbance was made. The old-fashioned Episcopalians sided against the young catechist, and the bishop withdrew his license. The church was in consequence closed, and remains so to this day. Anxiety and worry brought on a very severe ill-

ness, which laid the young man upon a sick-bed for the winter. Inflammation of the heart succeeded. He was taken to Inverness, and thence to Nairn.

His highland friends, finding his health improved, persuaded him to return to them. But after a time he became so dangerously ill that his parents were sent for from London. His mother came, and accompanied her sick son by easy stages to town.

On reaching England, after a little rest, quiet and change of air and scene restored him, and he became anxious to receive holy orders. A curacy without stipend was offered him at St. Peter's, Plymouth.

At this time the relation before mentioned died, leaving him a small sum, which, with a further present from a friend, put him in a position to accept the curacy. The Christmas of 1860 was the time fixed for the ordination. Mr. Lyne was examined at Exeter, by Canon Woolcombe and Chancellor Harrington, and was ordained deacon at Wells cathedral by letters dismissory from the Bishop of Exeter, upon two conditions: 1—That not being a graduate of a university, he should remain deacon for *three years;* and 2—That he should not preach in the diocese of Exeter till he had received priest's orders. The ordination took place on Sunday, December 23rd, 1860.

The desire for the monastic life first took possession of his mind at college, in his twentieth year, and various matters combined to foster the idea. Plymouth, from its connection with Miss Sellon, might be called the cradle of English community life. On being appointed there, he

at once sought to become acquainted with this wonderful woman, who in after times became his most kind, consoling, and sympathizing friend. Mr. Lyne's veneration for her became most enthusiastic and unbounded. "My Mother Superior," I have often heard him call her. A book written against the institutions founded by her at Plymouth and elsewhere, elicited from him expressions of disgust and indignation, which the personal indignities which he had to put up with were never known to call forth. Yet, even here, his charity found some excuse for the writer in the supposition that she must be deranged. "If you could only *see*," he would say, "the marvellous love that reigns in that sisterhood, you would throw that book out of doors with loathing at its unblushing falsehoods!" A letter from the "Mother," who would occasionally snatch a few minutes from a wearing and painful illness to write words of advice and sympathy to Brother Ignatius, was looked upon as quite a godsend by the Claydon Brotherhood. One of these, written in pencil, as the good Mother was too ill to handle a pen, was addressed to me, with a request that I would forward it to the Superior, who was then in Scotland. Yet this "proud and stern lady Abbess," with her "luxurious travelling carriage" and "French waiting-maid" (!) who had been at the head of these institutions—their soul and mainspring—for years, and had lived to see the little seed sown in faith by two weak women spread into a wide and healthy movement she could hardly have dared look for, was so *humble* that she seemed to sit at the feet of the few young

and despised men who, in fear and trembling, yet with humble reliance on God, were, as it were, feeling their way towards an untried experiment, with no anchor to stay them but that afforded by a time-honoured "rule," which many, even otherwise favourably disposed, denounced as "obsolete." When a young man belonging to the order was sent to Ascot to assist at the farm till larger premises were secured at Claydon, or elsewhere, with a letter stating that the young man, though possessing many good qualities, required a careful surveillance, she sent him back, saying that her health would not permit her to see after his well-being, and that she felt sure he would do better under the careful discipline he would receive with us.

It was doubtless a providential circumstance, also, that at this time his family went on to the continent. In various visits to them in Belgium, he had an opportunity of seeing the actual working of religious orders, and of contrasting their operation and successes with the workings of the Church at home. What he had learned to admire in theory, he here saw in practice—a part and parcel of the life and being of the people.*

I am not sure whether he visited Belgium before his ordination or not. At all events, it was then that he took, after much prayer and thought, his solemn mental vows of leading "the celibate and devoted life of a

* I find that his visit to Ostend, subsequent to the serious illness recorded below, was his *first* visit to the continent.

monk." After visits to Belgium strengthened him in his resolution, and gave him an opportunity of comparing the various "rules." While he found much to admire in all, as an English churchman his feelings led him to prefer *ancient* to *modern* orders, and he soon adopted the idea of *reviving* an old and tested rule rather than of attempting to institute a new and untried one. He also had an instinctive shrinking from "adapting;" hence he sought a rule which, while it had received the sanction of the Church for ages, was, through age and its own conservatism, free from the modern accretions of Rome. Such he found to be the "Rule of St. Benedict," and he used often to point out with an air of triumph, that from first to last, that "rule" contained not so much as a single expression which could wound the feelings of the most sensitive churchman.*

At Plymouth Mr. Lyne remained as deacon for a year, working principally among the sick poor, for whom he always had a special love.

Here, as a preliminary step, he formed a society of boys and young men living in the world, but bound by certain rules; this was called "The Society of the Love of Jesus." It numbered nearly forty members. Miss Sellon, perceiving his aim, lent him a house belonging to

* At a time when the possibility of a visible re-union of Christendom is being mooted, it is certainly a most consoling thought that a "rule" which has received such distinguished approbation in the Roman Church can thus be accepted as common ground by members of both communions.

her community, in which to commence a resident brotherhood. Brother Ignatius (so called when he commenced this society) made every arrangement to begin his residence here with two others, when, owing to overwork and mental straining, he was attacked by a violent fever of the typhoid kind, attended by congestion of the brain. He lay some time between life and death, having lost his memory entirely, and also to a great extent his hearing, speech, and sight. His recovery was under somewhat peculiar circumstances. At an earlier stage of his illness he had prepared himself for what he considered the near approach of death, had made his last confession, and received the blessed sacrament. The first words he uttered when his faculties were restored to him, was the assurance, "I am *not* going to die." This strange assurance of recovery—so contrary to his previous convictions—was owing to his awakened memory being charged with those words of the Psalmist, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." And so it proved. He gradually recovered; and when his mother, who had been prevented by storms from crossing the Channel, arrived, she found her son progressing slowly towards recovery.

When sufficiently reinstated, Brother Ignatius accompanied his parents and sisters to the continent, where he remained eight months.

In July, 1862, he returned to England, and the doctors forbidding a return to Plymouth, he began work, by Mr. King's desire and recommendation, who was then at

Bruges, at the mission in St. George's-in-the-East, under Mr. Lowder.

It was, as we have seen, at this conjuncture that I sought, at his request, an interview with him at Ealing.

Such are the "antecedents" of the young clergyman, as given by a writer in the *Ipswich Journal*, with whom I found myself confronted on presenting myself at the specified address.

I shall not dwell on the personal appearance of the hero of these pages, after the manner of novelists, especially as so exact a reproduction of his face and figure has been given in the photograph which forms the frontispiece to this volume.

I was disappointed at first at the youthful appearance presented by my correspondent, whom my imagination had clothed in the attributes of maturer years. After a long and earnest conversation, and a ramble through the quiet and pretty fields which skirt the village, this feeling wore off, especially as I learned that Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon, the two persons in all England, perhaps, the best able to form a judgment on such a matter, did not seem to consider it an insuperable obstacle in the way of the successful accomplishment of his scheme. St. Bernard, the virtual founder of the Cistercian order, was quite as young when he was appointed Abbot of Clairvaux; and if older men were not found to give themselves up to the work, what was to be done? Besides, as some one jocosely remarks, youth is a fault which grows less every day.

Before returning to town, I had associated myself with the work by joining the third order—a kind of confraternity of prayer and good works, by which persons living in the world could assist the objects of the community, which gave its members the option, if able to do so, of spending more or less of each year in the house.

Talking of Ealing, an amusing event occurred in that neighbourhood, which I may as well relate here. Hearing that Mr. Lyne was staying there, the rector of this place invited him to preach, which he did the day after my visit. For years this clergyman had had sole charge; not a curate, not even a stray brother ecclesiastic had assisted him in his clerical functions. The congregation had literally grown up under Mr. ——'s preaching. His Sunday morning and evening discourses had come to be looked upon by everybody as part and parcel of the stereotyped "Church Services," no less than "Dearly beloved brethren," or the general thanksgiving; and they were of the old dull "moral platitude" type of the last generation, and studiously read, in the most somniloquent style. The news that a stranger was going to preach produced quite a stir. The church was crowded. When Brother Ignatius gave out his text, and proceeded with his searching voice, and vehement action, to preach without book or notes, the effect may be imagined. People went off into hysterics, groaned and cried, till the church presented the features of a "revival" meeting! The worthy rector was horrified, and it will probably be very long before he admits any one else to his pulpit—

least of all, any one with the reputation of being a good preacher.

Brother Ignatius worked for six months at St. George's Mission with marked success. The Wellclose-square Church was crowded under his ministry, and that even on week-days, when he very frequently preached. The week-day and early Sunday communions were also well attended. He was assiduous in visiting the poor of that terrible district, by whom he is still held in the most affectionate regard, numbers of them walking miles to see him for a few minutes when he is in London. During this time he was maturing his plans for the restoration of the monastic life, and was in correspondence with several clergymen on the subject, among others with Mr. Drury, the rector of Claydon, who offered him and one or two Brothers a temporary home at the rectory, if he saw fit to open a house in Ipswich. Eventually this offer was accepted, and on Shrove Tuesday, 1863, two Brothers arrived at Claydon, followed in about ten days by the Superior and another.

A house was met with at Ipswich, and all but taken, but it was otherwise ordained. The success of Brother Ignatius's preaching induced Mr. Drury to ask him to continue there, first till after Lent, and afterwards till the following December, and there I accordingly joined him in August.

CHAPTER III.

Our daily routine.—A sudden awakening.—A midnight scene — The "hours of prayer."—The school.—Dinner.—The mid-day rest.—"Recreation."—Compline.—"Manifestation."—A Claydon Sunday.—A supposititious objector.

COMPLINE, or the last of the day hours, was said at nine o'clock; and as the rule enjoins strict silence after that office, my observations may as well date from the commencement of the next day. I had retired to rest about four hours, when I was awakened by a sudden flash of light, the cause of which I soon ascertained to be an enormous wax candle borne in by one of the Brothers. The light, reflecting on his face, over which the hood was drawn, gave a peculiar look to his features, disordered as they were by an abrupt arousing from sleep; and only half awake myself, I anticipated some sudden cause of alarm, the particulars of which the good Brother had come to communicate to me; and inquired, I fear in a very unmonastic tone, what was the matter? I soon learnt that this was a summons to Nocturns or the night office, which begins at two a.m., and lasts till between three and four. The Brothers sleep in their habits; and he whose turn it is to awaken the others goes round from bed to bed saying, *Benedicamus Domino* (let us bless the Lord), and each Brother, starting up,

replies, *Deo Gratias* (thanks be to God). It was to this solemn greeting of the Brother that I inadvertently replied in the manner I have mentioned. I was soon ready to accompany the Brother, and in a few minutes a dozen strokes or so of the bell announced to such of the villagers as were awake that Nocturns were about to commence. A lady in the village, formerly quite a little queen in what are called the Evangelical circles of the neighbourhood, but since brought to value Church principles, assured the Brothers that during the illness of a child the sound of that midnight bell was to her an inexpressible source of comfort, breaking as it did the still lone hours of darkness, with an assurance that there were some who were then bringing their needs and the needs of others before the throne of grace. When she said this, she added, "Do pray for my dear child's recovery, if it be God's will, when you go to Nocturns to-night." The Brothers promised to do so ; she listened most anxiously for the bell that she might unite her prayers to theirs. At last its little tinkle was borne faintly but distinctly on the breeze. The child recovered, and she has since declared that from the time of that Nocturns she could clearly date the alteration for the better.

The inexpressible solemnity of this midnight service can only be known by experience. It soon came, though involving no little physical sacrifice, to be one of my dearest privileges, and I much regretted that bodily weakness rendered me able to attend less and less fre-

quently, and at length debarred me from it altogether. The service, as well as all the others, consisted of psalms, antiphons, lessons of Scripture, and collects. The antiphon, which is a short kind of anthem having relation to the psalm which follows, was first "given out" by the reader, and then sung by the Brothers. Much inconvenience was felt by the only office-book the Brothers possessed with the psalter arranged "according to Benedictine use"—that is, as laid down in the Rule of St. Benedict—being in Latin. It involved the translation, often "extempore," of the antiphons, lessons, collects, &c., as well as the expurgation of anything "Roman" that might occur in the former or latter portions. For the psalms the Prayer-book version was, of course, used, and for the lessons the authorized translation of the Bible. The Superior, the Prior, and myself were the only persons whose Latin was at all equal to this task, and as the Superior was also organist, the office of lector frequently devolved upon myself. The book, a large folio of about the time of the Council of Trent, rested on the lecturn, and a smaller book of Common Prayer held in the hand supplied the psalms, collect, &c. It was no easy matter to find the places in both these books, nor to give out the antiphon in a voice sufficiently audible to reach the Superior at the organ; and it not unfrequently happened that on a feast day, when the antiphon was of unusual length, and had to be broken up into short pieces in order to be remembered, the Superior would conclude that a portion was the whole, and so the

remainder would be omitted. The necessity, too, for giving out the psalms which this deficiency involved, reminded one painfully of the absurd break in the services made in some churches, when the "minister" will announce the day of the month, and the number of the initial psalm, perhaps kindly adding "morning" or "evening prayer," on the chance of some one being present whose ideas were thrown into such a state of confusion as to render them doubtful as to which part of the day it really was. It is to be hoped that the community funds will, ere long, be sufficient to enable the Brothers to print a translation of their own. Similarly, the only English copy of the "Rule" that love or money could procure, and which had been suitably bound at no little expense, was stolen by an impostor who came over to be admitted to the novitiate, but who absconded on finding that the tales of monastic idleness and luxury which he had heard did not at all events apply to the Claydon Fraternity;—luckily not before the rector of the parish, Mr. Drury, had kindly devoted some of his leisure time to making a manuscript copy. I believe an English translation of the "Rule" is in hand, and it will doubtless be hailed as a great boon by the Brothers.

There were, if I remember rightly, twelve psalms in the ferial or week-day office of Nocturns, and I think six or eight lessons. On Sundays and festivals there were in addition three canticles from different parts of the Old Testament and four lessons, and except in Ember weeks, Septuagesima, Lent, and Advent, the *Te Deum*. "Lauds,"

which followed at daybreak, consisted of five psalms, a hymn, the *Benedictus*, and sundry collects. The hymns were taken almost without exception from the "Hymnal Noted." I had known these glorious hymns with their soul-stirring melodies for years, both as companions of my private devotions, and as being—though I grieve to say no longer to the exclusion of less worthy strains—in use in the church which I was in the habit of attending. Words and tunes were old and valued friends to me, rather than inanimate things. But even these received a reality in the "hours" which they had never had before. The words were the same, but the circumstances were different. Let us take, for instance, that for Monday at Nocturns:—

Our limbs refreshed with slumber now,
And sloth cast off, in prayer we bow;
And while we sing Thy praises dear,
O Father, be Thou present here!

To Thee our earliest morning song,
To Thee our heart's full powers belong;
And Thou, O Holy One, prevent
Each following action and intent.

As shades at morning flee away,
And night before the star of day,
So each transgression of the night
Be purged by Thee, celestial Light!

It is easy to see that all the associations—the early hour—the slumber but lately finished—the day beginning almost imperceptibly to dawn—gave these lines a reality

they could never have when sang, *e.g.*, at ten o'clock matins. I could not help recalling sometimes a hymn that used to figure as an "introit" or introduction to the communion service, *about noon* on Sundays, which after stating that

Nature yet in shadow lies,

bade us prevent the morning rays

With sweet canticles of praise;

and so on, and this in a school of theology that was the first to denounce the absurd unfitness of "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," to usher in the eleven o'clock Sunday service. I shall never forget the feeling I experienced once at Lauds, when just as we were singing the verse—

Earth's dusky veil is torn away,
Pierc'd by the sparkling beams of day;
The world resumes its lines apace,
Soon as the day star shows its face,

I saw through the broken east window a living exemplification of the process the Christian poet so beautifully describes: first, an almost imperceptible lessening of the murky darkness, giving an indistinct view of surrounding objects as colourless shadows; and then the world resuming, as if by an enchanter's wand, "its hues apace," as the sun began to spread forth his beams. Each of the ferial or week-day hymns at Lauds contains an equally beautiful allusion to the transition from night to day, and a prayer to be guided and preserved through the coming hours. The corresponding ones at vespers

(except on Saturday), commemorate the creation of the world, and contain also a prayer for help or pardon. On festivals proper hymns are substituted. Feast and fast were so much part of our life here, that the hymns commemorating a martyr or a confessor "came home," so to speak, much more strikingly than they ever did before. There is also a hymn alluding to the hour of the day and its attendant circumstances, for "prime," "terce," "sext," "nones," and "compline," of which more anon. These are invariable. The psalter, I may add, is so arranged, that being distributed through Nocturns, and the seven "day hours," the whole hundred and fifty are sung through every week. St. Benedict, whose directions are scrupulously followed in the community, lays great stress upon this weekly recitation of the whole psalter; though I am afraid in this, as in some other minor points, through lapse of time and from other causes, the Benedictine Order proper has departed somewhat from the intentions of its saintly founder, what with the multiplicity of festivals, with psalms of their own, and the miserable system of "anticipation" and "accumulation" that obtains in the modern Roman Church.

There were two features that I did not quite like in these private "offices" of the community, and so I may as well record them here. It is an Englishman's privilege to grumble. The very atmosphere we all of us live in, more or less consciously, is one of entering our protest against this or that, or ventilating our grievances in public or private. I avail myself of the national characteristic in

the present instance, the less unwillingly as I foresee I shall have but little occasion for its exercise in the course of the present work. One feature that I did not quite like was a tendency to render certain passages of frequent occurrence—*e.g.*, the "Glorias" of the Psalms, the *Deus in adjutorium*, the *Dominus Vobiscum*, &c., in their original Latin. This *interlarding* of the services gave them a very piebald aspect, and struck me, therefore, as not being in good taste. Of course I am not so foolish as to regard everything that Rome touches as henceforth devoted to Satan, and the Latin tongue to be, therefore, one remove only from the "black art;" nor have I the least sympathy with the spirit of insularity, nor with that phase of "Anglicanism" which the poet satirizes when he says,

> Ours is a Church reformed; and now no more
> Is aught for man to mend or to restore.
> 'Tis pure in doctrine; 'tis correct in creeds;
> Has naught redundant; and it nothing needs;
> No evil is therein; no wrinkle, spot,
> Stain, blame, or blemish—I affirm there's not.

But I have always regarded the restoration of vernacular services as one undeniable good among much that was questionable, ill-advised, or positively evil in the ecclesiastical upheaving known as the Reformation. The tendency, therefore, to Latinize the offices, seemed to me to be in the wrong direction, though neither involving, or likely to involve serious consequences. In fact, I am quite aware that in this feeling I go beyond the Prayer-

book, which distinctly provides for the recitation, in private, of services in any language understood by the reciter; nor have I the least wish to make converts to my own feeling in the matter. Still, as I wish this to be a perfectly honest and straightforward exposition of my experiences, I think it better to mention it. In another matter, I was glad to see the tendency thoroughly English. Nearly all the "religious" names taken by the Brothers on entering the novitiate were, at the express wish of the Superior, those of Saxon and English saints, the very class of saints whom Anglo-Romans so strangely pass over for Italian ones.

The other feature was, to my mind, a more dangerous one, or at least the danger is of a more imminent nature. I have already publicly stated* my conviction that one use of religious houses in the English Church would be to serve as "nurseries" for that severe and simple style of music, which a depraved taste and an undue craving after popularity have well-nigh banished from our churches. Properly speaking, of course in all ritual matters the cathedral should be the model and guide of all the churches in the diocese; but as this is not the case, and as our parish churches are necessarily only local in their influence, the want could best be supplied by the services, whether public or private, in connection with our resident communities. Feeling this, I was sorry

* Viz., in a series of letters contributed last summer to the *Ipswich Journal*, on "Monasteries in the English Church," under the signature of "An English Churchman."

to see a very decided tendency to substitute a more modern and *operatic* style of music for the old and sanctioned Church mode. Surely a pure and severe school of music is that which accords best with the whole tone of the monastic system. Speaking for myself, I can say that the long and florid "services," and above all the tedious interludes inserted between every verse of the hymn, or the Magnificat, did anything but minister to devotion, though I heard them to the very best advantage, the Superior being, without exception, the best non-professional musician I have met with. Brother Ignatius doubts whether a scrupulous adherence to plain song, to the exclusion of all others, which was what I advocate, would ever be "popular." But surely any fears on this head are unfounded. Any town in France or Belgium would tell a different tale. Witness the gusto with which an old market woman will go through the, at first sight, really difficult phrases of the *Vexilla Regis* or the *Iste Confessor!* and this in spite of the very serious drawbacks of an unvernacular service. I have stood in those glorious old churches, and, above the beauty of the ritual, and my own appreciation of those heart-stirring melodies, have *enjoyed* the heartiness with which the poor have joined in psalm or hymn. Here it was a poor old man of eighty, whose earnest yet quivering voice would remind me—if the comparison be not irreverent—of the feeling with which an old Greenwich pensioner will quaver forth a stave of some long-cherished sea-song. Yet, why needs the comparison an apology? Both come from the heart,

and in their different ways have a charm which natural feebleness cannot destroy. Here it was a boy—there a young labouring man—then again a portly dame holding an urchin by one hand and her *Paroissien* in the other; no matter what age, or rank, or class, all seemed quite at home in hymn or antiphon, psalm or introit. And after all no great wonder; they had heard them Sunday by Sunday, and feast by feast, as their fathers had done before them, ever since they were children, and like the national songs of their country, they have become part of themselves; they look for them when they go to church as naturally as we do for "Dearly beloved brethren," and I may add, appreciate them more; *that*, I take it, is the result of their own intrinsic merit. Besides, they have no noisy anthem or intricate "service" to leave them all at sea till something a little more practical comes again. And so, notwithstanding the Latin, and the "manifold changings of the service," as the preface to the Prayer-book words it, they manage by the aid of Gregorian music to make their service far more congregational than ours.*

* It cannot, of course, be denied that very frequently in the Roman Church the plain song is dispensed with for music much more objectionable than our own. But this is an acknowledged abuse, which popes—the present one among the number—have denounced strongly, and even expressly forbidden, though it is to be feared with little result, so great is the force of habit. Among ourselves, choral services have only recently been revived, and it is as easy to revive them properly as improperly.

This is no random statement. Unmusical services are so notoriously uncongregational that "parson and clerk duet" has become almost a stereotyped phrase for them; and the "cathedral" style of service most persons are simply unable to join in, however ready and willing they may be. Non-Gregorian attempts at congregational music are miserable failures; not only failures absolutely, because people are not found to join in them as heartily as they do in Gregorian, whenever the latter have had a fair trial,* but musical failures to boot. Apart from other considerations, some of our anthems are most beautiful; but "modern" hymn-tunes, with their perpetually recurring phrases, suggesting the thought that the whole race of composers had only a dozen ideas between them, and "cathedral" chants, with their ruthless jumbling of words and syllables, are simply appalling to any one who has once grasped the beauty of the plain song both for psalm and hymn. Florid music is all very well in its place, and I would pay my seven-and-sixpence as readily as any one to listen to that highest secular treat, the opera; but I cannot but think that kindred strains, tricked out in all

* One reason why Gregorian music spreads so little, comparatively, is because it is more difficult to learn, and less catching at first; but, when once learned, it is *never* forgotten and never wearies. I remember hearing the *Vexilla Regis* at St. Barnabas some years ago, and bitterly cutting up the tune after the service. I went again two or three times and heard the same tune. Each time I liked it better, till at last I got to appreciate its really majestic beauty. It was the same afterwards with the *Chorus Novæ Hierusalem.*

the pomp and circumstance of fugue and counterpoint, are as much out of place in a church as are the most solemn mysteries of religion—the lighted altar, the cope-clad priest, the smoking censer—to form the *scena* of an opera. I may be mistaken.*

But this is a digression pure and simple. When Lauds were over, it was generally verging upon four, and the Brothers were not sorry to retire to rest again till the bell called them at half-past five, to begin the labours of the day. The duty of ringing this went, like most of the offices, by weeks. It devolved upon the same Brother who had to call us for Nocturns; he was also, I think, sacristan. There was a weekly reader, whose duty it was to read aloud during meals; a weekly *cellerarius*, who had to see to matters of food, clothing, &c.; and there would have been, had the Brothers occupied a house of their own, a weekly cook as well. The household duties were also distributed in the same way. At half-past five, or

* Montalembert says, with great truth, speaking of St. Gregory, "He had the glory of giving to ecclesiastical music that sweet and solemn, and at the same time popular and durable character, which has descended through ages, and *to which we must always return after the most prolonged aberrations of frivolity and innovation.*" Perhaps the very rapidity with which such a book as "Hymns Ancient and Modern" has been taken up, may be only a guarantee of a speedy "return," such as the count predicts. The popular tune to "Lo, He comes in clouds descending," after being the admiration of Protestants for ages, turns out to have made its *debut* on that "sink of iniquity"—I quote the phraseology of Exeter Hall—the *stage!* where it figured as the air of a hornpipe.

from that to a quarter to six, the bell rang, and the Brothers rose. Soon the bell called them to "Prime," or the first "Day Hour," which was sung at six. It consisted of three psalms, a hymn, and various prayers, followed by a "commemoration of the faithful departed," made by the 130th Psalm, with a collect. This service concluded, the Brothers returned to the dormitory, washed, and made their beds. Each Brother made his own bed, which he was required to make smooth and neat. A little practice soon made us all tolerably expert in this. The weekly Brother then filled the jugs, and swept out the dormitory, cloister, and refectory. These household duties discharged, the Brothers betook themselves to the refectory, to occupy the space that remained in meditation.

This is an indispensable part of monastic routine, and the great remedy against the minute rules of daily recurrence degenerating into mere formalism. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will briefly describe this religious exercise. Meditation differs materially both from reading and study; though to a certain degree it partakes of the nature of both. In reading, the memory or the imagination are employed in order to amuse or instruct the mind; in study, the memory and the intellect are brought into play in order to increase knowledge; whereas in meditation, the three great mental powers, memory, understanding, and will, are employed on a given subject in order to advance in the knowledge and love of God. As soon as the subject is chosen, the memory recalls the circumstance, and its handmaid, the

imagination, fills up the outline presented by the memory; the understanding forms reflections upon it, and the will makes resolutions and pious affections. These three mental powers bear the same relation to each other as the three degrees of comparison. The memory is only useful to present food to the understanding; and the understanding to inflame the will by its reflections to entertain pious affections, and to make useful and practical resolutions. Spiritual writers have reduced meditation to a well-digested system, which it would be impossible, were it not foreign to my purpose to do so, to reproduce here. But it will be seen that meditation is a more *individual* exercise than either the "Hours" or spiritual reading. In the former, God is praised, and blessings entreated in a general way, and by the whole community, and but little scope is given for individual application; in the latter, general maxims affecting the spiritual progress are presented to the hearers. But meditation is the time when the soul individualizes all these general exercises; it is then that she takes stock, as it were, of her spiritual advancement, reckons up her losses and her gains, and resolves how to act for the future. She digests, if I may use the term, the food presented to her in the other spiritual exercises, assimilating to herself all that is wholesome and suited to her condition, and rejecting the reverse. Hence its great importance. This exercise is not without its difficulties, especially for beginners; and Father Thomas of Jesus, an Augustine monk, calls it, on that account, an impor-

tant branch of asceticism, which, unlike fasting and the like, is within the reach of all. To keep the mind bent on one train of thought to the exclusion of all others is no easy task, and is itself a very salutary discipline; and it must be remembered that there is no bodily activity, as there is more or less in all other prayer, from the Eucharist with its attendant ritual down to the simplest form of vocal prayer, to help on the soul. On the contrary, the body is perfectly inactive, and outward objects are excluded, that the eyes of the soul may look within. So again, it is not easy, without practice and watchfulness, to discriminate between mere feeling and solid progress, so as not to mistake exuberant buoyancy of animal spirits, which health or even the weather may produce, for the motions of grace; or, on the other hand, to be discouraged when these are wanting. For there *is* an unction and a sweetness, and an avidity, or lack of these qualities, of Divine origin; the one to help on the soul and to encourage it, the other to *try* and to strengthen the progress already made.

At a quarter to eight this exercise was brought to an end by the ringing of the bell, and "terce" was said. This office commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost "about the third hour of the day." It lasts about ten minutes, and at eight the rector celebrated the Holy Communion, in the vestments prescribed by the rubric, but which have been allowed to fall into disuse, and are only being gradually resumed, partly from really indispensable difficulties, but partly, if

truth must be told, through the unaccountable timidity and "time-serving" of clergymen who have no objection to hold up to well-merited blame the rubrical shortcomings of "Low Church" ecclesiastics. Ordinarily—that is, if there was no especial cause to alter the rule—the Brothers communicated three times a week, but all were of course present whether they communicated or not, and about ten or twelve of the villagers. On Sundays and festivals all communicated, and on the average about twenty persons external to the community; but on special occasions, such as Easter, Ascension Day, All Saints' Day, &c., this number was doubled or even trebled, and on one occasion at least reached or exceeded seventy. One of the Brothers, or a boy, acted as "server," an arrangement which obviated the unseemly necessity for the Priest leaving the altar to go backwards and forwards to the credence-table. On Sundays and festivals—"black-letter" or otherwise—incense was used during the celebration. After this service, the Brothers remained in private prayer till the Superior or the Prior gave the signal to rise, which was usually after the lapse of twenty minutes or a half an hour. Those who had communicated spent this time in their thanksgiving, the others said whatever prayers their devotions might prompt. I must not omit a characteristic scene belonging to this time, though it might be witnessed after any other of the *public* services. As I recall it, I am reminded of the description which the Dominican friar, Peter of Tarantaise, gave of St. Bonaventura: "No one ever beheld him who did not

conceive a great esteem and affection for him; and even strangers, by hearing him speak, were desirous to follow his counsel and advice." Not one of the little congregation would go away till they had had a word with Brother Ignatius, and the good Superior might be seen at the church door, now saying a word to this one, and now to that, now patting a little boy on the head, or addressing a word of encouragement to some young man who belonged to the night-school. To make a clean breast of it, I must confess that these "talkings" often reached a length that sorely taxed one's patience. A little boy at school at Ipswich used often to walk over to this service, a distance of four miles each way, though the lady who kept the school assured me that otherwise it was with great difficulty she could get him to rise. In fact, this communion service was an important feature in the *missionary* operations of the Brotherhood. Faber, in one of his books, speaks of it as the uniform experience of Roman Catholic mission priests, that if you can once get the poor within sound of the mass bell, the rest is comparatively easy work. The daily communion was instituted very shortly after the Brothers came to Claydon, and both in sermons and in house to house visiting, he impressed upon the people the importance of frequent—if possible, daily—attendance at the Eucharist, as a means of sanctifying the day's labour. At first—as the laxity of ages makes it to most English people—the idea of being present without "going up to the table," as they expressed it, was strange to the people; but before

Easter the Superior saw some fruit of his labour, and it was gratifying to find, as is the invariable experience wherever this return to primitive practice has been made, that this course speedily increased the number of communicants. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio* is an undeniable maxim; and so long as people never see a celebration of the Holy Eucharist till they receive confirmation, *after a quarter of the space allotted to man is over*, and then only when they are prepared actually to receive it, it is little wonder that our people grow up for the most part non-communicants. Here, at all events, we may apply the text propounded by the *Times*, by which success is made the measure of expediency. Within the year the number of communicants more than trebled; and as to the attractiveness of the respective services, it is significant that while several assisted at the ordinary Sunday communion, on festivals and the first Sunday of each month, when matins was said in the old "parson and clerk" style at ten, and the Eucharist celebrated chorally, and with full ritual appliances at eleven, the average attendance at the former was about *five;* while the full Sunday congregation of about two hundred came in for the latter. I may commend this fact to the notice of those who would persuade us that choral services and high ritual are unpopular, as also to those who impugn Mr. Stuart's "Thoughts on Low Masses," on the grounds that our people would never be got to prefer the Eucharist to matins. The "Claydon Brothers" have certainly proved themselves of use in clearing up some of our prac-

tical difficulties, if in no other way; and those who can give them no further meed of praise, may, at least, be thankful to them on the principle, *fiat experimentum in corpore vilo.*

A few minutes before nine, breakfast was served to those of the community who needed it; for the strict letter of the rule made no provision for a *fast-breaking* prior to the noon-day refection. In this category were myself, the children, and the Superior. On Sundays and festivals, however, all breakfasted together. Breakfast finished, the brothers dispersed to their several works; one to the village school, which was held in an outbuilding; another to the tuition of the children of the community, and one or two private pupils of a somewhat higher class than the *alumni* of what we used to call, jocosely, the "hedge school," because the building in which it was held was surrounded by a hedge. The Superior would spend the morning in correspondence, of which he had a vast quantity, sometimes having to answer as many as twenty letters. Some of these he would occasionally commission another Brother to answer for him. All were employed according to their capacity—one in copying, another in translating, a third in study; and so the morning would pass on. At noon came "sext," at which the school children were present. This, as well as "nones," answers exactly to "terce." And immediately after sext—that is, somewhere about half-past twelve—the *cellerarius* served dinner. This consisted ordinarily of a small portion of suet dumpling—the

almost invariable commencement of a Suffolk dinner—seasoned, according to taste, with sugar, salt, or treacle —and a portion of plain boiled or roast meat or steak. On Wednesdays and Fridays, and on vigils, the meat was omitted, and a hard dumpling took the place of the suet pudding; and on Sundays some kind of sweet pudding was added. Such was our mid-day fare.

During dinner, one of the Brothers, whose "week" it was, read aloud from some appointed book, first of all reading a chapter, or part of a chapter, of the New Testament. All rose as he announced the chapter or verse of the Gospel. The book read during meals was either a treatise on monastic duties, or some other spiritual book, such as the "Imitation of Christ." On Sundays, however, reading of a lighter description was substituted. Start not, gentle reader, nor let visions of a "sensation" novel, covertly got from a circulating library, cross your imagination. The "light reading" I allude to was of the kind represented by Dr. Neale's well-known stories from Church History. On saints' days the life of the saint was read. The reader ate his meal in solitude after the rest had left the refectory. When the dinner was over, or the allotted time was passed, the Superior gave the signal by rapping the table, and all rose, and going out into the middle of the room, chanted the "thanksgiving after meat." I forgot to mention that a similar form was observed previous to commencing any meal.

After dinner, St. Benedict's Rule enjoins an observance

that at first strikes an English constitution as peculiar. As soon as grace is concluded, each Brother, except the reader, leaves the refectory in silence, and going to the dormitory, reclines on his bed till the bell rings for "nones." He may employ his time either in sleep or in reading, as he sees fit; but conversation is interdicted. This is, of course, the Italian *siesta*, and at first I felt inclined to brand its adoption in England as an unnecessary piece of formalism. But I soon saw reason to alter my opinion. I seldom availed myself of it for the purpose of sleep, being constitutionally averse to sleep in the day-time; but early rising and the night-office made the *rest* none the less welcome. Indeed sometimes sleep would overtake me in spite of myself, and a drowsy afternoon was the penalty I paid for the indulgence. But the generality of the Brothers, who were differently constituted to myself, freely made use of the privilege, and would generally be fast asleep when the bell for "nones" sounded. Habit for the most part enabled them to rouse at the signal; but it occasionally happened that one of the younger ones—age is reckoned by priority of entrance in the cloister—would sleep on into or even through the office, as the other Brothers were only allowed to attempt to awaken him by the monastic formula of salutation, "*Benedicamus Domino.*" This involved a penance more or less severe according to the circumstances. For myself, the quiet break afforded by this *siesta* was exceedingly grateful. I had time to reflect on all I saw, and not a few passages in the

present work are the results of those after-dinner cogitations.

At two o'clock, "nones." I am describing throughout the "summer" routine, as the hours somewhat vary at different seasons of the year, which may be loosely described as the "summer," "winter," and "Lent" seasons. The summer routine begins at Easter, and lasts, I think, till the 14th September—the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross; but I am not sure whether the boundary day is not All Saints' Day, November 1st. The winter routine carries it on till the beginning of Lent.

After "nones" work was resumed till four—the schools, &c., as in the morning; and at four "recreation" was granted till vespers, unless the Superior saw fit to take it off, which occasionally happened, especially when the Sacristan omitted to call the Brothers to nocturns. During recreation the rectory grounds were at the disposal of the Brothers, who would walk about in twos or threes discussing matters of interest in our little world, or occasionally listening with a certain degree of pardonable impatience to disquisitions on bird's-nesting or the like on the part of the children of the monastery. One would superintend the games of the village boys in a little paddock adjoining the "hedge-school," and occasionally would toss a ball; for *running* was strictly forbidden to all members of the community. Another would walk about reading a book of a similar character to those read in the refectory. One of the boys, a novice of the Order, used to devote some of this time to wheeling

about the rector's children in an old four-wheeled chaise of a date anterior to perambulators, and in default of them would substitute a large dog of the setter tribe; and the grave writer of these pages, good reader, has been known to spend a portion of the recreation in "swinging" the rector's two boys, to the imminent risk of their limbs, and once indulged in a game of "hide and seek" with the choristers, which made him stiff for a week.

At six o'clock vespers were sung; this was one of the principal services in the day, and is the counterpart of Lauds. It consisted of four psalms, a chapter, hymn, the *Magnificat*, the collect for the day, and sundry commemorations—that is, antiphons and collects supplicating for particular graces, or commemorating particular saints. These were omitted on festivals. There was a commemoration of St. Benedict, as the legislator of the community, and of St. Peter, as the patron saint of the parish, and I think also of the Holy Cross, and "of peace." The latter will serve as a specimen of all these commemorations, so I subjoin it.

COMMEMORATION OF PEACE (*de pace.*)

Antiphon. Give peace in our time, O Lord, because there is none other that fighteth for us but only Thou, O God.

Versicle. Peace be within thy walls.

Response. And plenteousness within thy palaces.

Collect. Let us pray.

"O God, from whom all holy desires," &c. (as in the Book of Common Prayer; second collect at evensong).

When two festivals "occurred," that is, happened on one and the same day, or "concurred," happened on two successive days, so that the second vespers of the former were also the first vespers of the latter, the inferior festival was commemorated in this way by the antiphon belonging to the *Magnificat* of the feast, with its versicle and response, and the proper collect. On festivals incense was offered during the singing of the *Magnificat*, in accordance with the old ritual of the Church in England and elsewhere.

Vespers lasted about half an hour, sometimes rather more, and there then ensued a grand struggle to swallow down tea before "parish vespers," *i.e.* the evensong of the Book of Common Prayer, commenced at seven. As tea was rarely served before ten minutes or a quarter before that hour, the meal was generally a hurried one, and not unfrequently had to be left to be finished at any odd moment that presented itself during the evening. Not that "parish vespers" formed part of the monastic routine; but the Brothers formed also part of the parish choir, and so their services were required. When I first went there, there was a very well-trained choir of about eight of the most respectable boys in the village, who, in spite of a decided provincial accent, rendered "Helmore" exceedingly creditably; but the lady who provided them some kind of education, in a fit of anti-monastic zeal had them removed and drafted off to a neighbouring church, so all the work had to be begun again. The result, as regards the boys themselves, may

easily be imagined. From being the most respectable, they became about the most disreputable children in the place; and, with the easily swayed feelings of boyhood, far outdid many of their old abettors in insulting the Brothers, to say nothing of absolute blasphemy. The last time I saw these children, which was a few days before I left Claydon, they were shouting out a disgusting parody of the "Venite," interlarded with imprecations that made the blood boil, as coming from such young boys, and running before the Brothers making "crosses" on the ground for them to tread upon. Perhaps the good lady may live to learn that there are depths of infamy lower than "Puseyism" or "Monkery," bad as these may be. As regards the choir, their place had to be supplied as well as might be. The Superior's voice was a host in itself; one of the young novices had a powerful and tolerably good voice, and a girl belonging to the Third Order—of which more anon—was quite a *prima donna*. In the ordinary parts of the service, the psalms, hymns, &c., it chiefly devolved upon these two to drown the somewhat discordant notes of the children admitted into the choir on the "honorary" principle, rather than on account of musical capacity. When anything more intricate had to be done, these were the performers, and their work was of course very well done. A few girls, with Mary at their head, were placed in the organ chamber; the boys and the Brothers, of course, occupying the choir stalls. No one would believe what a trouble the keeping up of the choral services, under these cir-

cumstances, involved. Night after night the Brothers and the children were kept at "practice," sometimes lasting nearly till it was time for "compline." I, as no singer, used occasionally to officiate as "blower" on these occasions; and have acquired a fellow-feeling with all criminals condemned to the treadmill. I have observed in Brother Ignatius a tendency—quite unintentional I am sure, for in sickness no Sister of Charity could be more tender—to forget in his own indomitable energy that others are less gifted than himself. This is one disadvantage in having to do with energetic persons, but it is more than counterbalanced by advantages, and this used to reconcile us if we were disposed to murmur when an inordinate "practice" left us no time to supplement the mouthful of tea snatched while the bell was "tolling in" for evensong. Before the bishop's "inhibition" there was a sermon, I think, twice a week, which used to give us a break; this was afterwards exchanged for a Thursday evening "lecture" in the school-room. Occasionally the lay-brother, who acted as tailor, would manage to get leave of absence, on the plea that a "scapular" or "frock" had to be finished; and previous to the harvest, I suppose the night-school released others.

When the practice *was* brought to an end, any time that remained was devoted ostensibly to spiritual reading. At nine, was said "compline," the concluding office of the day; the unchanging form of which, never varied except on the three great days before Easter and during the joyous octave of the feast itself, typifies, according to

monastic ritualists, the unchangeable rest that will belong to the people of God when the day of labour is ended, and the eventide comes. In structure "compline" is the counterpart of "prime."

On the conclusion of this service, an exercise took place which I have called, at the heading of this chapter, "Manifestation," though it never had that name among the Brothers, being generally merely called "the confession after 'compline.'" The Brothers left their places in the choir, and kneeling before the Superior, or, in his absence, the Prior, repeated the *confiteor;* after which each Brother in turn acknowledged any transgression of the Rule he had been guilty of during the day. If he omitted anything that had been observed by any of the other Brothers, that Brother reminded him of it; and it proved to me as much as anything that the work was *real*, that this exercise never produced any ill-feeling between the Brothers. I had been told that it was impossible for a number of persons not related to each other to live together in harmony; but I never saw any family more thoroughly at union than were the members of this community. This exercise must not be confounded with sacramental confession, with which it did not in any way interfere. Nothing was confessed but breaches of the Rule, and these were, of course, told again in sacramental confession; and, on the other hand, all breaches of the Rule during the day were confessed at this time, even if they had been already mentioned in confession, and absolution given. The Superior, as each

one finished this recital, would address him a few words, occasionally imposing a penance when the breach of Rule had been at all wilful. These were generally performed in the dormitory before retiring to rest, but occasionally would have some connection with the next day's duties. After the penances, if any, were given, the Brothers recited in common the prayer of the "Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom"—the community, in common, I believe, with many others, being enrolled in that Society.

Sundays, I must confess, were not the most pleasant days in Claydon. We missed the active bustling work of the other days, and the hours seemed, in consequence, to drag somewhat. The time between the "hours" was spent in reading—in the morning, several chapters of the Old Testament; in the afternoon, any book we chose to select from our little stock. Vespers were said at half-past five, so we really had a quiet tea on Sundays; and as that meal was served in the parlour on all festivals, and conversation allowed, it was quite a social meal.

Such is a sketch of the daily routine in the midst of which I found myself. I will imagine an objector to whom I have been describing these details, urging their tendency to promote formality.

"Fancy," such a one would say, "being bound to the chariot wheels of such a system of minute observances! Any charm they might possess when novel must soon give place to a wearying feeling of sameness; and so your much vaunted monastic system would resolve itself

merely into a routine of drudgery, or, I may say, formalism, which is only another name for religion performed in a spirit of drudgery."

"Gently, my good friend," would be my reply to such an one; "in the first place you assume too much. What right have you, who have never tried the system, to assert on your own mere *ipse dixit* that 'a system of minute observances,' the result of ages of experience, and the work of men well versed in the science of the soul, *has* a tendency to generate a 'wearying feeling of sameness,' and thus to promote a spirit of drudgery, and to produce formalism? Was St. Bernard, think you, a formalist? Or is the spirit that animates his writings a spirit of religious drudgery? Yet St. Bernard is a child of the cloister. Or had St. Gregory settled down into a mere routine of heartless formalism, when in his monastic cell he conceived the idea of converting our own England to Christ?—to say nothing of St. Augustine, his successor, as Prior, who devoted his life to carrying his project into execution? Or that wonderful book, which some have thought inspired, the *Imitation of Christ*—are its maxims those of a system of religious formalism? This, again, is a child of the cloister, written by an unknown monk, and copied in the *scriptorium* of numberless monasteries, till now there is scarcely a language into which it has not been translated. Or——"

"Spare me, worthy sir, and instead of extinguishing my, perhaps, too hasty assertion in a perfect torrent of Church history, tell me your own experience of the system you defend."

"Willingly, my good friend, though I should have thought the history would have sufficed. Every tree is known by its fruit, and a system of heartless formalism could no more have produced fruits such as those I have pointed out than could thistles yield figs. But you ask my experience. So far from finding these minute observances burdensome, I experience the greatest consolation from a fixed routine. Each hour has its appointed work, and so time never hangs heavy on my hands. I find the settled rule of life to equalize the spirits in a way that I had never before deemed possible; and as to formalism in the more directly religious acts, the acts themselves are too varied to give it any great degree of standing room. The system is so well devised that the soul living in it is like a well-kept book; an error is at once detected, and readily set right. The services are, for the most part, short and varied, and so are but little strain on the mind; nothing like as much as the string of functions ordinarily presented to our countrymen on Sunday morning. And if a tendency, however slight, to formalism arises, self-examination at once reveals its commencings, and meditation braces up the mind to cast off the temptation. To an earnest soul there is little of the danger you apprehend. Of course to the lukewarm the greater means of grace increase the danger. If a man is *bent* upon substituting formalism for vital religion, he need not 'bid for cloistered cell his labour and the world farewell' to put his project into execution. Weekly, monthly, even yearly communion is not exempt from the

danger. It is as easy to be formal in reading the Bible, in saying one's private prayers, in keeping the Sabbath, as it is to be in the observance of a complicated rule of daily life. Divorced from the spirit all forms are dangerous; and the greater the number of forms, the greater, of course, the danger. But if you once begin to interdict all that the depraved will of man can abuse, where will you end? If you condemn meditation, why spare prayer? If the "hours," why spare the Lord's Day? If spiritual reading, why not close the Bible? Besides, what right have you or I, or any individual, to assert that the spirit *is* wanting? Where is the difference between affirming that A or B—that whole communities—that a vast order of men and women—habitually go before God so many times a day in a spirit that makes their worship no better than a mockery and a sham, and stating of this or that individual that he is an adulterer or a thief?"

This aspect of the matter evidently startled the objector.

"I have offended you?" he said.

"Not so," was my reply. "I am never offended by an honest statement of opinion, even when that opinion is maintained on grounds which appear to me to be inadequate. I have given you my experience, as you desired, and if I expressed myself over strongly, the fault was on my side."

"Enough," was the rejoinder; "yet I cannot divest myself of the feeling that the dangers of such a system must be immense."

"Nay, then, if you will neither history nor experience, I have no other weapon in my armory but an *argumentum ad hominem*. I appeal to your moral sense. And here again, I must administer another dose of ecclesiastical history. It is a thing but little affected now-a-days, but is nevertheless a most excellent medicine for drawing off the bile of prejudice. Have you ever reflected on the *universality* of the system you call in question? It is both Eastern and Western; is to be met with alike in Greece and Rome, among Copts and Syrians and Armenians, and has existed for centuries. The Benedictine order, quite in its youth beside some others, though itself the venerated parent of a numerous progeny of reforms, is older by two centuries than English monarchy, and has outlived a countless host of dynasties and constitutions. Ere the Church had yet emerged from the fiery trial of the ages of persecution, we find this venerable system peopling the Egyptian deserts. In our own England, monasteries came in with Christianity, and our first missionary was a monk; nay, even among the British Christians, whom some suppose to have indulged in strong 'Protestant' tendencies, the same system is found, or how could St. Augustine have foretold the massacre of the monks of Bangor? Who are we, dull, plodding, unspiritual beings, that we should dare to sit in judgment on a system so ancient and so universal? But, my friend, study the matter for yourself, and I feel sure you will adopt my own conclusions. Do you see yon folio, with its hog-skin binding? That is St. Bernard's *Sermons on*

the Canticles. Next to it is Blessed Hermann Joseph's *Commentary* on the same sacred book. Take them home if you will, and see if the spirit that pervades them is that of formalism or drudgery. Those who composed these treatises did so in the midst of the very routine you deprecate. The bell called them in the midst of their labours to 'nones' or 'vespers,' and obedience made them leave the sentence, nay, the very letter unfinished, to obey its summons."

The Objector here muttered something about having forgotten his Latin, and being no student; so I continued:

"This charge of formalism is just like that of ignorance and laziness, which some are so fond of advancing against the religious orders. An appeal to history scatters all these accusations to the wind. Cardinal Baronius found time amidst his community duties to compose his voluminous *Ecclesiastical Annals* in reply to the Magdeburg Centuriators, and yet took his turn so frequently in the kitchen, that he chalked up, jocosely, over the fire-place, '*Cæsar Baronius, coquus perpetuus.*' Yonder is the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, the work of a Dominican monk, whose erudition and subtle intellect gained for him the title of 'the Angelic Doctor.' Perhaps you would like to base your inquiries upon that," I added, slyly, making a feint of going to bring down the portly tome.

"Thank you, no; I am but an indifferent reader, and mediæval Latin is but little to my taste. You are too

well up in your subject," he added, "for me to answer you; but I will think over our conversation, and, if you have no objection, will give you the result of my thoughts."

So saying, the Objector took out his watch, and remembering an engagement, bade me adieu.

CHAPTER IV.

Opposition.—Its character.—Philosophy of a "No Popery" outcry.—The Pope's Bull.—An unwitting apologist of incense —A warning to ambitious architects.—Item, a caution to bookbinders.—Dangers of ecclesiastical heraldry—A "hot gospeller," and how we got rid of him.—An illustrious son of Erin.—A "disputation."—A novel theory of infallibility.—Faith *versus* works.—Annals of tract distributing.—Certain Protestant theories of *meum* and *tuum*.—The "Evangelical" crusade.—"Μηγιγ αειδε, θεα."—"Those who live in glass houses."—An unconnected clergyman.—A live specimen of the *genus* "Jesuit."—Effects of the "movement" on sundry easy-going parsons.—A legend of a holy brick.

I WAS not long in Claydon before having ocular demonstration that an opposition party existed in the neighbourhood. I had gathered as much from one or two passages in local newspapers which had been forwarded to me, but did not altogether credit the report, as nothing of the kind happened when the Brothers first went there at the commencement of Lent, or for months after. So completely, therefore, did the report take me by surprise, that when, in a letter to the *Ipswich Journal*, Brother Ignatius spoke of himself as "the poor persecuted Brother of the English Order of St. Benedict," I gave him credit for using *very* figurative language. Opposition to a work of this kind, of course, we all expected; and I should have considered its absence as a very bad sign

indeed. "They, fools, counted" their "life madness." This was the motto the Brothers might have taken as exemplifying the feeling towards themselves they might expect on the part of the world. They counted the cost before they prepared to array themselves in opposition to the world's maxims; content, if it might be of them as of the martyrs of old,

> Whom this world of ill,
> While it yet held, abhorr'd:
> Its with'ring flowers that still
> They spurned with one accord;
> They knew them shortliv'd all.

Content, if it might be found in the great Assize that

> Earth's rejected were elected
> To have portion with the blest.

They were not prepared, as on the one hand, for the extraordinary popularity they achieved and the enthusiasm they evoked; so on the other, for the particular phase of opposition they were destined to encounter.

Shortly after my arrival, Brother Ignatius left Claydon for a few weeks for Scotland, where he was going to raise what subscriptions he could, and get rest and change of air for himself, and, I believe, also to plant the germ of an Anglo-Benedictine Sisterhood. As soon as it became known he was to depart on the morrow, the "Protestant party" determined upon giving him a farewell. It was Thursday evening, and consequently there was a lecture in the school-room. Towards the conclusion there was a loud refrain borne on the breeze, getting nearer and

nearer. The words, couched in the coarse Suffolk dialect, I did not catch, but the tune was a rude parody on one of the Gregorian tunes. The performers were a body of men and boys of the labouring class, with no very deep-seated religious feelings one way or the other, as may be supposed; but hired—such is the literal fact—by men in a superior station at so much the job. The "wages," I believe, were had out in beer. Of this, more anon. Their work was to hoot and insult the ladies, women, and children, many of whom came from a distance, and who were, of course, very much frightened, and to "annoy" the Brothers in every conceivable way short of actionable violence. This latter object was accomplished by discordant yells, rude jests, oaths, maniacal shrieks, pushing each other against them, slamming gates upon them, &c., occasionally diversified by dung-throwing, and, I believe (for this never came under my own observation), rotten-egg throwing. Certainly, if good lungs are a sign of a good labourer, the petty farmers round about Claydon have good reason to be proud of their *employés*. On the occasion I am more particularly alluding to, several of the ladies, and the rest of the Church party, managed, under cover of the dark, to reach the church, and after the doors were locked an attempt was made to begin "compline." The "Protestants," some eight or ten in number, as we afterwards learned, surrounded the church, and began battering vehemently at the west door, and as those within were quite ignorant of their number, or to what lengths they might proceed, it was judged advisable to

put out the lights, and in total darkness, by ones and by twos, as occasion offered, people made their way to the rectory. Captain —— escorted his wife and a party of ladies to the village, and then returned to perform the same kind office for others. At this conjuncture it was found that Mr. Drury was missing, and no tidings of him could anywhere be had; till at last a report reached us that he had been knocked down. The Brothers, I need not say, could be of no service to any, as their appearance only the more inflamed the mob. The scene that ensued was distressing. Mrs. Drury and the children were away, luckily; but the women and children took to cries and lamentation, in which they were accompanied by the rectory servants. All were rushing about in confusion, or hopelessly wringing their hands. One girl was in hysterics in the drawing-room. In the midst of all this, Mr. Drury walked in with a large stone in his hand, none the worse for what he had gone through since we last saw him, if I except a headache, caused by the stone hitting his forehead, at which it had been aimed by a miscreant, but fortunately without much force. An ostler at the village public-house had knocked him down in the crowd, but the account he gave himself of the transaction was that some other person unknown had pushed him against him. This is a specimen of the form in which the opposition showed itself; though I think, from special causes, this was about the worst "mobbing," at all events, while I was there. The ringleader in these *émeutes* was generally a certain wooden-legged rat-

catcher, whose war-cry, "I won't have Popery; down with Popery; I *won't* have Popery," must be as well known by this time in the neighbourhood of Claydon, as the Crusaders' "God wills it" on the Syrian battle-fields. This worthy recorded a vow, I am told, to shoot Brother Ignatius as soon as the winter evenings gave him an opportunity. His frenzied violence of demeanour rendered it very doubtful whether he was right in the head. Another "character" was the old woman who swept out the Baptist chapel, and who, in spite of some sixty years or so, used to *dance* before the Brothers when they went to visit any sick person, or had any occasion to pass through the village, clapping her hands, tinkling a small bell, or beating a watering-pot with a stick. The watering-pot was the chief sufferer. The Baptist schoolmaster was an inveterate foe of the Brothers; for much the same reasons that made Ephesian Demetrius oppose the apostles. They robbed him of some of his best scholars. This man had a character to keep up; so took care to keep behind the scenes, but his brothers were among the noisiest and most outrageous of our opponents. Another was the scribbler of the village cartoons—rude mural decorations having pointed reference to local events. On one occasion, Brother Ignatius was awakened by a noise under his window, which stood open, and, on looking out, he saw a bevy of men, headed by the hero of the wooden leg. They made off at his "Who's there?" but no doubt intended to effect an entrance, or do him some injury. When I first went there the

Superior had always to put the candle between himself and the window, as some one had threatened to shoot at him if he saw his shadow on the blind! Later, after a "No Popery" riot at Ipswich, which I shall have occasion to speak of more at length by-and-by, large stones were flung through his window *in the direction of the bed*, the foot of which one or two nearly reached.

One night I heard a party of these returning about midnight from a drinking bout, with discordant songs, followed, shortly after, by the violent barking of the rector's dog. I thought they were bent upon a riot, but shortly after all subsided into silence, and I went to sleep. On rising for nocturns, we discovered that these ruffians had hurled three or four large stones through as many places in the beautiful stained east window—some of Mr. Drury's own handiwork—aiming, with satanic malice, at each of the principal medallions, and forcing down the "reredos" of painted canvas on to the altar, in the hopes of sweeping off all that stood on it. The stones were lying about on the chancel floor. We were afraid that this outrage would exhaust Mr. Drury's patience, and that, as the unintentional causes of so much inconvenience to him, the kind asylum he had given the community would be withdrawn. Never were any more mistaken in their man. "Oh! have they?" was his only comment. "That is some of So-and-so's work, I suspect. I never liked that window, and always meant to put in a new one when I could afford it." A reward was offered for any information that would lead

to the conviction of these sacrilegious ruffians; but though the names were told us on good authority, and were those to which suspicion attached, we never could get sufficient legal proof.

Much misunderstanding appears to have prevailed as to the real causes of this opposition. Some have attributed it to a dislike of the monastic habit. Mr. Stuart, a warm friend of Brother Ignatius, has fallen into this error. Others have supposed the ritual at the parish church to be the grievance. This is the view taken of the matter by "A Clerical Associate," in a letter to *Church Work*. I need scarcely say that both these opinions are entirely mistaken. The Claydon ritual is not a thing of yesterday, but has been employed for years, to the great satisfaction of the majority of the parishioners; and the habit must have been more novel and peculiar in the eyes of the villagers when the Brothers first arrived last February than in May, when the hooting and mobbing first began. Besides, as regards the Brothers, these things have always been entirely local. They might walk through neighbouring villages without fear of hearing an insulting word, though of course the habit must have been less known there than in the streets of Claydon. At Ipswich, where they had often occasion to go, if anybody said anything, which rarely happened, it was sure to be one of the Claydon "gang."

The little tenant farmers of the neighbourhood were, as I have said, the real instigators of the opposition; and there are not a few people who confidently predict the

day when the spirit of insubordination and lawlessness that they evoked for their own ends, will recoil with tenfold force upon themselves. These men's quarrel with the church is of long standing, dating from the suppression of their darling "pews," the cherished idols that enabled them to flaunt their petty dignity in the eyes of their neighbours once a week, a lasting record that they were among the magnates of the soil. The fathers of these men sold their parish peal of bells to buy these very pews that Mr. Drury so ruthlessly destroyed when the church was restored a dozen years back; and as the church no longer ministered to their pride, they no longer chose to frequent it. But more active vengeance only slumbered, and at length an opportunity offered for putting it in practice. A most scandalous and outrageous account of one of the festival services appeared in the columns of a local newspaper. Clayden church became a show-place; and it is supposed that some of those whom curiosity brought to see the services, suggested to the irreligious and demoralized part of the community the getting-up of a "row." Now was the farmers' time, and they threw at once the whole weight of their influence on the side of the *soi-disant* "Protestants." A pint of beer was the reward for every monk successfully "worried," and further inducements were held out to "rows" on a more extended scale. A farmer in the neighbourhood was heard to say that he would willingly give a thousand pounds to get the Brothers out of Claydon; but most of his compeers thought that a much

cheaper way of going to work was to make the place too hot for them.

There were other causes at work as well. Claydon, as being blessed with a Baptist meeting-house, was a kind of Mecca to surrounding dissent, and it was very annoying to find a body of men suddenly set down in their midst, uniting all their own zeal to an undying attachment to the Church; still more to find members giving in their allegiance to the Church and becoming constant communicants. Hence the Baptist influence of the neighbourhood was also thrown into the scale. Then, again, the Baptist schoolmaster, a man of some position among the lower classes, and previous to the advent of the Brothers, and in the total absence of a church school, the educator of most of their children, was driven by interest in the same direction. And, lastly, we have a section of the lower classes themselves: Church-goers, from habit, as so many are in the country, but perfect strangers to vital religion; men of drunken habits, and indulging in all the vices so prevalent among their class in rural districts; men of little or no education, and with the slenderest knowledge of God. Preaching, like Brother Ignatius's, with its searching eloquence, its severe denunciations, its wondrous plain speaking, fell like a firebrand among people like these. It acted as did that of the Apostles, eighteen centuries before. "These men," it might have been said, "have turned the world upside down." Some were drawn by its blessed attraction out of themselves, as it were, and

became changed characters, but on the many it had an opposite tendency. One of the worst of the opposition men said to Brother Ignatius, "If you would not tell us we are going to hell, we would leave you alone. We won't be told that by no man." It is on account of his faithful setting forth of the terrors of the judgment of God against impenitent sinners that these men gave the Superior the nickname of "Father Blazer;" just as the frequency with which the first members of the Society of Friends enforced the duty of quaking at God's judgments gained for them the *sobriquet* of "Quakers," which has stuck to them ever since. It was only last century that a not dissimilar work met with an equal opposition and on similar grounds; and the followers of Wesley, earnest men according to their lights, were branded as "Methodists," "were reviled and abused, were treated as 'the dung of the earth, and as the off-scouring of all things,' for whom magistrates had no justice, mobs no mercy," so that "to be called a 'Methodist'" was a term of the greatest reproach, and all this because they dared to set their faces against prevailing ungodliness, and to supply the things that were lacking in the Church of God. Then, as the writer I have just quoted says, "to be a 'Methodist' was to be an outlaw from the common rights of Englishmen; to be a 'Methodist' was to be a disgrace to your own family and friends; to be a 'Methodist' was to be marked out for every species of unmanly insult which could be offered; and not only in their individual private

capacity were these 'Methodists' hated and illused, but their public worship was interrupted by brutal violence, and when they appealed to the magistrate for protection, he too often refused to exercise his authority, and connived at, if he did not openly encourage, the lawlessness of the mob."

I often quite *trembled* when I saw the utter irreligion of the opponents at Claydon. I had been used by a kind of stereotyped "liberality," which I honestly believed to be genuine, to make a wide distinction between a religious system which I believed to be erroneous, and its professors. I believed that any opposition there might be to Church principles at Claydon, as elsewhere, was caused by sincere and upright, though of course, from my point of view, mistaken motives. I believed that its promoters thought they were doing God service, as of old did they who slew the Apostles; and I looked forward to the comparatively easy work it would be to teach such as these "the way of God more perfectly."

A very few days sufficed to dispel this pleasing illusion. Not in ancient days, when the heathen world was arranged in deadly warfare against the little Church of Christ, could the line of demarcation be wider than I found it there between those who, through good report and evil report, clung to their village church and to the community, and those who assailed them with insult and calumny, and even personal violence. I am speaking, of course, of the local opposition, for among those who knew of the matter only by hearsay, doubtless many are

most seriously opposed to the work on sincere grounds. At Claydon there were only the Church party and those whose opposition, though outwardly manifested against "Puseyism" and "monkery," was really, as their every act showed, directed against religion in any shape or form. It would be difficult to describe in adequate terms how thoroughly this state of things took one back to primitive times when the disciples were all of one mind, and when the "heathen furiously raged together" against them; how vividly passages in the Psalms came home to us in the daily office, as they must have come home to those early Christians. "The way of the ungodly shall perish." Here was comfort for us, were any disposed to be downcast. "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me: many are they that rise against me." True; but we could say, "I will not be afraid for ten thousands of the people that have set themselves against me round about;" for we could feel that God's "blessing" was indeed resting upon His "people." "There be many that say, Who will show us any good?" "Have mercy upon us, for we are utterly despised." These were real texts for us. Often when we were threatened with some serious evil, and had brought our burden to the Lord, how unspeakably comforting was that verse chanted in the office of terce, "When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me." Or when we thought how little of what the world counts strength we had to oppose to the enemy, how truly from the heart would come these

words, "If the Lord Himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick when they were so wrathfully displeased at us." Thus the Psalter was a very real work with us; no mere dull routine to be gone through week by week. My heart often smote me when I thought how often before I had taken these words as a matter of course in the Church Service.

This was not the only service done to the community by these short-sighted "ragings" of the ungodly. Had people only treated the matter as Quixotic, and merely worthy to be left to die out—if the poor had not been attracted, and the ungodly had merely felt utter indifference, some among us would have been sorely tempted to despondency; but the dullest and the least sanguine, as it was, had merely to open his eyes to see which was God's cause and which was not.

I wonder if we ever stop to *analyze* a "No Popery" outcry, if we ever study its "philosophy." An instructive lesson may be gained from the process. Souls are being ruined by thousands; there can be no two opinions about that. "How many thousands are there," it has been truly said, "in our busy ports and populous cities who never think of God from one week's end to another. We are perishing from ungodliness," to say nothing of downright, actual sin—sins of the flesh, rendering our cities perfect hot-beds of vice—sins of drunkenness, fornication, uncleanness of all sorts, want of moral rectitude in commercial transactions; and yet, terrible as is this

state of things, some people act as if they really preferred the evil to the cure, if it came in any way savouring to their minds of Popery. Speaking of this very Claydon Brotherhood, the *Taunton Courier* witnesses to this strange phenomenon. "Perhaps," says the writer, "they would rather the devil had the outcasts of society than that the monks should win them to Christ in their way. We believe that this last feeling (it can hardly be considered a deliberate conviction or thought) is by no means an uncommon one." Certain it is, that while a Christian bishop and a section of the national clergy are doing their best to undermine the Christian faith, men who are deemed to be earnest and zealous, and at least of average common sense, will come and talk twaddle about crucifixes and candles. Every now and then men of this class will wake up with horror to find that a cherished son or a loved daughter is bitten with these deadly Puseyite errors; and bitter, indeed, is the agony, till they find another whose children have renounced the faith in any shape, and are wildly tossing anchorless on the raging sea of neologian criticism. Then a thought comes over them that perhaps, after all, they have been resisting the Spirit of God, and that their dreaded "Puseyism," with its solemn sacramental system, leading the young through the sense and imagination to higher things, is an "anchor" that God has provided against these latter-day perils, and they are comforted.*

* This is no fancy sketch on the part of the writer. A lady was present lately at a conversation between two leading "Evangelical"

A cry of this kind is always irreligious—atheistical, I might say, at bottom, though joined in from worthy motives by unreflecting persons. Were it not so, would it never strike them that confession—bad as it may be—is infinitely preferable to the "social evil," which they see at their very doors, yet never strike a blow to check it? Would it never occur to them that the very ordinance they are clamoring against so loudly, and condemning so glibly, may be the means of rescuing some, at least, from its deadly grasp? Would no suspicion ever flit across their imagination that perhaps, after all, superstition, as manifested by candles and crosses and a ritual worship, is better than ungodliness, the outward tokens of which are closed and barn-like churches, and desecrated Sabbaths? That a "Puseyite" church, notwithstanding its "mummery," may be, after all, a better place to spend Sunday in than the gin-palace, or even in lying in bed, relieved, it may be, by swearing, or a turn at wife-beating? High Churchmen, at all events, can afford to rejoice that in any way Christ is preached, even though it be "of contention," while they would that outward

ladies, quite diamonds of the first water, as well as their husbands, in their particular school of theology, and both mothers of families. One of these began bewailing, in the most mournful terms, the apostacy of her son, who had taken up with "the High Church," and was always in church, and so on. The other, to my friend's vast surprise, replied, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, my dear ——, if *my* son had taken up with these views, how earnestly would I have thanked God; but, alas! I greatly fear he has been led away by these *Essays and Reviews*."

unity might be restored, and all the baptized bask in the sun of full Church privileges!

This is the dark side of such an outcry's philosophy. There is also a humorous. "Popery" is the *bête noire* of hundreds who have not the faintest conception what it is. Men who clamour the loudest for "civil and religious liberty," to which they say "Popery" and "Puseyism" are opposed, are among the first to deny the one or the other to their opponents—to withstand "grants" to Romanism, and to preach a crusade against "Romanising practices in the Church of England," forgetting that, according to their own premises, their policy must be essentially "Popish." I remember a country church in Kent being restored, and a stained window being put in containing the symbols of the four evangelists—among them, of course, that of St. Luke, a bull. A "No Popery" outcry was the result, and a vestry meeting was actually held on the grounds that the rector was running counter to the constitution of the country *in introducing the Pope's bull* into a "Protestant" church! The same church was also the scene of another curious passage. The rector is an old man, and his son acts as curate. Not long ago the curate, in his father's absence, ventured upon the introduction of incense into Divine Service. The parish had become somewhat civilized since the days of "the Pope's bull," and folks contented themselves with wondering what "the old gentleman" would say to these newfangled doings. The rector was, I believe, travelling on the continent with his daughter. He returned late

on Saturday night, with a sermon ready written for the morrow; and through the lateness of the hour, or from some other cause, the worthy old gentleman heard nothing of the incense; nor had he been enlightened when, next morning, he mounted the pulpit and commenced his sermon. As chance would have it, he took for his text the passage in Revelations (viii. 4), "And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." Naturally, the sermon was all about incense, of course using the term in the symbolical sense of prayer. But either the good folks of Kent are not ready at catching symbolical meanings, or the "old gentleman's" powers of explanation were not great; certain it is, that one was heard saying to another after service, "Well, now, who would have thought the old gentleman would have been just the same as the young one? Instead of telling him not to give us any of his newfangled things, as *I* thought he would have done, the first thing he does is to preach to us all in its favour!"

In the north part of Brighton there is a chapel of some dissenting denomination built in "Mr. Compo's" approved style. The windows are of the ordinary domestic type, and the whole might pass very well for an engine-shed, or some such building in which architectural beauty is not wont to be a consideration. But there *is* an attempt at ornamentation, and "thereby hangs a tale." The "attempt" in question is not of a very exalted character, but it was destined to form the subject of

anxious inquiry while the chapel was building. It consisted of a broad line of black paint carried round the building underneath the windows. A friend of mine had occasion to transact some business in a small grocer's shop in the immediate vicinity, and while waiting for change, a woman came in, and began a conversation touching the new chapel. "What puzzles me," said the new comer, "is that there black line under the windows. I can't make out that nohow." "Well," rejoined the shopwoman, "that got over me, too; and I asked my husband—*he's mighty in the Scriptures, you know*—but he said as how he couldn't tell; but it was somewhat to do with Popery." "O yes," said the woman, "there's no doubt of that. Dear me, how that Popery do spread, to be sure!"

It must be confessed that Churchmen are not quite free from something of this sort in a less palpable degree. A friend of mine wrote a book of very advanced "theology," and had it bound in an approved "Tractarian" style. He sent a copy to a Church dignitary, a Churchman of "moderate" views, and when they next met, asked somewhat anxiously his opinion. "I have read it all through," said the dean, "and I like it very much, except one thing, and that is essentially 'Popish,' and I am surprised at your countenancing it." "What is that?" asked my friend. "Why, sir, that *white vellum cover*. I trust if you have a second edition, you will forbid your binder from continuing it!" A series of tracts on Church subjects were issued some years back by

a religious confraternity, whose device—a cross within a circle—was displayed on the title page. "They are excellent tracts," was once said in my hearing, "but that device will be against their sale." And so it proved.

We had a visit one day from a "hot gospeller" of the real "No Popery" type. I was teaching in the school when a lay-brother came in with a most perplexed countenance, followed by a man in the garb of a clergyman, and a youth. "This gentleman," whispered the good lay-brother, hurriedly, "wishes to see the church; but on no account let him see it; he's been going on *awfully*." "This *man*," broke in he of the white necktie, with an offensive accent on the epithet—"this *man* says I can't have the key of the church; perhaps you will condescend to tell me where the key is to be had." "If you wish to see the church, you must apply at the rectory; we have nothing to do with giving the key to visitors." "Bless the man!" he rejoined, with an impatience of accent that gave the exclamation the nearest approach to a clerical imprecation, "why I have just come from the rectory, and that man," indicating Brother —— with his thumb, "brought me here. I suppose there's something you don't want to be seen in the church, or you wouldn't keep it locked up so carefully. If there's anything in it that beats you monks, there must be something well worth seeing indeed. I've walked all the way from Yorkshire to see the church, and now it appears I'm to be kept out by a parcel of papists." "I very much fear, my good friend," I replied to this onslaught, "that you will

have to return without accomplishing your errand. We are always very glad to show strangers the church when they apply in the proper manner, but we should certainly not trouble ourselves to do so to one who, like yourself, appears to exclude Christian politeness from your catalogue of virtues." This speech loosed the string of the worthy "gospeller's" tongue. "You're a parcel of papists," he said, excitedly. "This is a Protestant country, and here's the Pope has sent over a lot of his monks, and the village church is in the hands of papists, who shut up the blessed Word of God from the people. It makes my blood boil to think over it." Then suddenly apostrophizing the school children, he continued: "How I do pity you, my poor children, how I do pity you!—shut out from the light of the blessed Word, and brought up in worse than heathen darkness. Yes, from my heart I pity *you*, innocent lambs, brought to the slaughter, and none to deliver you!" All this was said with the action of a ranter "holding forth" on some favourite dogma of his scanty creed. "And pray," he added, by way of taking breath, "do you ever show yourselves abroad in that tomfoolery? Why, bless me, I never *did* see such a set of guys! I told that *man* yonder I was sure if he went into Ipswich somebody would give him an old pair of boots better than his own out of their charity. But I shouldn't think you ever showed yourselves in Ipswich. If you lord it over these benighted villagers—poor, unhappy people that sit in darkness, and who love to have it so, because they love darkness rather than light—I

should think in Ipswich you would meet with rather a warm reception. Tell me, now, don't all the dirty little boys run after you and hoot you? If they don't, they're not fit to be called Englishmen, that's all I can say."

I began to feel angry at the man's coarse rudeness, and so thought it safest to take refuge in silence. I told the boys to go on with their lessons, and endeavoured to ignore his presence; but this by no means suited him, so he began afresh—a fresh volley, but merely in the old style.

"I don't know whether you are aware," I said, as quietly as I could, "that this school-room is the rector's private property, and that in staying here to annoy and insult its occupants, you are committing a trespass."

"I shall stay as long as I like, and shan't leave for any one."

"Very well," I said, and without further parley, I commissioned one of the boys to fetch a policeman, of which functionaries Claydon possessed two.

"Policeman, indeed!" said the gospeller, mimicking my voice—"fetch the policeman, indeed! A fine thing, upon my word! It's you that ought to have a policeman sent to you,—coming into Protestant England with your lying, deceitful ways! What do you call that but committing a trespass, *eh?* *We'll* show you, when Parliament meets, whether you can rough-ride over the privileges and birthright of Englishmen! So take warning, my precious fellows!" And with that he

turned on his heel, and strode out into the road, not caring to face the representative of law.

In the lane, this preacher of the gospel of charity, "that thinketh no evil," met Mr. Drury's nurse. "Can you tell me the way to Claydon Church?" he asked. She pointed out the direction to him. "That," he said, looking up into her face, "*is the way to hell!*"

This was a man who professed to be a clergyman of the Church of England, and who, before he began to speak, *looked* like a gentleman! Verily, the *odium theologicum* is no "respecter of persons," and I was not surprised to hear him claim a fellow-feeling with the "dirty little boys" of Ipswich! Blind animal ignorance and stupid bigotry make most excellent allies. Birds of a feather—you know the adage.

The society officially known as "The Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics," but more commonly yclept "Soupers," from an awkward habit its members have acquired of swelling their list of converts by a judicious administration of soup to starving families, on condition of their sending the children to the Protestant school, paid us the compliment of sending a missionary to counteract as far as possible the Church movement of which Claydon was the centre. His *modus operandi* consisted chiefly in tract-distributing—he must have done a wonderful deal of work in that line—and in trying to persuade the people not to go to church! He delighted too, whenever possible, to get any of the Brothers into a controversy—more, I suppose, to prevent

his weapon from rusting, than from any serious hope of carrying off a convert. On one of these occasions, when I was the disputant, he was maintaining that "Roman Catholics and Puseyites would have nothing to do with the Bible." As far as the charge concerned ourselves, I merely contented myself with saying that two whole chapters, as well as a gospel and epistle, were read in the parish church of Claydon every day—a Bible-reading phenomenon that I thought he would find it difficult to match outside the domains of Puseyism. With regard to the Roman Catholics, though the Latin services prevented my saying as much, I asked if he had never heard of one Jerome, a monk, having translated the whole Bible into the vernacular? "O yes," he replied, "but Jerome was a Protestant. I have a great respect for Jerome!" "A Protestant!" I exclaimed, "you surprise me. What say you to the epistle against Vigilantius? Does it not uphold unmistakably the veneration of relics and the invocation of saints? Surely these do not form part of your creed?" "He never wrote it. It's a Roman forgery," was his way of getting out of the dilemma. Once I pressed him hard as to his *authority* for the Word of God. "How do you *know*," I asked, "what is the Bible and what is not? How do you know, for instance, that the Gospel of St. Luke is inspired, and the 'Gospel of Nicodemus' not?—that the Epistles of St. Paul are part of God's revelation to man, and not the Epistles of St. Ignatius? I never met with a satisfactory answer from a 'Protestant' standing-point to

that. The Roman Catholics say, 'Rome hath spoken, and the cause is decided.' Right or wrong, that is an intelligible position. *We* should say the same, putting the undivided Universal Church of Christ in the place of 'Rome.' That, too, is plain sailing. Bishop Colenso, too, has a simple way of settling the matter. He takes a Hebrew dictionary, and a copy of his own 'Arithmetic,' and by these agencies he decides what is God's Word and what is not. This has two slight drawbacks, I own. Hebrew and arithmetic are not at everybody's command, and the bishop has a terrible habit of scandalizing the 'weaker brethren' by going clean contrary to all their 'foregone conclusions;' still it is tangible, as far as it goes. As to internal evidence, you must see that that, if it exists at all, must be as much out of the reach of the many as Bishop Colenso's 'criticism.' I think, if we go by internal evidence, there is quite as much of that to be shown for parts of the 'Apocrypha'—for instance, that passage in the 'Wisdom of Solomon' (ch. ii. 12—20), which contains as *direct* a prophecy of Christ's Passion as is to be met with from Genesis to Revelation—as there is for acknowledged books. How do you get over this difficulty?"

It was evidently somewhat of a poser. "I take the Church's testimony, the testimony of the Church of England, as contained in her Articles," he said, at length.

"Very good," I rejoined; "but the Articles tell us that the 'Apocryphal books' are not to be taken to estab-

lish any doctrine; whereas the 'Homilies,' which, according to the same authority, contain 'a wholesome doctrine, and very necessary for these times,' repeatedly refer to them as the 'Word of God.' What you want is *an infallible* authority. If we once settle which to go by, the Articles or the Homilies, what guarantee have we that the Church of England has not 'erred' in this matter, as she herself affirms the Churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, &c., to have 'erred' in others? And this brings us back to our starting-point. If the English Church *may* be wrong about the Apocrypha, may not Christendom generally be wrong about the Epistles of St. Ignatius? Where is your security?"

"I take the authority of the Church," he repeated, "as given definitely in her Articles, to the exclusion of every loose expression in the Homilies, which are not a formal document."

"Then," I said, "you uphold the *absolute infallibility* of the Church of England when revealing her mind to us through 'a formal document?'"

To my surprise he said boldly, "I do." Anything, I suppose, to emerge from the dilemma. But I was not disposed to let him off so easily.

"There are endless interpretations of the Articles—the Low Church, the High Church, the Broad Church, the Neologian, and what not. Which of these are the *infallibly correct* ones? And if one more than the other, why? A document that admits of more interpretations than one cannot possibly be the ultimate

court of appeal; to say nothing of the fact that the Church of England lays no claim to the infallibility you would ascribe to her, but herself appeals to primitive antiquity."

I cannot remember his rejoinder, but it was certainly not to the point. At other times, when hard pressed, he would remember that his "train" for Ipswich, where he lodged, was about to start. We soon gave up these "disputations" as very unprofitable employment of time.

The "missionary" had a vast desire to be for ever seeing the church; and he was not very scrupulous how he carried his point. I hope, for the honour of English Episcopacy, he was not an *employé*, for legal purposes, of the "Lord Abbot of St. Bennet's, in the city of Norwich." Once we refused him the key, wishing to have as little as possible to do with the man; "not requiring any soup," as one of the Brothers put it. Next day he presented himself with a well-filled carpet-bag, and his endless, "*Might* I have the key of the church?" accompanied by a wriggle of the body, meant for politeness, which would have made the fortune of an actor. He was all politeness and "blarney," was this son of Erin. He asked to see the church as a great favour, as he was on the point of leaving. The *ruse* failed, as we were forbidden to give him the key. He then went away, and effected a forcible entrance; and there we found him snugly ensconsed on going to vespers. It turned out that the carpet-bag was only "charged" with tracts,

and that he was on the point of leaving, certainly, but only to return for the night to his lodgings. These tracts, of which great quantities were brought to us to deal with as we saw fit, were almost exclusively devoted to the inculcation of "Protestant" theories of justification, being *literal* expositions of the principle that there "remaineth now no more condemnation" to them that believe. Perhaps the "opposition" came under this head; they certainly showed a wholesome horror of "good works," which, if we may credit the following hymn, taken from a favourite "Protestant" collection, must be a good sign. This lucubration is headed, "What must I do?" a query which it proceeds to answer thus:—

Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it—did it all—
Long, long ago.
When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do, and die,
Everything was fully done.
Hearken to His cry—

"It is finished!" Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need—
Tell me, is it not?
Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your "doing," all was done
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
"Doing" ends in death.
Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete!

Do "Bible Christians" ever take the trouble to compare this with St. Paul's injunction to "*work out* our salvation with *fear and trembling?*" Nothing in the "moral theology" of Rome can have a worse tendency than such teaching as this.

The missionary used also to attend the school-room lectures, and to invite the audience to hear the Gospel expounded outside. He would join himself to ladies who came from Ipswich, on these occasions, and would have walked with them the whole four miles, if they could not have devised some means of getting rid of him. He was bothering a lady in this way once, and was pressing upon her acceptance a tract. "What is it about?" she asked. "Oh, against those Claydon doings," he replied. She took it, tore it in half, and left it on the road. "Madam, you are a *dirty slut,*" was his elegant comment. Another, who kept a school at Ipswich, met him in that town, and asked him if he was the man who had given her some tracts? He replied that he was. "Then," she said, "I must beg you to take them back; and I wish you could settle down into some honest trade, instead of getting your living by insulting respectable people, and

dropping tracts about, for which you get paid so much a hundred."

Talking of tracts, the great Behemoth of tract writers, Mr. Ryle, is said to have paid Claydon a visit, and left sundry octavo and duodecimo doses of Calvinism with divers of the poor. But it didn't take.

"Bless you, my good man," one poor woman said to the "souper," "we've got a church and a priest, what can you think we want with your 'tracks?'" Another said, with simple dignity, "If we are poor, we pay our rent, and," pointing significantly to the door, "folks do say every honest man's house is his castle." The "souper," however, must be used to pithy answers. One poor woman in Ireland, who was "converted" with the rest of her family during the famine, sent for the priest on her death-bed, confessed, received the last sacraments, and died imploring her children to follow her example, come what might. This they lacked the courage to do, and shortly after the "souper" called to know if the report were true. "Yes, it's thrue enough," the daughter said, half apologetically; "but ye see, sir, your religion's all very well to live by, but *it's only the ould religion that does to die by!*"

One more anecdote of this missionary, too characteristic to be omitted, and I will dismiss him from these pages. When Brother Ignatius gave a lecture at Ipswich, there was the worthy Irishman, and as soon as he could edge in a word, he endeavoured to create a disturbance. In this he was backed by a small body of young men, whose

derisive laughter at an allusion to Christian virginity, though it came before them in the shape of a text of Scripture, sufficiently told their character. Brother Ignatius put it to the meeting whether the lecture should continue. There was a perfect forest of hands held up. The missionary then asked those who wished it to cease to hold up their hands. No one responded to the invitation, and his own hand was held up utterly unsupported. He was going to attempt further annoyance, when the doorkeeper said to him, in an audible whisper, "My good man, you got in without paying your money, and if you disturb the meeting it will be the worse for you." The hint was not thrown away. By-the-bye, is there not a latent Jesuitism—a little of the "end-justifies-the-means"—in Protestantism, when that end is at once the saving of the pocket of "a servant of the Lord," and the cheating of a benighted monk? I know a great "Protestant" champion who thinks devotion to the cause a valid substitute for paying his debts; and, if report speaks true, another, dignified with a seat in Parliament, where he has acquired a certain anti-Maynooth renown, is affected with the same moral obliquity of vision.

But a few isolated specimens of the "hot gospeller" type and the Irish Church Mission Society were not the only "Protestant" harpies attracted by the odour of the "movement" at Claydon. The "Evangelical party" determined on a grand crusade against "Puseyism." The theatre of the new enterprise was Ipswich, where were sounded the first notes of what the *Nonconformist*

dubbed "The Ecclesiastical war in Suffolk." Grand were the preparations made to crush "Romanising proceedings" in a little out-of-the-way village in an out-of-the-way county! Hugh Stowell was summoned from Manchester; Mr. Cadman from his palladian temple in the Euston-road; Dr. Miller hasted from Worcester; and the rector of Claydon *Evangelicorum* followed suit, to show that priest, altar, and sacrifice, as believed in by Claydon *Tractarianorum*, were "strong delusions." Mr. Bayley, of Bloomsbury, was unearthed to demonstrate the superstitious tendencies of "extreme ceremonialism."

Never was policy so short-sighted. Never did the Nemesis of such a policy tarry so short a time. In the first place the Dissenters, through their organ, the *Nonconformist*, gave them sundry very unpleasant raps across the knuckles, and plainly told them, *totidem verbis*, that to their thinking, "Brother Ignatius and his party" were the true representatives of the English Church, and that, while agreeing doctrinally with their opponents, anybody but themselves could see they—the "Evangelicals"—had no business in the Church at all. But this was not all. The gauntlet was speedily taken up, and the traduced "Tractarians" hasted to the rescue. Lecture called forth lecture; unfounded charge drew forth crushing rejoinder; ignorant assertion was met by dignified learning. If the Claydon Brotherhood had never done anything else than elicit such a lecture as Dr. Littledale delivered at Ipswich, on Friday, the 4th of December, 1863, the Church would

owe them no slight debt of gratitude. The movement has already accompanied the Brothers to Norwich, and should it spread into other towns, and let a little light into the dark places of Protestantism, I quite agree with the *Church Times*, that it would be one of the best days for the Church party. Plain speaking is what the Catholic revival has lacked, and if it is not to be had in the pulpit, by all means let us have it on the platform! The "Evangelical" army must speedily have learned to rue the day when they determined to have anything to do with such "edged tools." They forged bomb-shells to launch at the enemy's camp, only to find them rebound from the unharmed rampart to deal destruction against themselves—a not unfrequent occurrence in theological warfare. One or two incidents in this "Ecclesiastical war," the details of which occupied several columns, week by week, of the first county newspaper, the *Ipswich Journal*, and elicited a voluminous correspondence, are amusing, and worthy to be sung in epic strains. The ordinary topics of East Anglian discussion—the price of sheep and pigs, and so on—were changed for anxious inquiries as to the fitness of incense as an accompaniment of Divine worship, and the relative merits of monks and Scripture readers as auxiliary to the ordinary apparatus of the Church, enlivened by abuse in the style well known to readers of the *Record*. In this species of guerilla warfare, the self-elected champions of Protestantism were fairly beaten out of the field, having stultified themselves

hugely in the eyes of their own constituency.* It is not without its significance, that the editor, on reviewing the controversy, and explaining his policy of non-intervention, should express his conviction that the discussion had been attended with beneficial results to the Church at large, and had led many to a heartier appreciation of her system. Three hundred years to come a stray copy of the *Ipswich Journal* for the latter half of the year of grace 1863, will be as great an historical curiosity as would now be a letter from Henry VIII. to one of his wives, sketching in detail his intended *modus operandi* of suppressing the religious houses.

That singular exemplification of logical inconsequence, yclept "moderate churchmanship," had also its escapades. An Ipswich clergyman wrote a very sensible letter in one of the local papers, deprecating the clamour which was being raised against High Churchmen, on the grounds —only too patent—that in various matters they, and

* As a chance specimen of the tactics of the "Protestants," and the learning they brought into the field, the following passage of arms is worth recording:—In defending incense, Brother Ignatius had occasion to quote Cardinal Bona, a celebrated liturgical writer. This called forth from his native obscurity one Joseph Maltby, who betook himself to the fight after the most approved fashion, and bade Protestants beware of one who quoted with approbation "the celebrated "Bonner," whose "untiring bigotry," and so on, gained for him in history the epithet of "bloody." Another gravely asked if Mr. Drury used a *scarlet chasuble* on Whit-Sunday, because he wished to ape the Cardinal!

they only, obeyed the Church's injunctions, and followed her mind. He specified about a dozen points, such as daily and saint's-day services, and so on. The letter was marred, however, by a gratuitous attack upon the "Claydon indiscretions." Next week the same newspaper contained a letter from one of his congregation, affecting great surprise that Mr. —— should enrol himself in the catalogue of "High Churchmen" at all, and mildly expressing a wonder that the clergyman should never have thought of practising what he preached, as he had neither week-day nor saint's-day services. It is only fair to add that this clergyman has since done good service to the cause; and his boldly proclaiming himself a High Churchman in the midst of a popular outcry, contrasted favourably with the conduct of another and more full-fledged "Puseyite," who caused much amusement to friends and foes by his constant adoption of the policy affected by sundry petty tradesmen, who advertise that they have "no connection" with such and such a shop.

That the catalogue of opponents may be complete, I must mention a worthy clergyman of the same school, whom, till we learned his name and position, we had no small reason to deem a real live "Jesuit." At all events, he devoted just one hour to impressing on one of our Brothers what is currently accredited the dogma *par excellence* of the society—the principle that "the end justifies the means." He took up his parable concerning Mr. King, of St. George's-in-the-East, whom he soundly rated for obeying his ordination vows in wearing the

prescribed vestments, on the plea that such a course led to acts of sacrilege on the part of a mob. What could Escobar have said more to the point? The impression was not likely to be lessened when, next morning, taking offence at the manner in which the service was performed, the clergyman actually left the altar abruptly, after receiving the communion "in one kind only!" To show the inconsistency of the human mind, and how a man may strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, I may add that the clergyman in question possessed, in no ordinary degree, a zeal for reverence and for obedience to the rubric. These were his specialities, he would have us believe. Subsequent events showed, in a very fearful way, that this would-be reformer should have looked *much* nearer home. I am sure those he tried so gratuitously to vex and harass, because they set to work for the same professed end in a diverse manner from his own, would be the last to triumph over his unhappy fall.

Lastly we had dead against us, as might be expected, the easy-going parsons of the neighbourhood. Wesley encountered the same *vis inertiæ* in the commencement of his work. It was bad enough when Claydon kept to itself. Its open church, and constant hearty functions, and, above all, its weekly communions, were a silent witness, contrasting strongly with the bolts and bars, the cold infrequent services, and the thrice-a-year celebrations which obtained among themselves. But when it became the centre of an active movement, and challenged public attention, the grievance was past endurance.

Somebody was continually treading on the toes of these reverend folks. Their *otium cum dignitate* was being perpetually put in jeopardy. The diocese of Norwich abounds in men of this stamp, setting aside some of a worse calibre, who are not wanting. Church discipline being a myth, and every man doing what is right in his own eyes, there is little or nothing but individual and generally erratic energy to lessen the evil. One clergyman enlivens the dulness of our national Liturgy by reading the headings of the chapters, and giving a short commentary of his own prior to reading them, and paraphrases the Lord's Prayer in a similar manner. Another holds missionary meetings in his church, where he allows laymen to address the people from his reading-desk. These signs of life are certainly anomalous, but they are not in the direction of "Puseyism;" so the prelate who is supposed to administer the discipline of the Church in East Anglia, does not trouble himself to check them. This reticence of his enables the bishop to devote his energies the more unreservedly to the suppression of the terribly frequent means of grace provided for his people by the rector of Claydon.

The following letter, which I copy from the *Ipswich Journal*, is worthy of reproduction, both as showing the position taken by these persons against the Brothers, and also as revealing the particulars of an amusing episode. I must premise that the writer was misinformed as to the "power" of the rector to enforce the removal of the brick. He merely threatened the brick-

layer with the weight of his displeasure, should he fail to comply. Nor does he give the sequel, viz., that the people, hearing what had taken place, insisted on the brick being reinstated, and threatened the owner of the house with condign punishment, should their wishes not be carried out. He chose the lesser of the two evils, and the brick is, I believe, still to be seen, marked by some curious hand with the distinguishing and appropriate mark, the sign of our salvation :—

PROTESTANT *versus* CATHOLIC LIBERALITY.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

To the Editor of the Ipswich Journal.

SIR,—Will it be believed that the following occurrence happened in this age of civilization, and under the immediate direction of the Rural Dean? + Ignatius O.S.B., of now *more* than Claydon notoriety, determined to give himself and a few young friends an afternoon's recreation, for which purpose they strayed to a village not a hundred miles from Coddenham. They first directed their attention to the fine old church (built probably, from its internal evidence, by the monks), but to this they were denied admittance by the special order of the rector, who had espied them, and guessed their intentions. Thus disappointed, they proceeded to the village, in which a party of mechanics were engaged in building a house. Here the usual application was made to the rather *un*usually dressed stranger to lay a brick, to which he assented, but *not* so to the *further* very customary request, "*that he would wet it.*" To do so, he assured them, would be against the rules of his order; but he prayed for a blessing on the house and its future inmates. The men were satisfied. Several, however, followed him, to whom he read a few verses from the Gospel of St. John, and returned—not, however, without being greatly pressed to come among them, and

preach to them of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

Now, can it be believed that the Protestant rector of the parish, so soon as he had heard what had been done by the poor monk (albeit a deacon of the English Church), gave orders (for he had the power) that the identical accursed brick that he had laid should be taken out?—which was accordingly done, although three or four courses of brickwork had to be removed for the purpose. Whether he afterwards *exorcised* the brick, I do not know; but I would advise him to trace it out and do so, for fear of consequences! These facts are from undoubted sources. Let Protestants pause, then, in their too eager persecution of men who only wish to restore to the Church its pristine catholicity; and, above all, let not ordained ministers of the Church of England lead others to suppose, by their acts, that they are in league with Calvinists and Baptists.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

SCHOLASTICUS.

CHAPTER V.

The Objector again.—Suggests an inquiry.—The name of the Order.—Episcopal opposition.—An historical parallel.—Pre-Reformation times not, strictly speaking, Roman Catholic.—The Bible: what it says to monasticism.—Patristic and scholastic systems of theology.—The Nemesis of Bible Christianity.—Scriptural character of vows.—The Essenes.—The Bible and counsels of perfection.—Texts apparently opposite.—An unexpected dilemma.—Bishop Colenso and polygamy.—The "Catholic Apostolic Church."—Flaw in the system: its consequence.—Universal acceptance by the Early Church of the "Evangelical counsels."—Virginity sealed by martyrdom.—The Church of England and monasteries.—The question of vows.—Objections weighed.—Activity of the age: its dangers.—Moral influence of the monastic system on society.—Value of the ascetic element.

Some one was looking over my shoulder as I wrote the last words. An emphatic "humph" of mingled satisfaction and impatience announced to me the presence of my friend the Objector.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, as I accosted him; "but you authors are wont to be so engrossed in your labours, that I found it impossible to obtain your permission to enter. I fear my rudeness in looking over your shoulder is more unpardonable; but as I knew you would read me your papers as you did when we last met, I thought to save time by the course I adopted."

"No apology," I said, "is needed. Guests are, I

presume, welcome in a monastery, whether they come to claim its hospitality, or to satisfy themselves as to its workings. And as to your perusal of my lucubrations, so much the more time for conversation. So to work."

"There's a great deal in what you have said," he rejoined, going at once *in medias res*, "touching the opposition you encounter. But has it never struck you that your work is opposed because it is un-English? Does not a system, Italian in its origin, as I believe your 'Rule' is—foreign, at all events, as all monasticism must be—strike the Brothers themselves as un-English? Does it not seem to them out of place amid the surroundings of the age, and antagonistic to the tone of society around?"

"My good man," I replied, laughing, "the Brothers live so completely in a world of their own, that they are not likely to trouble themselves much with these considerations; indeed, they know that there is an outside world as an abstract fact, just as we know that Saturn has seven moons. It was only yesterday that my mother wrote to me, 'What do you think of these earthquakes?' If Ipswich had been swallowed up, we might possibly have heard of it; but a more distant town might have been all destroyed, without our hearing a whisper of it. And to this minute I should not have known what she meant, had not the Superior returned and enlightened me on the subject."

"Is not such ignorance of what is going on an instance of the opposition to the spirit of the age, which is one of inquiry, to which I alluded?"

"You mean that Englishmen are naturally lovers of gossip and determined newsmongers, and that monasteries in general, and our own in particular, being neither the one nor the other, are un-English? In this respect you cannot certainly bring the same charge home to some of our secular churches. We are content to mind what concerns ourselves. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, you know. But you forget a very important feature in the monastic system, which is, that it is *a witness* for Christ *against* all that is wrong in the spirit of the age. Monasteries were evidently not un-English once, or they would not have flourished among us for a thousand years. From the sixth to the sixteenth century they formed part of our acknowledged ecclesiastical arrangements; and they cannot be un-English now, unless the English character has undergone an alteration since, *and that in an unchristian direction*. And were this the case, it would be itself a striking proof of the leavening and Christianising influence of religious houses. In this sense many things may be un-English, and yet be none the worse for that. It is part of the English character to be hasty; but he who wishes to serve Christ, must set himself to be as un-English as he can in this respect. Self-denial, mortification, and a humble self-depreciation are all things as un-English as can well be conceived; yet if they form part of the Christian character, a good Christian must be content to be un-English in these particulars. We are told sometimes that a stern, self-denying rule and a conspicuous habit are not likely to

find favour with an unascetic and reserved people; but to me it seems to be the first question, whether Christianity is an ascetic religion, and whether our practice of keeping all that concerns eternal interests so completely in the background is not a positive evil. If so, the existence of such institutions as these is a direct witness for Christ against what is wrong in the spirit of the age. But if you only wish to say, as indeed your words only go the length of asserting, that you doubt whether we shall succeed, because the English are jealous of all that originates abroad, you would surely not be so illiberal as to exclude anything from our shores, *merely* because it is not of home manufacture, but, like Christianity, an exportation from abroad?"

"Well, no," he replied; "that is, if it could be clearly proved of service."

"There," I said, "you put the matter in the right light. *Finis coronat opus.* We have decided that, in matters religious, the question is not whether this or that is opposed to the spirit of the age, but whether it is consonant with the spirit of the Gospel. Now we get a step further; if a thing is not positively wrong, it should be tested by its results alone. Fifty years ago the steam-mill must have been an object as strange and as distrusted as are monasteries now; but I have not heard that magistrates stopped the works, nor was an Act of Parliament passed to prevent their operation. Men of sense took the common-sense course of waiting to see if they would prove a boon or a bane. The *odium theologicum*, however, knows but little of common-sense

courses; and it is not very surprising to find a Low-Church bishop, yielding to the clamours of a radical press, doing his best to hinder our Superior's work. A bishop who openly derides the idea of an apostolic succession, and inaugurated his accession to the see of Herbert de Losinga by inviting all the Dissenting ministers of his episcopal city to the palace, ought to be a prelate of comprehensive views. If it is so, his schemes of comprehension evidently do not include any forms of religion older than Luther."

"But what can be more out of place than a monastery, the offspring of the sixth century, in a country village in this our England in the nineteenth?"

"Not out of place. Nothing useful can be out of place. Strange and unwonted, I grant you. But so were railways and telegraphs when they first came into use; and they were opposed, too, till men learned to see their use. In the Church, resuscitations of forgotten principles take the place which new inventions hold in the world, though many people think that the proudest inventions of the present day were known to the civilization of distant ages—mystic Egypt, and Nineveh the vast. Either way the cases are parallel. We have as much right to restore the old as to invent the new, if old or new are found to supply an acknowledged want. We want machinery by which to bring the truths of eternity to bear upon the masses, no less than motive power to aid our commerce. Why not go back to the monastic system for the one, as we invoke the principle of the Archimedian screw for the other? If monasteries are found

to work—if they prove themselves useful institutions, and supply acknowledged wants, *they will succeed*, whether their origin be English or Italian; and if not, they will be discarded, and thus we get back to our starting-point."

"But I have heard men favourably disposed to the monastic system object to this or that matter of detail in your work here. I was speaking to —— since I last saw you, and he inveighed strongly against the *name* of the Society. 'There can be,' he said, 'only one "Order of St. Benedict," and that is a Roman Catholic society owing allegiance to the Superior General of the Order, recognized as such by the Church, and governed all over the world by the General Chapter. These men,' he said, 'by adopting their name, wearing the same dress, and living, however scrupulously, by the same rule, cannot engraft themselves on to this Society by a mere act of their volition. A man may call himself "Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge," but will that make him so in reality?' "

"As to matters of detail," I replied, "we are not infallible; and if the 'favourably-disposed' theorizers you speak of wait till they have guarded against the possibility of mistakes being made, farewell to the idea of a revival of religious orders. You can't make omelettes without breaking eggs. As to the *name*, the whole difficulty seems to me to be a mere discussion *de lanâ caprinâ*. For my part, I think the name very appropriate. The Society it demonstrates is 'English,' as being in communion with the Church of England; is an 'Order,' as proposing, with God's blessing, to spread, by sending

out dependent colonies from the mother house; and is Benedictine, in so far as it follows the rule of St. Benedict, and desires to be so in no other sense; but I am quite willing to say with the poet, 'What's in a name?' So long as they promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls, the Brothers might call themselves 'The Order of the Cabbage Valley,' as a mediæval society styled itself, for aught I cared. But as this matter of the name appears to be a point with some of those who profess to be 'favourably disposed' to such a work as this, I am not sorry you have brought it up. No one in their senses would have supposed, one would have imagined, that the Brothers wished in any way to 'engraft themselves' on the Roman Order of St. Benedict, or to claim any more fellowship with them than what their common profession and the observance of a common rule would supply."

"Then you don't claim to be a part and parcel of the Roman Benedictine Order?"

"Certainly not. St. Benedict is, *de facto* our, legislator, therefore we regard him as our patron. *If* St. Benedict founded an order, we do not claim to be part and parcel of such order. I say *if*, for what are the facts of the case? That he *never founded an order at all.* Certain monks came to him and asked him for a rule of life by which to reform sundry abuses. He gave them the rule he had written for his own monastery; it was open to them to receive it or reject it. They owed him no obedience, and, as a matter of fact, some did reject it. The nearest approach to an order that St. Benedict

had anything to do with, was this: Certain of the abbots who had voluntarily accepted his rule, equally voluntarily, with the consent of their monks, put themselves under his individual guidance, in order the better to carry out the reform. Others, too, were of his own immediate foundation, and naturally looked up to him as their common father. Still all this was merely accidental, and would naturally have ended at his death. Then it was, very wisely no doubt, that the Pope stepped in, *stereotyped* this state of things, and declared Monte Cassino the *mother-house of all monasteries which accepted the reform of St. Benedict*. Then the reform became an order. But it was the Pope's doing, not St. Benedict's, and, as far as history tells, never entered into his plans. If the English Church is not a huge sham from beginning to end, acts of individual Popes do not bind the whole Church; and if, at the Reformation, the English communion had seen fit, or been in a position, to continue the then existing Benedictine houses, convocation could have declared them free henceforth from the jurisdiction of Monte Cassino, and have declared this or that English house the mother house, this or that abbot the superior general of the English Benedictines; just as later on, a Pope reviving the Anglo-Roman Benedictines under Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, saw fit for political reasons to free them from this jurisdiction, and to form them into a separate body corporate, known in history as the 'English Congregation of St. Benedict.'"*

* Could it be proved that the founder had made a provision in his will that the fellowships were to be open to all Englishmen

"You say convocation could have separated the English Benedictines from the mother house. But is not the English Order of St. Benedict a self-constituted society?"

"I was merely quoting what could have been done at the Reformation, to show that what could have been conserved then can be restored now. The circumstances are widely different. Convocation could have preserved what already existed; but no Church legislation can revive what has been allowed to die out. This, like a new foundation, requires an individual gifted by God with talents and qualifications suited to the emergency. In this respect all orders are, at their commencement, necessarily self-constituted. It is for the Church afterwards to accept or reject the self-imposed constitution in whole or in part. We, at all events, are fortunate in having a rule which has received the sanction of the

who chose to enter their name on the college books, I think I should be disposed to avail myself of the permission, without waiting to comply with later and unconstitutional conditions, and dub myself "Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge." Yet St. Benedict, in the prologue to his rule, calls it "a school of the Lord's service," and in the first chapter, after recounting the four kinds of monks, says he is about to set down a rule for Cenobites, evidently designing it to be open to all who, by having taken the vows under an abbot, fulfil the conditions of the Cenobitical life. The cases are not parallel. In England, the Benedictine *rule* was introduced by St. Dunstan, and probably on a less extensive scale by St. Wilfrid, and perhaps even by St. Augustine; but it was reserved to Lanfranc to unite the Benedictine monasteries in one congregation, and to subject them to a general chapter.

whole of Western Christendom for ages. It reduces the 'self-constituted' element inseparable from the beginning of such works to the minimum. I am always vastly amused at those worthy persons who think that a work like the revival of monasteries can be cut and dried beforehand, each detail settled—be it by a debate in convocation, by a committee of friends, or what not—and then the approved pattern being obtained, you have nothing to do but to take the paper, and cut out a facsimile in the required material. In building a house, this kind of thing may be all very well; but work for God follows a different rule. Our sisterhoods were not restored so, nor, depend upon it, will our brotherhoods be."

"If I understand you aright, then, you would leave matters of detail to the legislation of the Church? If convocation were to legislate for English monachism, her decrees would override the provisions of St. Benedict's rule?"

"Certainly. It is the Church's place, unless she sees good cause to suppress a work altogether, to cut off exuberances, to check tendencies to abuses, to hedge it round with salutary restrictions. If she is wise, of course she gives it a longer or a shorter period of probation—of the 'self-constituted' era—that she may the better judge what are the weak points and what the strong, and legislate accordingly. All must agree in this. The only question is, how long it is advisable for the Church to wait before she legislates. As to this there will be various opinions. Whether monasteries should be directly subject to Episcopal authority is a *vexata*

quæstio, that requires grave consideration in these days of Episcopal autocracy; but that they should be amenable to Church legislation, cannot, I think, admit of a doubt. But as yet the movement towards a revival of religious communities, whether for men or women, is far too recent and untried to be the subject of such legislation. Our sisterhoods are by no means perfect, and it is very possible that convocation might be able to touch many abuses—I use the word in the sense of imperfections—and it is possible that the very numerous varieties that at present exist might be replaced advantageously by three or four authorized rules. But there is great danger that if convocation were to interfere at this stage, its enactments would either be so general as to be mere waste-paper, or by pressing too far the cut-and-dried system, would run the risk of putting the stopper on a vast amount of zeal and activity."

"You alluded just now to the opposition of the bishop. Is not this a fatal circumstance in the eyes of such thorough-going Episcopalians as you are?"

"A trial of faith, certainly, but no more than might have been predicted. Were you not averse to Church history, I could show you how almost universally infant orders have had to undergo this species of opposition. But I will quote one case, as being almost as complete a case of historical parallel I have met with. In the fourteenth century, Gerard Groote, or the Great, founded in Holland a new religious order, called the 'Brothers of the Common Life.' Like our own Superior, he was a wondrous preacher, and, like him, a deacon. 'We find

him,' says a biographer, 'at Utrecht, at Deventer, at Zwolle, at Zutphen, at Kampen, at Amersfoort, at Gouda, at Amsterdam, at Harlaam, at Delft, at Leyden. Crowds hung upon his words: the ordinary business of life ceased where he preached.' It is significant, too, that the opposition he was destined to encounter arose with the easy-going clergy, who hated nothing so much as to be stirred up. These persons put on the screw, and the bishop inhibited the zealous preacher. 'He, therefore,' says Thomas à Kempis, who relates his life, 'kept silence for a time and betook himself to private exhortations.' His labours as a preacher were cut short, but his order took root and flourished in spite of bitter opposition; was the centre of learning and holiness in Holland for ages, and gave to the Church such men as the B. Thomas à Kempis and Henry Herph, and a constellation of other, perhaps, minor stars, whose writings formed a celebrated school of mystical theology. Happy," I said, earnestly, "will it be for the Church if the little seed sown at Claydon, under circumstances so strangely similar, be destined to have a like result."

"Is not this phenomenon an argument against Episcopacy?"

"Surely not. A bishop is a constitutional ruler, not an autocrat. When he acts constitutionally he is a divine ordinance; when, and in so far as, he goes beyond his legitimate sphere of action, he puts himself in wrong positions and makes mistakes. When the voice of the Church speaks, it reverses the unconstitutional acts of

its representative. This is why the Oxford movement has been accused at once of being theoretically hyper-Episcopal, and practically disobedient to bishops. No one is more willing to obey the constitutional jurisdiction of our bishops, as none have a higher estimate of their office, but as long as they arrogate to themselves the position of absolute rulers, governing not by law, but by their own predilections, there is nothing un-Episcopal in acting independently of them. As well call a person disloyal, and a favourer of anarchy, who would resist the sovereign in signing the death-warrant of persons untried and uncondemned. I had a conversation lately with a member of that body of Christians commonly called 'Irvingites'—I use the term for convenience, not out of disrespect, and it is a title they disclaim with reason. We were discussing Mr. King and the St. George's riots. My friend urged that Mr. King was wrong in persisting in matters of ritual, right in themselves, contrary to the wishes of the bishop. I replied that the bishop was himself bound no less than Mr. King by the law of the Church—in fact, said just what I was just now saying to you. He did not agree with me, and so the matter dropped. Presently, he was explaining a feature in their organization, viz., that if any minister not 'walking in obedience' uttered any prophecy, it was suspected, if not utterly rejected, on those very grounds. Now was my time for a *tu quoque* rejoinder. Mr. King was clearly not bound on 'Irvingite' grounds to obey the bishop, since that prelate in bidding him disuse the

appointed vestments was clearly not 'walking in obedience' to the Church, which had seen fit to enjoin their use."

"There is one expression you made use of just now that I should like you to explain. You said that 'monasteries were evidently not un-English once, and if they have become so since, it must be that the English character has undergone an alteration since, and *that in an unchristian direction.*' Putting aside the fact that these were Roman Catholic times, do you not assume too much in saying this?"

"I can neither allow you to put aside your objection as to Roman Catholic times, as you propose, nor admit that I assumed too much in using the expression you refer to. So a word on each in order. Do stop a moment, and analyze the expression, 'Roman Catholic times' as applied to the Pre-Reformation Church of England. Do you seriously think that the Church of St. Anselm and St. Thomas à Beckett, nay, of St. Dunstan and St. Augustine, is represented now by the Anglo-Roman body, and by that alone?"

"You have such a way of putting things," he answered, "that one hardly knows how to reply. But surely at the Reformation we got rid of certain errors distinctively belonging to Roman Catholicism?"

"Roman Catholicism, as a separate religion," I replied, "did not exist till the Council of Trent. Before they take a distinct organization, religions are merely schools of thought. There were before the Reformation

two such schools of thought, which we may call the 'patristic' and the 'scholastic'—the former as contenting itself with the theology of the fathers, the latter as favouring the glosses of the schoolmen. In the ages prior to that event the 'scholastic' element had nearly swamped the older school. At the Reformation these schools of thought ranged themselves for the first time under distinct banners. The Church of England, by her appeal to Catholic antiquity, declared for the 'patristic' system of theology; the Church of Rome, by her Tridentine definitions, for the 'scholastic.' 'Development,' on the one hand, and 'antiquity' on the other, are the old battle-fields of 'scholastic' and 'patristic' theology under other names. It is manifestly wrong to call those times 'Roman Catholic' when these systems were both striving for the mastery in the womb of one and the same Church, neither condemned, neither authorized. A particular school of thought might make itself heard far and wide, but it never could have founded monasteries all over Europe if such institutions were opposed to the spirit of the Church.

"You say I assume too much in asserting that if monasteries have become un-English since the Reformation, it must be that the English character has undergone an alteration in the interval, and that in an unchristian direction. Am I right in shaping your objection thus, that I represented a liking for the monastic system to be part of the Christian character? You would, on the contrary, say, perhaps, that monasteries are un-

English as being alien to the spirit of the present English Church?"

"Exactly. It seemed to me a very sweeping assertion."

"I have no doubt it startled you; but I think, nevertheless, that I can prove my position. It was a very short-sighted policy of the mediæval Church, startled by the sudden influx of a revived learning, 'the wild demon,' as a modern writer calls it, 'of unsanctified human intellect,' to shut up the Bible from the people. They rushed to its forbidden streams, and intoxicated themselves with the draught. Every wild form of fanaticism was defended by the sanction of this or that text, to the exclusion of others of opposite tendency. Now that the phrensy has somewhat subsided, it is instructive to watch the Nemesis. While one set of men are learning to question the Bible's claims to be the Word of God, others are being led by its pages to the very system, minus its mediæval accretions, which 'Bible Christians' of old were wont to declaim against as Antichrist and Babylon. Under happier auspices, and with an increased and increasing knowledge of Church history, the Bible is leading people back to Catholic truth. Let us try the monastic system by this standard.

"If you look for the words 'monastery,' 'monk,' 'nun,' &c., in the Bible, I grant the search will be vain; but then it would be the same with the words 'Trinity' or 'Incarnation.' It is the Bible's province to set before us certain truths—certain abstract principles; it is the part

of theology to invent a terminology to express them. The *doctrine* of the Trinity and of the Incarnation can be found in the Bible; and so, I must maintain, can the *doctrine* of the monastic state. Monks are people who enter a state technically called the 'religious state,' the entrance to which state consists in the three vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity. All we can reasonably expect to find in the Bible is, first, sanction for vows of some kind; and secondly, an intimation that some persons would be called to serve God in the state of voluntary poverty, obedience, and chastity.

"And first, as to vows. We find in Leviticus xxvii. 1, 2, the following:—'And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When a man shall make *a singular vow*, the persons shall be for the Lord by thy estimation.' In Numbers vi. 2, we find directions for those who 'shall separate themselves unto the Lord,' and '*vow the vow* of a Nazarite,' which involved abstinence from certain kinds of food among other things. And we find the significant direction further on (v. 21)—a direction so completely overlooked by Luther, when he set about his reformation—'According to the vow of his separation, *so must he do* after the law of his separation.' So in the 30th chapter (v. 2), 'If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; *he shall not break his word*, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.' And the wise man counsels, 'When thou vowest a vow, defer

not to pay it; pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' (Eccles. v. 4, 5.) But it would be idle to insist on the fact that in the Old Testament, vows were a recognized part of the divinely appointed system. Turn we to the New, which is the completion, not the destruction of the Old. Here we find the same thing. St. Paul shaved his head in Cenchrea 'because he had a vow.' Shall we say of the Apostle who wrote to the Galatian Christians, 'Behold, I, Paul, say unto you, that if ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing,' that he was 'Judaizing,' or does his act prove that vows were recognized under the new covenant, and that he merely gave them the outward expression that was customary among his people? Later on we meet with something yet more to the point, since it clearly points, not only to vows, but to vows to *abstain from marrying*. A.D. 65, St. Paul wrote his first Epistle to St. Timothy, whom he had made Bishop of Ephesus, giving him rules for the government of his diocese. After speaking of bishops and of deacons, and of his conduct towards the laity under him (chap. v.), he proceeds (v. 9) to give rules concerning the 'Ecclesiastical widows,' and he makes the age of their admission to be threescore years, because 'the younger women, when they have begun to wax wanton against Christ, will marry; having *damnation, because they have cast off their first faith.*' Now I ask you, what can these words mean, except that the widows alluded to had promised or vowed to abstain

from marrying again? They were looked upon as specially dedicated to Christ's service; hence when they began to weary of that service, and turned their thoughts towards an earthly love, the Apostle describes them as '*waxing wanton* against Christ,'—just as two hundred years after, St. Cyprian, writing of a virgin who had broken her vow (Ep. lxi), says that 'non mariti, sed Christi adultera est;' just as now, were you to go into any continental town, where a novice was receiving the black veil—were you to wander into any convent of Greece or Russia, of Armenia or Abyssinia, where one was assuming the 'angelic habit,' you would hear the ceremonial described as her 'espousals to Christ,' and she herself described as 'the bride of Christ.' How otherwise could the last act of apostacy, their actual marriage, be described as an act worthy of damnation, *because they have cast off their first faith?*

"So far for the *principle* of vows. Now we come to their *matter*. First I will take the living by a fixed rule of life. In the Old Testament, the Nazarites, as we have seen, bound themselves by vow to lead a certain kind of life, to abstain from wine, and to live apart. Here was a rule of life, and one appointed by Almighty God, and, I may add, one involving self-sacrifice. Similar seem to have been the schools of the prophets, for we find Elijah adopting a coarse garment, and dwelling apart in a simply furnished cell. (2 Kings iv. 10.) Samuel dwelt in the temple, having been solemnly dedicated to God from his youth. The Rechabites

vowed to dwell in tents, to abstain from wine, and to possess neither vineyards, nor field, nor seed. (Jer. xxxv. 5—10.) And St. John Baptist, the last of the old dispensation, was a solitary in the desert, clothed in camel's hair, and his food locusts and wild honey. As a connecting link between the two Testaments, I may cite the Essenes, who are thus described by Josephus, and who, it is singular to remark, do not share in the condemnation pronounced by our blessed Lord against the Pharisees and Sadducees."

I brought down a goodly tome. "Here," I said, "are the works of Flavius Josephus, translated into English by Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knight; and in the 18th book of his 'Jewish Antiquities' he thus describes the Essenes: 'Their goods are all in *common*, without any distinction of rich or poor among them. They have neither *wives* nor *servants*, so that they choose rather by a mutual exchange of good offices to help one another. This is their way of life, and they reckon themselves to be upward of four thousand souls in this society. . . . It is their care to make provision out of the fruits of the earth for the feeding and maintaining of the whole body.' Again, in his 'Wars of the Jews,' Book 2, he thus further alludes to them:—'There are among the Jews three sects of religion, as Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. The last is the fairest of the three for the exercise of holiness and severity. These Essenes are by nation Jews; the most united and friendly people one with another under the sun. They have the same

aversion to pleasure that they have to vice, and reckon upon *continence* and the *command of the passions* as a virtue of the first-rate. They have no great reverence for marriage; but *for other people's children* that they take under their care when they are young and tender, they value them as their own flesh and blood, and train them up accordingly. Yet they are not against marriage, as though they were enemies to the race and succession of mankind. . . . As to the matter of wealth and the goods of this world, they have it all in contempt, and *do not so much as know what it is to be rich or poor,* for it lies all in common as a condition of the society. . . . They value themselves upon the plain simplicity of their appearance, *though never so coarse,* provided only that their garments be white and clean. . . . They never change either their garments or their shoes, but when the one is torn, or the other worn out. . . . They are the strictest people to Godward of all men living. They make it a matter of conscience not to speak a word of common business before the sun rises, but they have certain traditional forms of prayer for that occasion, imploring particularly from God that the sun may shine upon them. After this act of devotion, they are all dismissed to their several tasks and employments; and when they have studied and wrought hard till eleven at noon, they meet again with linen clothes thrown over them, and so wash themselves all over with cold water. Upon this purification, they retire to their cells. . . . From thence they enter into a refectory. . . . When

they have stayed there a while without a word speaking, the baker brings up every man his loaf, and the cook, every man his plate or mess of soup, and sets it before him. The priest then blesses the meat, and not so much as a creature dare touch it till the grace be over. And so after dinner, another grace again; for they never fail to give God thanks both before and after meat, as the Author of the blessing. This duty being over, they quit their habits, as in some measure sacred, and so to their ordinary work again till evening. They go next to supper as before, where they sit together, guests and all, if they have any, at the same table. There is no manner of noise or disorder in those houses. They speak by turns, and this way of gravity and silence gives strangers a great veneration for them. This is the effect of a constant course of sobriety in their moderation of eating and drinking, only to suffice nature. They are not allowed to do anything without the advice of their Superiors. . . .

"'When any man has a mind to come into the society, they do not presently admit him hand-over-head, but keep him out of the pale for one whole year, admitting all of the same class to the same order of diet; giving every man also a pickaxe, a girdle, and a white garment. When a man has been long enough among them to give some competent proofs of his continence and virtue, they change his course of diet, and allow him the benefit of purifying waters to wash himself. But he is not yet admitted to the table in the refectory till he has stood a

two-years' probation for his integrity and good manners, and upon that trial he is taken into the society.'

"So far Josephus. Now we come to the New Testament, where we shall find the matter of the monastic vows—poverty, chastity, obedience—clearly laid down and provided for. For two of them we need go no further than a single chapter of a single gospel—the nineteenth of St. Matthew. Here we have a rich young man coming to Jesus with the inquiry, 'Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?' The answer is, 'If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.' This is the rule for all Christians. The way to life eternal is through keeping the *commandments* of God. But there is a higher way, a 'closer walk with God.' And so when the young man had replied that he had kept all those from his youth up, and demanded 'What lack I yet?' our Lord replied, '*If thou wilt be perfect*, go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.' What is this but the inculcation of *voluntary poverty* for Christ's sake?—not as a *command* binding upon all like the commandments, but as a *precept* for the few who felt themselves called to its practice. A few verses before we have the principle of holy virginity enunciated. Our Lord having declared the indissoluble nature of marriage, the Apostles say, 'If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is good not to marry.' Our Lord replies, 'All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given.' As though He had said, 'For *some* men,

indeed, it is good not to marry, but only for those who have received the special grace of vocation. For the rest it is good for them to marry.' He continues, using figurative language, after the manner of the East, 'For there are some eunuchs which were so born from their mother's womb, and there are some eunuchs which were made eunuchs of men; and there be eunuchs which *have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake;*' speaking under the figure of eunuchs of those who should abstain from marriage for His sake. And then He uttered that gracious cry, which thousands in all ages have so lovingly responded to, 'He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.' And lastly, at the end of the chapter, we have both these principles, that of poverty and that of celibacy, summed up in that solemn declaration, 'Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, *or wife,* or children, or *lands,* for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life;' adding by way of caution, lest any should be puffed up on account of their vocation to this higher life, 'But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first.' In his Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul similarly treats of virginity. He says (1 Cor. vii. 7), 'I would that all men were even as I myself' (that is, unmarried, as the context shows). 'But every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that.' Then, after speaking of marriage, he goes on to give his reasons

as a private individual for regarding virginity as better, and concludes his remarks by saying that 'he that giveth her in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth *better;*' and then hastily glancing at the case of widows, who are free to marry again, if they will, he says that they are 'happier' (or, as it might equally well be translated, 'more blessed') if they remain unmarried, according to his judgment. I know that this passage is often made light of, because St. Paul prefaces it by saying, 'To the rest speak I, not the Lord,' and says that he has 'no commandment of the Lord,' but only giveth his judgment. But the answer is simple. St. Paul was evidently using very qualified language, lest his words should prove a snare to any, and induce any to 'run' who were not 'sent.' And those who overlook the passage, because it comes not before them as an express command of God, must be prepared to give all the more weight to it as a piece of Church legislation, and as showing the mind of one of her chief rulers in the year 59. The case of the widows I have already spoken of shows that, at all events, six years later, the 'ecclesiastical widows' were established as a distinct class, and that their engagements were of such a nature as to cause their re-marriage to be looked upon as apostacy."

"But are you not falling into the very error you condemn," he asked, "of quoting certain texts to the exclusion of others? I cannot deny the force of what you have said. Indeed, I am surprised that there should be so much apparently in your favour. But I

think I can bring texts equally strong that seem to tell the other way. Who is to decide which to follow?"

"Who, indeed," I replied, "on 'Protestant' principles? But I am curious to hear your texts."

"Well, now, in that very Epistle to Timothy which you quote, we are warned that 'in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, . . . *forbidding to marry*, and commanding to abstain from meats.' But you are laughing."

"Excuse my levity; but poor St. Paul, how roughly men handle you! Not content with branding the teaching of the greatest and holiest men in Christendom for centuries—of Ignatius and Polycarp, Cyprian and Athanasius, Basil and Chrysostom, Ambrose and Augustine, and a host of others—as 'the doctrines of devils,' we must needs include St. Paul himself in the catalogue, and make him sign his own condemnation in an inspired document! Can we wonder that 'rough-handling' like this should have been the parent of 'free thinking,' and that 'Protestantism' should have produced Colenso? Very speedily, too, did the 'latter times,' as here predicted, set in, and fearfully indeed did the 'gates of hell prevail against the Church,' when an inspired apostle, only thirty-two years after the day of Pentecost, and he who was chosen to make the prophecy should, in one and the same epistle, foretell the apostacy, and himself fall a victim to it, when only twenty-four verses further on, he himself was 'forbidding' certain widows 'to

marry,' and threatening them with condemnation if they did. But this is not the worst. The text adds, 'and commanding to abstain from meats,' and so is often quoted against the Catholic practice of fasting; so that our Blessed Lord, when He foretold that after He was taken away His disciples should fast, is setting forth a teaching which, according to these interpreters, His apostle, 'speaking by the Spirit,' characterizes as a 'doctrine of devils!'"

"How, then, do you interpret the text?" he asked.

"We know from history that a sect of heretics arose, called the Manichees, who taught that marriage was *an evil thing*, and forbade its disciples to make use of it; and who further taught that creation was the work of an evil principle, and commanded them to abstain from flesh, meat, and wine—not like the Rechabites and Essenes, for purposes of devotion, but as being evil in themselves. St. Paul may have been alluding to these; for it is noticeable how he refutes their heresy by describing meats as part of *God's creation*. If it be objected that the phrase 'in the latter times' cannot apply to Manicheism, still less can it apply to the Church's teaching about virginity, which can be proved to be more ancient, to say nothing of the absurdity of characterizing as 'forbidding to marry' those who exalt marriage to be a sacrament of the new law. It may be that before 'the great and terrible day of the Lord,' Manicheism may be revived with new features, and on a more terrible scale, and that to this final apostacy the text refers."

"But does not St. Paul expressly say that 'a bishop' and 'a deacon' must be 'the husband of one wife?'"

"I might shirk the question by saying that this refers to the celibacy of the clergy, and therefore has nothing to do with the matter in hand. You say, '*must* be the husband.' Do you, then, seriously think that St. Paul wished to *insist* upon the marriage of the clergy as a *sine qua non?* Even the English Church, with its countless married clergy, falls short of *this* standard. She only permits the marriage of her clergy, 'as they shall judge the same to serve better to godliness.' (Art. xxxii.) And though in practice they have gone far ahead of this permission, we still have some unmarried clergymen among us who are not on this head deposed as unfit for the ministry."

"I have no desire to lay any stress upon the word '*must.*' Let us suppose that St. Paul merely *counselled* the marriage of the clergy as being better than their celibacy. Would not this prove against you, since if celibacy is the higher life, you would naturally expect the clergy, and bishops in particular, though not commanded, yet especially counselled to choose the better part?"

"I cannot allow you quietly to smuggle out the word '*must,*' because it becomes inconvenient to you. The text says expressly, 'A bishop *must*'—(δεῖ)—'be blameless, the husband of one wife.' If his being the husband of one wife is merely convenient, not necessary, so too must his being blameless. But let me suggest another difficulty. If a bishop is to be the husband of *one* wife,

and so, too, a deacon, while no such restriction is anywhere laid upon the laity, whatever we may say about his treatment of the Pentatench, is it not clear that Bishop Colenso had the Bible on his side when he advocated the permissive use of polygamy among his Zulu converts?"

"What, then, *does* the text mean?" he asked.

"It means," I replied, "undoubtedly what the Church has always taken it to mean—'Let *none be ordained* bishop *but he who is* the husband of one wife,' in the sense of not having been twice married; a rule we find laid down in the earliest canons, which not only forbade this universally, but also prohibited *second* marriages to the clergy. Have you any other texts?"

"I was going to quote 'Marriage is honourable in all,' but I suppose you would reply that nobody denies that it is honourable in all men, though virginity is yet more honourable to those who are called to it. But does not St. Paul say that he has power to lead about 'a sister, a wife?' Does not this seem as if he were married himself?"

"I might reply by asking whether a chance expression in a letter is to be taken against the universal tradition of history, which declares St. Paul to have continued unmarried even as he was when he wrote to the Corinthians. But the words as they stand in the English would simply imply that he had the power to marry if he chose. And when we consider that in the original the word translated 'wife' is merely the ordinary term

for 'woman,' and that the passage might therefore mean, as it was always interpreted before Luther's time, 'Am I not at liberty to avail myself of the pious ministrations of a woman, a sister?' as was customary among his people, I think your difficulty will vanish.

"But the English Church refers me not only to the Bible, but to the Bible as interpreted by the Primitive Church. History bears me out when I say that I have not been giving you my own private interpretations of these texts, but those universally received in the Church till these later times. I have before alluded to the reputed disciples of Edward Irving, who of all bodies exterior to the Church seem the only ones who have honestly searched the *whole* Bible rather than favourite texts, and the fruit of whose honesty is visible in the marvellous adoption of nearly all the Catholic system. The Bible studied in this complete and unshackled way—for they won't have anything to say to our old friend prejudice, and prefer to study the Bible by the aid of an illumination more trustworthy than the glimmer of its farthing rushlight—or, I should say, of its misguiding *ignis fatuus*—has done for them just what might be expected. It has witnessed for Catholic truth. It has led them to believe in Baptismal Regeneration—the Real Presence, the Christian Sacrifice, the value of sacramental ordinances. It has given them the theory of a very efficient Church hierarchy; has led them to the adoption (theoretically) of a most elaborately sacramental system; and given them a ritual unparalleledly symbo-

listic, yet, if we may credit their own testimony, tending superlatively to the edification of the members. And all this, be it remembered, out of the discordant and unlikely elements of Scotch Presbyterianism, Quakerism, and the other sects, most of whom have subscribed their quota of converts. Could we accept the keystone of the system—what, according to them alone, can restore the ruined arch of Christendom—the restoration of a direct apostolic government, superseding, as it would, the necessity of an apostolic succession—we could say that it contained as much Catholic truth as perhaps any body in Christendom, *with one notable exception.* It has no place for Christian virginity; and judging it by the standard St. Paul gives, 'Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which has been delivered,' we are compelled to reject its claims. To an ordinary Protestant, it must be as surprising to find the monastic system thus evoked to refute the claims of 'Irvingism' by an appeal to Scripture, as it would be to him to learn that in a similar way the doctrine of the Real Presence, then unquestioned, was used to confute the Monophysites! I am not prepared to acknowledge the claims of these 'Apostolicals,' while I gladly bear testimony to their many excellencies, both private and doctrinal, but I regard their existence as one of the most curious phenomena of the age."

"But," said the Objector, "are you not pressing your point too far? As I understand it, the 'Irvingites' take for granted the interpretation imposed by their apostles,

precisely as the Roman Catholics take that enforced by their church."

"I don't see the force of your objection. In the case of the Roman Catholics, it might be urged that their interpretation of Scripture was the accumulation of ages, started as theories by this or that doctor, whom it became the fashion among theologians to follow, till the 'probable opinion' of one age became the dogma of the next. But with regard to the body of Christians we are considering, these 'apostles' and 'evangelists' themselves are but of yesterday, and came, for the most part, out of the trammels of Protestant sectarianism, no less than the body of the people. Commanded, as they supposed, to 'gather up the gold' from the 'dunghill' of a divided and disjointed Christendom—which, from Jerusalem, the 'vision of peace,' has become 'Babylon, the city of confusion'—they set themselves to try *by the written word* which was the precious metal and which the dross. Add to this that the Bible is freely put into the hands of the people that they may see 'whether these things be so;' and, from the little I have seen of them, I should think that, as a body, they were pre-eminently a Bible-reading people. The pastors teach as having authority, but it is open to the people to judge them by the Word, and to accept or reject their claims to that authority; to abide under their ministry, or to go out from among them, and to settle down in other sections of Christendom. Hence the value of their testimony to the Catholic doctrines and usages I have mentioned, and hence, too, the greater contrast of the flaw—perhaps providential—by which we

try them, and which runs through the length and breadth of their system. The result of their depreciation of this Catholic verity is an almost total absence of anything like 'ascetic theology' among them. Assuming for a moment that they had unquestioned orders, they would have valid sacraments, an efficient discipline, and a tolerably good liturgy; but meditation, self-examination —all that make up the 'science of the saints'—we look for in vain. Mortification is not provided for, fasting is unrecognized, Lent has no place in their liturgy, nor is there any provision made for the ancient discipline of communicating fasting."*

"But may not your interpretation be wrong, and theirs right, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding?"

"Of course, if I were convinced of the reality of their

* I should be sorry to make a misstatement, or to be guilty of so manifest an injustice as to make the body corporate responsible for the opinions of individual members, but I believe I am right in saying that the Catholic doctrine of the Perpetual Virginity of the Virgin Mary has no place in the theology of the "Apostolic Church," at least I have heard it vehemently denied in "Irvingite' circles. If this be so, a tenet so utterly repulsive to every Catholic instinct, and amounting to a positive heresy, will amply account for the repudiation of Christian virginity and of Christian asceticism, which I have been speaking of above. A view of the Incarnation which merely makes Our Lord in His human nature one of a family of sons and daughters must of necessity be most imperfect. It is an error on the other side quite as great as the Immaculate Conception, and the wildest form of ultramontane Mariolatry. Had such been the universal tradition of the Church, our idea of the fitness of things would have submitted in silent wonder, but it is notoriously the reverse.

work, I should be obliged to believe so; as, setting apart the Divine authority I should then recognize in them, who so qualified as the latter apostles to define what was the faith of the former? But if it be not lawful to argue exactly in the converse, from the glaring difference on this point between the teaching of the apostles, as borne out by Church history, and that of their presumed successors, in vain does St. Paul bid us hold fast the faith which we have received from the beginning; in vain does St. Jude urge upon our acceptance the faith 'once for all delivered to the saints;' in vain do the apostles assert that they have declared to us 'the whole counsel of God;' we are at the mercy of any who profess to be commissioned from God to cure the ills of Christendom. No one thing stands out clearer in Church history than the universal acceptance of these texts in the sense I contend for. Virgin saints in every persecution, and in every clime, were condemned to the public places of infamy, as the greatest punishment that could befall them. St. Agnes at Rome, St. Irene at Thessalonica, St. Agatha at Palermo, are only a few instances out of many. Numbers, though suffering nominally for Christianity, were really martyrs to Christian virginity, being given up by those whose love they spurned for love of the heavenly Bridegroom. St. Thecla, though not actually a martyr, merited by her sufferings in this respect the title of the Virgin Proto-martyr. When St. Theodora was summoned before Proculus, the prefect of Alexandria, we find him saying, 'If you are noble,

why do you refuse marriage?' And she replied, 'For the sake of Christ.' Then Proculus added, 'The emperors have given orders that you who have vowed perpetual virginity should either sacrifice to the gods, or suffer something worse.' St. Lucy we find vowing her virginity to God at an early age, and resisting the entreaties of her mother that she would marry. She, too, was given up by her enraged suitor. 'Lucia, my promised bride,' he said, 'dares to call herself the bride of the Crucified.' In far-off Persia, St. Pherbutha, solicited to marriage by the chief of the Magi, replied, 'I am already wedded to Christ.' Will you contend that all these went cheerfully to meet death in its most terrible aspects, not for a high and holy principle of the Catholic faith, but for an 'idea?' At the beginning of the Oxford Revival, when the subject of virginity was first brought into notice, several persons took the vows in private; then sisterhoods were organized, and at length recognized, or in a fair way of being recognized, by the Church. This is a perfect reflex of what took place in the Early Church. Time would fail me—and I should weary you, as you are not interested in Church history—were I to describe these processes: how the 'ecclesiastical virgins' took to living in communities when Constantine gave peace to the Church; and how before this men of ascetic dispositions had retired for solitude and contemplation into the desert, where they became banded together under superiors elected from among them, whom they styled, in the

dialect of the country, abbots—that is, father; how, as towns became more and more Christianized, monasteries of men and convents of women sprung up in their midst, and devoted themselves to works of mercy; how all the great writers of early times—St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and others—were their enthusiastic defenders; and how successive councils drew up canons for their government; till at length, as of old here in England, scarcely a town but what possessed its monastery or its nunnery. I have said enough to show that when they claim in its glorious fulness the heritage of the 'faith once delivered to the saints,' we can confidently point to the virgin martyrs and confessors, to the Egyptian solitaries and ascetics—nay, to the apostles themselves—forsaking not only houses and lands, but WIVES, for Christ, whether actually, as leading continent lives after their call to the apostolate, or figuratively, as continuing unmarried; to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, wishing, in his zeal for Christ, that all men were even as he himself, and forgetting not, in his loving instructions to his son Timothy, as to the government of his diocese, to lay down rules for 'the widows,' lest by being rashly taken into the number, they should 'wax wanton against Christ,' and give scandal, and endanger their salvation by 'forsaking their first faith.'"

The Objector was silent. So after a pause, which he did not seem inclined to break, I said, "We were meeting the objection that monasteries were 'un-English.' If, as we are so continually being told, a love for the

Bible is a characteristic of the nation, I think I have said enough to refute the charge on that head. As the Church of England is still the religion of the majority, it may be worth while to consider if—to use the cant phrase—they are 'Anglican,' that is, in accordance with her doctrines. The Church's standard is the Bible, as interpreted by primitive antiquity; and we have seen how that standard tells for monasteries. But if we would go more into detail, I need only point out that she inserts in her calendar the patriarch of Western monks, St. Benedict; that she concludes her daily office of psalmody with a prayer of St. Chrysostom, a determined upholder of the monastic system; that in her Articles she cites St. Jerome, himself a monk, as a witness for her canon of Scripture, and St. Augustine, the founder of an order, as a witness for her doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, and dignifies her greater festivals by the use of the creed of St. Athanasius, the biographer of St. Antony, and the author of a treatise on Virginity; and that, in her marriage service, when summing up the ends for which wedlock was ordained, she includes the reason, 'that such persons as *have not the gift of continency* might marry, and keep themselves undefiled members of Christ's body'—thus witnessing to the fact that 'the gift of continency' is one of the graces that God bestows on those for whom it is laid up. If you need more, I can only add that men of such unsuspected attachment to the Reformation as Bishop Ridley and Archdeacon Law—to say nothing of Bishops Taylor, Montague, and

Laud—regretted the suppression of monasteries, and witnessed to the higher life of devotion which the system implied. Nor must we forget that men, English to the backbone and determinedly anti-Roman, have in our own times advocated a restoration of monasticism, and pointed out that there is nothing either un-English or exclusively Roman in the system. Mr. Gresley is a man whose moderation is certainly known unto all men."

"But do not some of these writers object to life-vows?"

"They do; but only, I think, from a want of unprejudiced reflection. They do not reflect that the objection would apply equally to any fixed state of life whatever—to baptism, for instance, which is a life-vow. Their argument is precisely similar to that advanced by a French writer against marriage. 'If,' he asks, 'the parties are happy, what need of the vow? If they are unhappy, does it not become an intolerable slavery?' And we have a popular authoress detailing the troubles of married life under the significant title of 'Slaves of the Ring.' There is a tendency to deprecate anything fixed and definite, which is most mischievous, and which shows itself in the recent attempts to remove the indelibility of holy orders, to legalize divorce, and to take away clerical subscriptions.* Against the spirit of the

* In the *Universal Theological Magazine* for 1803, I read as follows:—"Some even of our Calvinistic brethren grow tired of the *burden*, disgusted with the *servility*, and shocked at the *presumption* of fixing to-day their to-morrow's state of mind!" (P. 66.)

age, again, the life-vows of monasticism, and its fixed, unchanging rule of life, are a witness for Christ. How could this be, if the life could be taken up and laid down at random, or to suit the passing whim? I have known the sister of mercy of yesterday become the clergyman's wife of to-morrow. Such cases, with their attendant scandal, and the sorrow they invariably bring, are, happily, of rare occurrence; but the old, tried, approved, and Catholic system of religious vows are our only safeguard against their recurrence."

"What you say is very true; but you will not deny that in practice there is danger of life-vows being ensnaring?"

"There is danger of abuse in everything in which poor human nature is concerned, and there always will be. All we can hope to do is to reduce it to the minimum. There is danger in baptism; it may only increase our condemnation. The same may be said of confirmation, or the Holy Eucharist. But till infant baptism is discarded for adult, and is then preceded by a year's retreat prior to undertaking its responsibilities; till engaged persons are permitted to live together for a year previous

Further on it is argued: "What an *impracticable* thing it is for a Christian *to make up his mind* all at once upon every article of religious faith, when *to gain but a moderate degree of certainty as to a single doctrine is often the labour of a learned and indefatigable life!*" And again: "Their creed (*i.e.*, the ministers'), *if they have formed one*, is known and *canvassed* by every man, woman, and *child* in their congregations!"

to entering the married state, I cannot see in the monastic vow, preceded as it is by at least a year's solemn novitiate, during which every insight is gained into the manner of life to be led, even so much danger as attaches to the life-vows of baptism and wedlock. The truth is, conceal it how we will, that the world hates anything like definiteness and earnestness. As long as religion or a religious work is hazy and indistinct, it will tolerate it, or even condescend to bestow on it its patronage. When it becomes demonstrative, and gets into a troublesome habit of obtruding eternal interests in the way of its pleasures and its amusements, at once there is war to the knife. This will account for much, if not all, of the opposition here. The *supernatural* element in Christianity is what the world has always hated; and so it has always bitterly opposed asceticism. There is nothing of this supernatural element, nothing unpleasantly obtrusive of eternal interests, excellent though it may be, in a club of persons banded together to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, to feed the hungry, or tend the sick, if so be that when the work palls it can be abandoned. But let them by a solemn vow presume to break all ties with the world, or to teach dogmatic truth as well as the mere system of morality calculated to promote temporal wellbeing, and there will be an outcry at once. The very persons who could praise Florence Nightingale would swell the chorus of condemnation against Miss Sellon. Yet in the long run, notwithstanding the opposition, the supernatural gains the day, and endures, long after the other has run out its ephemeral course."

The Objector had fallen into a thoughtful vein—he continued silent; and as I was anxious to spend a little of the recreation time in exercise, I interrupted his reverie by saying,

"What about our last conversation, the result of your cogitations on which you promised to give me? Are you prepared to repeat your charge of formalism?"

"Well, no," he said; "I am content to take your assurances on that head. I fear," he added, hesitatingly, "you will think I am merely fishing for objections; but it seems to me that these 'hours of prayer' are opposed to the activity and utilitarianism of the age."

"Our inquiry must be whether the activity and utilitarianism of the age are healthy or pernicious developments. If the latter, the prayer and contemplation of the cloister are witnesses for Christ against the false activity of the age. And is not this the case? Is as much work done for Christ, amid all the bustle and turmoil of modern life, as there was when prayer and praise were accounted to be a very real work for God, and, as such, to be an occupation well befitting a lifetime? The beautiful mediæval story of a celebrated preacher who wrought many conversions by his thrilling discourses, being lifted up with pride at his success, when God revealed to him that not his sermons but the fervent prayers of a humble lay brother, who was accustomed to sit on the pulpit stairs and pray that the words of the preacher might be blessed, were the real causes of the results he was making the object of his self-glorification—has surely a deep moral for these times of busy,

crowded streets and deserted and bolted churches. A monastery has its subjective no less than its objective side. It is, as the saints have so beautifully expressed it, 'a little flower garden,' a 'recreation house of our Lord,' a school of perfection as well as a centre of missionary operation and an institution of charity. Any estimate of its utility that only took into consideration its objective work would err grievously. An old writer says—'The Divine Providence has ordained that in the Church there should be houses and families of religious dedicated to His divine service, for very high and sovereign ends,' which he thus enumerates: First—To be, as I have said, a school of perfection, in which the inmates, bidding farewell to all that may hinder them in their heavenward course, study to go from strength to strength in love to God and charity toward their neighbours. Secondly—To be a school of the imitation of our Lord, in which, by meditating frequently thereon, they may follow the virtues and examples of their Redeemer, and may imitate also those of His saints, who have forsaken all to follow Him. Thirdly—To be a house of refuge, to which the faithful might retire, flying from the perils of the world, from sin and its occasions, and may work out their salvation by the means which therein abound. Fourthly—To serve as a house of prayer, a garden in which our Lord may walk and converse with his servants, a 'cellar' of celestial 'wine,' where He entertains those whom He has called especially to His service. Fifthly—To shine forth as the candlestick of the Church, to give light, both by doctrine and example, to the rest of the faithful,

shining as a light in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. And then he goes on to remark further, that the Divine Providence has ordained also the great variety of religious institutes; so that men of divers minds and inclinations might each find some one suitable to his own capacities; some excelling in contemplation and fervent union with God—others in things pertaining to Divine worship—others in penance and austerity of living—others in spiritual works of mercy towards their neighbours, teaching, preaching, and administering to them the holy sacraments—others in corporal works of mercy, serving the sick or redeeming captives. The *moral* influence of monasteries upon society is quite as much an argument in favour of their restoration among us as is the good, in the ordinary sense of the word, they are capable of effecting; and I do not wonder that a modern writer should have said that 'a church without monasteries is a body with its right arm paralysed.' You will remember the saying of Archimedes—'Give me but external standing room, and I will move the earth.'* Society is everywhere rotten. Simplicity, truthfulness, sincerity, unselfishness—all that make people great in the true Christian sense of the word—are vanishing. Luxury, fashion, ease, public opinion, are worshipped almost as gods. Individual good men do much to stay the current; but they are too often unconsciously influenced by it even when they most reprobate it. If we are to move society, we want an '*external* standing room,' whence we can

* "Δὸς πῦ στῶ, καὶ τὴν γῆν κίνησω."

bring the lever to bear. We want men in a position to be utterly uninfluenced by society, its maxims, and its usages, and this the monastic system can alone supply. The luxury of society must be opposed by the *living example* of monastic simplicity; its worship of wealth, by the sight of monastic poverty; its selfishness, by the self-denying labours of the cloister. To its worship of ease and comfort must be opposed the daily unflinching mortification of the religious; to its idolatry of fashion, the immutability of a fixed rule of life and a Quaker-like simplicity of dress; to its tendency to try all things by the standard of public opinion—the monastic exclusion of every standard short of what is right or wrong in the sight of God, and its weighing each action in the light of the Great Judgment. This line of thought in regard to the restoration of religious communities is well worth pursuing at greater length than time will now permit."

"I certainly never considered the matter in that light; but we Englishmen, with the exception of a small section who have had their attention specially drawn to it, are too apt to deal summarily with the monastic question. We assume that the system is part and parcel of the corruptions of Rome, which were swept away by the 'glorious Reformation;' and with this foregone conclusion, we prime ourselves to believe, without examination, every charge brought against it by interested men in the employ of a tyrannical and lustful king. Truth is to be worshipped for its own sake, and if your experiment tends to make us reconsider our position and adopt juster views, I for one shall not regret that it has been made."

"The wider study of history," I said, "that, happily, is gaining ground, has already done much for us. Sectional views of history are becoming more and more impossible in the deeper investigations that are everywhere being made. History is no longer a mere superficial inquiry, or a system of facts and dates; it is altered into a science. Still, I admit that, if only by provoking inquiry, a living, working example, in however small a way—such as this work of Brother Ignatius—will do more than years of the most elaborate theorizing."

"I do not wish to appear captious," replied my companion; "but, admitting all you say, do you not think that the work might be more successful if there were a little less of the ascetic element? May it not frighten away some who might be useful workers, and repel some who would otherwise be favourable? Mr. ——," mentioning a Suffolk clergyman, "who is certainly not opposed to your work, was saying the other day that he regretted that you should have adopted a dress so pronounced, and a rule so severe and rugged as that of St. Benedict."

"Just what I was saying," I replied, smiling; "a religious movement is tolerated, or even patronised, so long as it is hazy or indistinct. Woe to it if it takes up a decided course, becomes 'pronounced' and definite, and demonstrative! But unless we abandon any ideas of the *moral influence* of monasticism on society, we cannot for a moment entertain the objection. If asceticism were to degenerate into gloom and melancholy, I admit it would be very dangerous, but its doing so would prove

it to have been a spurious austerity. Real Catholic asceticism is ever the parent of cheerfulness. I think you will find our Brothers as cheerful a set of men as you could well pick out. The 'severe and rugged rule' Mr. —— is afraid of certainly has not soured their temper or made them fretful. I wish in the whole circle of my experience I could recall a domestic circle half so united or so peaceful. I was lately reading a book by one of our earlier 'Tractarians,' and I marked a passage which struck me as singularly true. I only knew monasteries then in theory, and was wondering, almost sadly, whether this 'right arm,' so long paralysed, would ever be restored to the English Church; and I am glad that my actual experience witnesses to its truthfulness. 'A man,' says the writer, 'can do no work who is not cheerful; and cheerfulness only flows from one fountain, an ascetic life. Shame-faced confession, daily examination of conscience, the interruption of canonical hours, fasting, watching, endurance of cold, voluntary discomforts, are all harsh-sounding words, and to worldly ears dead, unhelpful formalities; yet of these comes cheerfulness. Elastic spirits spring from an examined conscience; a disencumbered mind to think and act for our neighbours is soon the growth of sacramental confession, which alone is our safeguard against morbid self-inspection. Love of God is the child of fasting. . . . Thus, while on the modern system religion becomes a weak, delicate, sickly, timorous, unnerving psychology, by the help of Catholic austerities it is a keen, vigorous, masculine, self-forgetting, loving, hard-working, bright-

faced, and light-hearted thing.' 'Sentiment,' says the same writer, 'is easier than *action*, and an embroidered frontal a prettier thing than an ill-furnished house and a spare table, yet, after all, it is not so striking. . . . While the regulated fast, and the morning meditation, and the systematic examination of conscience are irksome restraints, under which men fret and grow restive, it is dangerous, indeed, that they should be indulging in the gorgeous chancel and the dim aisle, the storied window and the chequered floor, or even the subdued and helpful excitement of the holy chant.' Twenty years have elapsed since these words were written, but they are as true to-day as they were then. Have I shown you," I said, rising, "that monasteries are not un-English, except when it is necessary to be un-English in order to be Christian, and that then they are witnesses for Christ, in a way nothing else can be, against what is false in the spirit of the age?"

We passed out on to the lawn, and crossed over into the peaceful churchyard, and thence we entered the little village church. The Brother Sacristan was arranging its altar, for the morrow was a festival. He had ransacked the garden for the sweet summer flowers with which he was decorating the sanctuary. In the chancel stalls, unobservant of our entrance, knelt another, absorbed in prayer. We passed out again into the bright sunlight, and paced the broad terrace that formed the western boundary of the sleeping-place of the departed.

"You have seen," I remarked, "our Brothers at

work—in the school, in household duties, in the necessary business of the community. Think you that the two in yonder house of God are less profitably employed—the one in providing for the meet performance of God's worship, the other in labouring unto prayer?"

My companion was silent; so I continued: "This depreciation of the contemplative life seems to me so mischievous that I quite rejoice every time our bell, by calling the community to prayer, seems to rebuke it. That Brother you saw in prayer is one of our most active and useful members; yet I should esteem him none the less highly were he never to vacate his place beside that altar, save to satisfy the requirements of nature. 'St. Paul, the hermit,' writes an ascetic writer, Father De Lombez, the Capuchin, in his 'Treatise on Interior Peace,' 'not being called by God to the external duties of an active life, remained alone, conversing only with God, in a vast wilderness, for the space of nearly a hundred years, ignorant of all that passed in the world, both the progress of sciences, the establishment of religion, and the revolutions of states and empires; indifferent even as to those things without which he could not live, as the air which he breathed, the water he drank, and the miraculous bread with which he supported life. What did he do? say the inhabitants of this busy world, who think they could not live without being in a perpetual hurry of restless projects; what was his employment all this while? Alas! ought we not rather to put this question to them: What are you doing whilst you are not taken up in doing the will of God, which

occupies the heaven and the earth in all their motions? Do you call that doing nothing which is the great end God proposed to Himself in giving us a being—that is, to be employed in contemplating, praising, and adoring Him? Is it to be idle and useless in the world, to be entirely taken up in that which is the eternal occupation of God Himself, and of the blessed inhabitants of heaven? What employment is better, more just, more sublime, or more advantageous than this, when done in suitable circumstances? To be employed in anything else, how great or noble soever it may appear in the eyes of men, unless it be referred to God, and be the accomplishment of His holy will, who, in all our actions, demands our heart more than our hand, what is it but to turn ourselves away from our end, to lose our time, and voluntarily to return again to that state of nothing out of which we were formed, or rather into a far worse state?'"

The words of the worthy Capuchin appeared to stir up a bitter strain of reflection in my hearer, for he stooped over a grave that lay at our feet, and I heard from between his closed lips the muttered reflection, "*Omnia vanitas.*" Assuming a lighter tone, I continued:

"But here the contemplation of Mary is joined with the activity of Martha. 'With great mystery does Christ our Lord,' says an old writer, whom I have before quoted, 'call the life of Mary *a part*, being compared with that of Martha, to give us to understand that there is *another most excellent kind of life*, which is composed of these two parts as a whole;' and he goes on to show that

this 'mixed life' was led by our Lord Himself during His earthly ministry, for we read that He gave the day to His neighbour, preaching and working miracles, and spent the night in prayer. Never," I added, for the bell had been giving its summons to vespers for some time, "never may our bell, with its frequent call to prayer, be hushed, and ever may the interstices between its calls be spent in holy labours of love!"

I turned to enter the church, and, to my surprise, my companion followed. I looked for him after the service, but the bench which he had taken was empty. It was some weeks before I saw him again.

CHAPTER VI.

Successes.—A dogmatic peasant.—An admirer of John Bunyan.—Sermonolatry.—Brother Ignatius's preaching and its effects.—The Eucharist as an act of worship.—Sunday evening services at Claydon.—The Superior's levées.—The Third Order.—Weekly meetings at Claydon.—The Second Order.—A specimen routine of life.—Convents of the Second Order contemplated.—A Novena.—A rash challenge.—Ritual, is it a luxury or a necessity?—Its expediency.—"*Ploughing and Sowing.*"—Ignorance of the working population.—Failure of vernacular services as such. Dictionary religion.—Teaching by parables.—Attachment of the people to ritual.—Offerings in kind for its maintenance.—Faulty ritual and its dangers.—A redoubtable "theory" and its failure.—Passages in the life of an altar cross.—How converts to Rome are made.—The *Times* on ritual.—Its challenge responded to.—"Strong measures."—"Is there not a cause?"—Existing heathenism.—Neglect of the sacraments.—Infant communion.—Confirmation at Claydon.—Ritual a teacher of dogmatic truth.—The Real Presence.—Defective ritual.—Work among boys.—Their attachment to the Brothers.—Confession.—Its importance to the young.—Brother Ignatius.—A "Boys' class" and its working.—A happy death-bed.—Rosaries adapted for the use of English Churchmen—A wayside colloquy.—Attendance of a "pauper."—A "tramp's" christening.—A parallel.—The philosophy of "discretion."—"High Church" opposition.—Wesley and Brother Ignatius.—A lay brother and his sermons.—"Gentlemen parsons."—Routine.—"Father Faber."—Lay agency.

"Ogni medaglia ha il suo reverso," says a time-honoured Italian proverb, and the Claydon Brotherhood was no exception to its truth. If they encountered oppo-

sition, they also met with an unexpected measure of success. As I have already described the former at some length, it is only fair that I should devote a chapter to the consideration of the latter.

One of the chief difficulties the Brothers encountered in their work, was the extraordinary habit of dogmatising which the English poor have acquired, through the pernicious influence of so-called "Bible Christianity," which, instead of teaching the principles of the Bible, encourages every one to construct for himself a system of his own from its pages. It gives them the Bible, not to find therein confirmation of a faith already accepted from a living and teaching Church, not even to reverence it as a kind of charm, but literally to quarrel and wrangle over. I remember going with the Superior into a poor man's cottage, where a child was dying with, I think, scarlet fever. After condoling with its parents—poverty-stricken peasants—and making a few inquiries as to the treatment the child was receiving, our conversation turned upon baptism, and then it transpired that the child was unbaptized; its parents were Baptists. We urged upon them to have the child baptized, but in vain. Everything we could say was met by the father with some argument from "the Testament," quoted in the broadest Suffolk dialect, a good part of which was unintelligible to me. "Doan't the Testament say as how faith's all in all? and where d'yer read in the Testament that infants as couldn't know roight from wrong were christened?" were all I can recall; but this appeal to "the Testa-

ment" must have occurred, I should say, twenty times, at least. Finding the case was hopeless, and not thinking a controversy for its own sake a fitting accompaniment of a dying bed, we could only withdraw, praying that the wrongheadedness and obstinacy of the parent might not be visited upon the child, innocent as regards actual sin.

In the same row of cottages was a woman, who, having an inquiring mind, but not possessing the necessary mental capabilities for constructing a system for herself, adopted the happy expedient of believing all that she heard. She read not only the Bible, but anything else in the way of religious books she could lay hands on. A friend had lent her the "Works of John Bunyan." I believe the main body of the book was simply unintelligible to her, but from the "Life" attached, she had come to the conclusion that he must have been a good man because he was "so persecuted"—a pretty sound argument in the main, but not without its exceptions. The "Lives of the Saints" would have astonished her, I should think. She would have adopted the further corollary that his doctrine must have been true, as it laid him open to such ill treatment, if there had not been the awkward fact that religious convictions the most opposite have at different times brought their professors into trouble. This woman's husband was early brought within the influence of the Brotherhood, and in due course of time his wife, who was ostensibly a Baptist, won, I believe, by her husband's moral improvement since he "took to Church," followed in his steps. Her secession from the ranks of Dissent was duly commemo-

rated by a chalk inscription on a five-barred gate opposite her abode, which caused us no small amusement. "Mrs. G——," it set forth, "has been converted, *and is become a monk.*" She was the most troublesome of all the converts, though I believe in reality a well-meaning woman. She became a weekly communicant, and always came to the Brothers or the rector for advice, to which she scrupulously adhered; but promiscuous reading, and her habit of always believing what she heard till somebody contradicted it, made her very troublesome. She would waylay the Brothers at recreation time, if they happened to pass the cottage, and entreat them to have a cup of tea with her, and when they told her it was against the rule, she would shake her head and say she thought that a very bad rule—merely, I believe, because it interfered with the exercise of her hospitality, a virtue that the English poor possess in no small degree. The first time I encountered her she came out of her cottage, and informed one of the Brothers who was passing that she had a likeness of a relative of his. The Brother was rather astonished, as his family name and "antecedents" were not supposed to be known outside the walls of the monastery, and took the picture from her hands with some curiosity. It proved to be a print of a Dominican monk administering the last sacraments to a dying man. Whether she thought all monks were related to each other, or whether she used the word "relative" in some recondite sense peculiar to Suffolk, I cannot say, but she seemed vastly pleased when the Brother told her it was a monk of another order. "I

thought it was somebody belonging to you," she said. On another occasion she presented herself with a grave face, and begged us to clear up a difficulty for her. Some one had said, it appeared, that the Brothers were the people mentioned in the Bible who "wore long garments," and "if it were possible would deceive the very elect." The good woman, or her authority, had confused the "long garments" of the Pharisees with the sheep's clothing worn by the wolves. But the cream of the joke was, her gravely applying to us to know if the accusation were true. She evidently thought, that if it was, and we knew such to be the case, we should at once plead guilty, and she was perfectly satisfied with our denial.

Sermonolatry—another failing of the English poor—was, as it happened, in the Brothers' favour. Mr. Drury, though not a brilliant preacher, was quite equal to nine-tenths of the clergy; but to hear some of the people speak you would have thought the Gospel had never been preached in Claydon before the Brothers came, simply because it had not been enforced from the pulpit with the bewitching eloquence of a St. Bernard, or the fervour of a Bourdaloue! Whether the rector possessed the orthodoxy of these great men, if not their powers of oratory, was quite a matter of indifference. A good sermon was to these people apparently the sum total of Christianity. To don their Sunday suit, and to sit under an efficient minister, was their highest idea of obeying the requirements of the Fourth Commandment. How far the Baptist minister, who represented religion to all the schismatics of whatever hue in Claydon and its environs, came under this definition, I cannot say.

Brother Ignatius was luckily able to fight these people with their own weapons with signal success. His fame as a preacher, greater than any they had dreamt of, drew them under his influence, and this he used to confute this heresy—for such, in fact, it is—of sermon-worship. I have known people who would shrink with horror from a man who denied our Lord's divinity, going Sunday after Sunday, and even taking sittings in a Unitarian chapel, because its minister was a good preacher; to say nothing of the many who pray in the morning to be delivered from heresy and schism, and in the evening visit their head-quarters by turns in search of some new thing. In his Lent sermons, Brother Ignatius set before the people the Church in its sacramental aspect, and insisted on the Eucharist as being the chief act of Christian worship, presence at which was *the* appointed way of keeping Sunday holy. This teaching was supplemented in his cottage visitations. At first it seemed to have little or no effect; the idea of being present without receiving the sacrament being strange to the people, and the old fear of receiving unworthily preventing them from joining the little band of communicants. But by degrees this teaching began to tell. The Sunday morning communion began to be attended by non-communicants, several of whom put themselves under instruction in order to make their first communion at Easter. Several of the Baptists who had come to church to hear Brother Ignatius, renounced Dissent and were admitted to the fellowship of the Church on Maunday-Thursday. Afterwards, as we have seen, the number of communicants was trebled;

and when the mid-day choral communion was instituted, it was attended, in preference to matins, by the Sunday morning congregation *en masse*.

It would be difficult to paint the excitement produced by Brother Ignatius's style of preaching. From all accounts, it was something marvellous, and extended far and wide. From Ipswich, and from the villages around Claydon, people came in shoals; and the church on Sunday evenings used to present the most extraordinary appearance. Not only was every seat full, but persons sat on the tops of the seats, on the window-sills, on the pulpit steps, and sometimes took possession of the chancel as well, up to the steps of the altar. A large unseated space in front of the pulpit, at the adjunct of the nave and transepts, used to be filled with men and boys sitting cross-legged, in Turkish fashion. The Brother who used to collect the alms made his way through this mass of humanity with the greatest difficulty. The curious effect of this scene was enhanced by the imperfect light. The Sunday evening service was a "novelty" introduced by the Brothers, and so a means of lighting the church had to be improvised. Sundry iron triangles were suspended in the nave, fitted with a candle at the apex and either extremity of the base. The transepts were lighted with candles placed in the window-sills. About thirty composite candles were thus distributed in the nave and transepts; and these, with the lights on and about the altar, which varied from six to thirty, constituted the sole lighting apparatus. This Sunday evening service was immensely popular, and was crowded even after the

Bishop's prohibition had put a stop to the Superior's sermon. It was not, however, without its drawbacks. The church is some way from the village, up a lonely road, and on dark nights the "roughs" used to collect in the churchyard and down the road, and cause much annoyance to the worshippers. Some used to attend the service by way of passing a little time, and it was a favourite trick of theirs to keep the Brother waiting while they pretended to feel for money. On one occasion a chemist's assistant brought some deleterious compound into church and daubed it about the floor, whence it emitted a smell like that produced by the action of sulphuric acid on iron filings. We fully expected either to be poisoned or blown up, but escaped any worse fate than being nearly suffocated.

After his sermons there would always be quite a levée for Brother Ignatius to hold. All who were touched by the discourse would endeavour to have a word with the preacher. Some would come to speak about being admitted into the third order, some to express their intention of becoming communicants, some to promise to attend the services, some to beg his acceptance of some present for the Brothers, some merely to shake hands with him, and thank him for his sermon. For all he had a kind word, earnest advice, and his winning smile. One day I found him much agitated. He had received a letter from a lady who was in the habit of attending the services from a distance, relating how, at a time when she seemed bereft of all consolation, she paid a visit of curiosity to Claydon church, and heard a sermon from

him which turned the whole current of her thoughts. "You preached," she wrote, "from the text, 'And the waters of Marah were bitter.' Every word of that sermon seemed made for me alone. I felt as if you could read my inmost soul, and were speaking only to me. That Sunday I found, at the foot of the cross, the peace I needed in my affliction." This simple confession from one who had always seemed to us so light-hearted and cheerful quite unmanned the Superior. "Oh, how it humbles me," he said, "to think God should make use of my poor words to further His glory!" It was no unusual thing for a chance visit to Claydon church to be the beginning of a new life. A lady residing at Ipswich told me that a young woman employed by her as a dressmaker, was one day eagerly denouncing the doings at Claydon. "Have you ever been there?" she inquired. The young woman said, "No." "Well, then, suppose we go some day, and see what it is like." The other assented, thinking that it would be a chance visit of curiosity on the part of the lady, as well as herself. She went—was attracted in spite of her prejudices—went again, and eventually took every opportunity of frequenting the services. "I wish all who abused them," she used to say, "would go and see for themselves, as I did."

During the riots at St. George's-in-the-East, it was no unusual thing for those who came, not only from curiosity, but even from worse motives, to settle down as regular communicants. One of the most valuable institutions in that parish—the "Working Men's Institute,"

in Wellclose-square—owes its foundation, I believe, to a chance visit of a gentleman, previously little affected to "Church principles." He came to see the service—volunteered his services to protect the rector and choir from the ruffianly attacks of the mob—saw the needs of the densely populated parish, and conceived the idea of the "Institute"—the better to set which on foot, I believe, he took up his abode in the parish.

The third order, to which I have more than once alluded, was a great means of binding people both to the Church and to the Brotherhood. The rules are few and simple, interfering in no way with the every-day duties of life. They involve merely the saying daily of a prayer on behalf of the order; attendance at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist on every available opportunity, and reception of the Holy Communion at least three times in the year; daily examination of conscience; obedience to the Superior in matters connected with the third order, and a small monthly subscription towards the works of the Society. The minimum of this was originally fixed at a penny, so as to include the poorest persons; but it was found that the very poorest people in Claydon subscribed at the rate of one shilling a month, and this sum has, accordingly, been substituted—not, however, as a *sine qua non* in the case of those clearly unable to afford so much. There are several members of the third order in different parts of the country. Those at Claydon met once a week in the school-room, to unite in prayer and to receive a short exhortation. I believe these meetings

are still continued by the rector, who reads, on these occasions, a letter from the Superior to his spiritual children. By this means the good work began at Claydon is still kept up.

I think the Superior has shown great wisdom in the extreme moderation of these rules, designed for persons of all classes, ages, and conditions, engaged in the ordinary pursuits and employments of life. The rule of assisting at the Eucharist, and of communicating three times a year, is merely what the Church requires of all her children. Daily examination of conscience, too, should be the practice of all Christians. And the further rules of saying daily a short prayer, of subscribing a small sum monthly, and of obeying the requirements of the Superior in matters connected with the third order, are such as fall within the means of every one.

The second order, which I believe does not at present possess many members, is designed for persons who can live more devoted lives than the generality of secular persons, without being able to give themselves entirely up to the service of God in the monastic life. Its members live by a certain fixed rule, modified by the Superior to suit individual needs and circumstances, and engage, in addition to the rules of the third order, to say the "day hours" according to the Benedictine use, viz., prime, terce, sext, nones, vespers, and compline. A routine of life sent to a friend of mine will serve as a specimen of the life led by a Brother or Sister of this order.

6 30	...	Lauds* and prime
7 or 8	...	Attend the Eucharist, if possible
8—8 30 or 8 30—9	...	Breakfast
9	...	Terce
9 15—10	...	Recreation
10—12	...	Study or work
12—12 30	...	Sext and meditation
12 30—1	...	Dinner
1—2	...	Reading
2	...	Nones
2 15—5	...	Study or work
5—6	...	Recreation
6	...	Vespers
6 30—7	...	Supper
7—8	...	Recreation
8—9	...	Religious reading
9 or 9 30	...	Compline. Then retire to rest.

I say a *specimen*, for it is evidently impossible to bind down persons living in the midst of other duties to the details of a fixed, unbending rule. For instance, the amount of recreation which would suffice for one would be quite inadequate for another; and the time of retiring to rest, of taking meals, and of doing work or study, reading or recreation, might not be under one's own control. In reality, there is no rule for the members of the second order, beyond that of saying the "day hours," in addition to complying with the requirements of the third order. Still the form given above serves as a

* It has since been decided that members of the second order are not bound to recite the office of lauds.

specimen, and would probably be the rule for a resident community of the second order—a contingency provided for, should there arise a desire among members of either of the lower orders to devote themselves to the monastic life in a less ascetic form than that presented by the first order. The proposed sisterhood in Scotland is, I believe, to be of this description.

I need not remark that members of the second and third orders living in the world do not take vows; though, of course, religious *communities* of the former would do so, the object being to provide a less stringent rule, not to infringe the permanency of the monastic state. The habit of these inferior orders (worn only in private, at meetings, admissions of members, &c.) differs in *degree* from that of the first order. It consists merely of the frock and hood, the former being confined with a *leathern* girdle. The scapular, emblematic of obedience; the rope, of chastity; and the sandals, of poverty, are confined to the first order.

When I was at Claydon the third order included persons of all classes and ages. It was not an unusual thing, I believe, for a whole family—father, mother, and children—to be enrolled as members. Members from Ipswich, and from villages around Claydon, used to attend the meetings. This principle of combination worked very successfully, and might be tried advantageously in other places; though, of course, the *resident* Brotherhood was a very great stimulus in keeping the members together. In Roman Catholic countries, I believe no village is without some kind of *confrérie*,

perhaps two or three, by which means the people are kept together, and are made to feel a special interest in religion. Among ourselves this is almost an unexplored region. The Guild of St. Alban, excellent and useful as it is, is confined, I believe, to our larger towns, and consists chiefly, if not exclusively, of young men and others who have leisure to supplement the labours of the clergy by their own. Possibly the requisite *variety* of such institutions may, in time, arise as off-shoots from *resident* brotherhoods. Certainly a confraternity affiliated to, or springing from, a religious order, is more in accordance with one's ideas of the fitness of things than a resident sisterhood affiliated to, and springing from, a secular confraternity. At all events, the association alluded to has, I know, been anxious for years to start a resident brotherhood, but without success, possibly for this very reason. A monastery is the fitting centre of all "lay agency," just as the cathedral is the fitting centre of all clerical work; the one, wherever it can extend its influence; the latter, throughout the diocese.

Another use made of these inferior orders was to associate their members in prayer for any special object. Just before I left Claydon, a period of nine days was set apart for special prayer under these circumstances: The time was drawing nigh for the departure of the Brothers from Claydon rectory. They were literally penniless. At that time not one of the Brothers possessed a farthing of property; the money collected on Sunday evenings, which varied from six to ten shillings, and a few chance subscriptions, barely sufficed to pay the

expense of postage—no inconsiderable item where as many as twenty letters frequently had to be answered in the course of the day—and to find the Brothers in clothes. Under these circumstances, a house had to be taken at Christmas, and the whole undertaking to be supported without any visible means. Humanly speaking, there seemed to be nothing before them but the inevitable dissolution of the community, and its abandonment or postponement till a more favourable season presented itself. In this extremity his faith did not for a moment seem to desert the Superior. He resolved to appeal, by means of lectures in different parts of the country, to the public for support, and appointed a nine-days' prayer for the success of the undertaking. The novena commenced, and was concluded by a general meeting of all the members in Claydon. It was noticed, as not without its significance, that the Sunday evening collection which happened within this period was more than double the highest sum previously collected, being, if I remember rightly, twenty-six shillings. From that time the affairs of the order seemed to take a turn. Friends were raised up in the most unexpected quarters, and the Brothers, as we shall see, were enabled to purchase a large house in January.

An amusing incident connects itself with this novena. The first of Brother Ignatius's lectures was given at Ipswich, on Wednesday, October 21st, in the course of which he said that "£300 must be raised by Christmas, if the order was to continue." In the course of the correspondence which ensued in the *Ipswich Journal*, an

adverse writer, taking exception to the assertion that "the Claydon Brotherhood was now an established fact," said that the society was entirely dependent on Mr. Drury for the means of subsistence, and that, when his roof was no longer open to them, so far from receiving any aid from Churchmen, they would not meet with a soul to offer them an asylum. He wound up by adding, "If the Brothers have anything like £300 to show by Christmas, then, and not till then, I will allow your correspondent to repeat, without any comment on my part, that 'the Claydon Brotherhood is an established fact.'" The challenge was tacitly accepted, and the *Journal* for the 19th December contained the following letter:—

To the Editor of the Ipswich Journal.

SIR,—In a former number of your *Journal* my worthy opponent, "One of the relations," &c., in taking exception to my statement, that "to all human seeming the Claydon Brotherhood is now an accomplished fact," said that if the society could show £300 before Christmas, he would allow me to repeat my assertion without comment on his part.

I have just received a letter to the effect that upwards of £270 has been already subscribed, and a lady has offered £2,000 should the Brothers purchase any monastic property; and as it wants still ten days to Christmas, I avail myself of his kind permission to repeat that "to all human seeming" the English Order of St. Benedict "is an accomplished fact."

Your obedient servant,

NOT A SUFFOLK MAN, &c.

Singularly enough, the very day after this letter appeared, a collection of £30 at St. Mary Magdalene's,

Munster-square, made the sum up to £300, independently of promised assistance.

It is clearly not my province to enter upon any ritual disquisition, except in so far as it naturally connects itself with my subject. I had originally intended to keep the two quite separate. But in speaking of the missionary work of the Brothers, I felt more and more that the two were so interwoven that they must stand or fall together. Ritual was a part of the machinery employed by the Brothers; and I have often thought that it was perhaps providential that the order was made public in connection with ritual, since the success of the Brothers' work must, of necessity, be also the vindication of ritual as an engine of Church teaching.

In theory I have always admitted the evil of the principle of reserve and expediency that has so largely obtained among High Churchmen. But theory and practice are two widely different things, and one is so unconsciously influenced by the atmosphere in which one lives, that I found myself at first terribly afraid—not of its propriety in the abstract, but of the "expediency" of the very marked ritual employed at Claydon. I was soon undeceived.

It is a favourite charge with some people that ritual alienates the people from the Church. A popular novelist, some time ago, devoted one of his works* to the enunciation of this idea. Nothing can be more radically untrue; and the success of "Church principles" at Claydon, where they were presented through the medium

* "High Church," by the author of "No Church."

of the most pronounced ritual probably witnessed since the Reformation, abundantly proves its falsity.

The truth is, the claims of ritual have never been set before people in their true light. Persons who sit at ease in their well-furnished studies, with all the modern appliances of literature at their command—quarterlies, reviews, *et hoc genus omne*—backed by works of a more "standard" nature, if they wish to go more deeply into matters; with every facility, in short, to enable them to elaborate for themselves a system of thought without the necessity of setting foot beyond their own doorway, can no more conceive what the *mind* of an ordinary countryman of the lower class is, than he can imagine what may be the moral and social condition of the inhabitants of the moon! This kind of knowledge comes only by hard, painstaking, conscientious experience; and when it does come, is an astounding revelation. We pride ourselves, and with reason, on the advantages of a vernacular liturgy, but do we inquire deep enough in estimating those advantages? What are the facts of the case? The poor do not come to church, because the services are, in effect, in a dead language, and the eye is not appealed to. This is the experience of one who is in a position to speak—the author of "Ploughing and Sowing,"* a book of anything but "extreme" High Churchmanship, as may

* "Ploughing and Sowing; or, Annals of an Evening School in a Yorkshire Village, and the work that grew out of it." By a Clergyman's Daughter. Third Edition. London: J. & C. Mozley. 1861.

be gathered from the fact that the writer has no objection to meetings, if they are only supplemental, and not antagonistic, to the Church services. "The heathen ignorance," she writes, "of our working population, whether in town or country, must appal any one who come into such contact with it, as the teacher, rather than the preacher, alone can do. I do not think it can be too much to say that the majority of this class, as regards knowledge of the first principles of Christianity, are almost heathens. Out of ten plough-lads that I was teaching on Sunday, there was only one that had any notion of Christmas beyond a general holiday—that is, who knew at all why it was observed. One or two that I have taught, not only had no distinct knowledge (as, indeed, very few had) of what our Saviour has done for us, but did not even know who He is; had never heard (so he assured me) that He was the Son of God! . . . If I tell them they should go to church, I am answered that *they understand nothing if they do;* and this is true. Only those who have taught them can know how very few words they are possessed of, and how large a proportion of those in common use are as unintelligible to them as a foreign language. As to sermons, where is the clergyman who ever preaches one, of which every line is not Hebrew to them?" (Pp. 12, 13.) Writing of a plough-lad, she says, "Of course, such as he are not to be seen in church. I doubt whether *they would derive much good* if they went. *It would be all like a strange language.*" (P. 28.) Thank God, the Catholic system uses language like this to no one. It speaks the language

of the heart, which he who runs may read. The writer of these words is quite an unprejudiced witness; she used to distribute Mr. Ryle's tracts, and deserves the highest praise for her self-denying labours; but how miserably inadequate these labours were, her own book bears testimony. Fancy the only way of gaining the masses back to church, being to go, dictionary in hand, and "make the service intelligible to them" by a course of Trench On the Study of Words! Not that we would discourage education; but as immortal souls are perishing of spiritual hunger, it is food they want, not a lecture on "digestion." "Give us bread, lest we die."*

* The *Guardian* newspaper, which will not be suspected of Roman tendencies, wrote lately:—"Catholic countries are always reproached by Protestants for keeping their people in ignorance of Scripture history. Yet it is certain the most uneducated Catholic, who had been taught his Catechism and Rosary, would not have made answers such as the following:—A Protestant clergyman being called to the death-bed of an aged woman, found that he had to do with a very obdurate nature. He read to her the parable of the guest who came without her wedding-garment, concluding with the sentence, 'And there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth,' and took the opportunity of assuring the aged impenitent that such would in all probability be her lot in the future, which elicited the following reply: 'Them may nash 'em as has 'em, parson; I haven't had a tooth in my head this twenty years come Michaelmas.' We remember when, in 1851, a group of females from the West Riding were passing through the picture gallery of the Exhibition, and the beautiful little gem of the 'Three Marys,' the property of Lord Carlisle, particularly engaged their attention. From our position we overheard their controversy on the Marys; but *what* Mary?—that was the question. 'The Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene,

A simpler and more unfailing remedy than this is needed; one of universal and immediate application. Let the service be made truly vernacular, not merely by being couched in the current language of the country, but by being performed in a manner that will at once teach and attract the masses. An attractive and instructive ritual, and the destruction of every pew in the kingdom, together with the multiplication of services at hours to suit all classes, would soon wipe out this blot from our system. The people must be taught by parables—the parable of ritual—and their minds must be enlightened by means of the eye, as deaf and dumb persons are taught. I first read this book at Claydon, and I used frequently to contrast the inadequate efforts of the "Clergyman's Daughter" to palliate a state of things that she was strongly tempted to give up as hopeless, with the success a quite contrary system of Church teaching was achieving at Claydon. It would have been almost ludicrous—were unsuccessful work for souls a fitting subject for mirth—to read the account of her endeavours to bring about a better state of things, taking no higher conception than an increased dissemination of knowledge, aspiring to nothing more immediate in its effects, or more striking in its results, than the slow, plodding system that would cut out a road to heaven through progressive reading books. Even this she seems to have more and more despaired of, as she dwells on

maybe,' said one dubiously, 'but who's 'tother?' 'Why, Bloody Mary,' responded her friend, in a sudden burst of inspiration; and this happy idea was at once adopted."

the superficial character of the education imparted in village schools, and in her preface she is fain to admit "the amount of knowledge imparted in all cases has been but small." "I may at first have thought," she adds, "of knowledge too much as a good in itself." But she nowhere suggests any alternative between educating the people till they can "understand the service," or leaving them to swell the ranks of those who "forsake the assembling themselves together," or to pick up what ideas of religion the camp meeting and the conventicle can afford them. "I am convinced myself," says the editor of this truly interesting book,* in his preface, "that unless something is done—some more earnest and general efforts made to keep up what has been learned in boyhood—what little is gained in our village schools will, in a majority of cases, be utterly lost and effaced." He adds, "It is almost amusing, were it not so sad, to mark the pride with which a young man will tell you that he could once read any book, and write too, 'but it's all gone now.'"

The class of persons among whom her work chiefly lay—farm labourers—we had comparatively little to do with, owing to the hostile position assumed by their employers; but I can safely say that with this exception *all* classes of persons frequented the church, the very ignorant no less than the more or less educated. I remember noticing a boy at one of the Thursday evening

* Rev. F. Digby Legard, late scholar of University College, Oxford.

lectures, listening most earnestly to the sermon, from first to last, though it must have lasted nearly an hour, and becoming so interested that he fairly cried—no unusual occurrence among Brother Ignatius's listeners. I asked the Superior about him, and found he could neither read nor write; yet he was a regular attendant at the services and lectures, and was most anxious to join the third order, and this, if I remember rightly, in the face of considerable opposition, which might have appalled any one not in earnest, as an elder brother of his was one of the most vehement of the Brothers' opponents.*

The people were all very much attached to the ritual, and would have been most grieved at any alteration. I mean, of course, the Church people. Those who stayed away found a pretended dislike to ritual a good excuse for non-attendance. There was always a struggle to get

* Besides the absurdity of making religion *dependent* on education, there is the greatest possible *danger* in all education that is not based on the dogmas of religion, and that does not begin on a deep foundation of reverence for the things of God. The irreverent and filthy inscriptions written on the walls at Claydon by the "Protestant party"—arguing, as they did, a considerable amount of immoral, and even infidel, reading on the part of their writers—abundantly prove this. There was no Church school in Claydon prior to the advent of the Brothers, a fact to which much of this evil was attributed. The holiest parts of the Church Service were made the subjects of profane parodies and disgusting jests by these miserable scribblers. Yet it was these men who were patronised by a Low Church incumbent, who left his quiet parsonage at Ipswich to preach a course of "Protestant" sermons in Claydon meeting-house!

candles, both for lighting the church and for the use of the altar. Brother Ignatius once said in somebody's hearing, that if the services were to be continued in their present form, the people must make offerings of candles. The report got about, and next Sunday evening nearly all the regular attendants brought candles, some one or two, some more, wax or composite, which they presented at the collection. On these occasions one of the Brothers used to go round with a tray to receive them, another Brother collecting the money. It had quite a primitive appearance, to see the people thus offering not only money, but "gifts" for the altar. Before festivals there would generally be a candle-offering. Shortly before All Saints' Day there was quite a pile, I should think as many as six or seven pounds of candles, presented in this way. There would also be quite a scramble before feasts, among the poor people, to wash the surplices, and it was considered one of the greatest honours to have the altar linen to wash on these occasions.

If my experience taught me the value of ritual as an engine of Church teaching, I have also found that to be really successful it must be sound in principle and uncompromising in action. Choral services, and the modicum of ritual implied by five or six different-coloured altar-cloths and a couple of candles, have been found very effective in attracting educated people; they have fought their battles, and may be said to have won the day; but if we are to bring in the poor, and make the Church really the Church of the million, something much more definite is required, and the sooner Church-

men awake to the fact the better. A "High Church" clergyman is reported to have said, when asked why his party did not more generally support Brother Ignatius, "It just amounts to this: we have theories of our own, and Brother Ignatius must not expect to thrust his down our throats." The "theories" alluded to are, I presume, those of compromise, shuffling, and putting in the thin edge of the wedge, which have given the Oxford movement so bad a name, and the ruinous policy of which, I should have thought, was nowhere more plainly visible than in the ecclesiastical establishment with which this clergyman was connected. The whole thing, excellent as it undoubtedly is, has been in hot water from its commencement through not taking a "bold" line. Volumes might be written in illustration of the practical workings of this illustrious "theory," which has driven people over to Rome in sheer disgust, times without number. I have had the misfortune to see it rampant in a church where it was my lot to worship for several years. Reginald, of Durham, wrote a detailed account of the wanderings of St. Cuthbert's body at intervals during a hundred and twenty-four years. Something similar might be written touching the wanderings of an unhappy altar-cross in this church. For years the sign of our salvation was not to be found in the length and breadth of this full-fledged "Anglo-Catholic" church, with its frequent Eucharists and daily prayer. But at length an altar-cross was ventured upon; and for about three weeks it stood, I believe, upon the super-altar. I say I believe, for subsequently I know it was placed on a high stool behind

the altar, to give it the *appearance* of resting on the super-altar. Then it was taken down, and stowed away in the vestry for a little while. After this it was brought back and mounted on the ledge of the east window, some eight feet above the altar, where it remained for a considerable time. *Now*, it and the altar candles rest on a ledge *behind* the super-altar. I am not sure I have recorded these events in their right sequence, but I can answer for their substantial veracity. Time would fail me to tell of the other "manifold changings" in the service; how chasubles were ventured upon and then withdrawn; how, amid great professions of exalting the Eucharist to its proper place, the Early Communion was dignified with proper vestments and coloured stoles, while the mid-day choral celebration had to rest content with plain surplice and hood, as well as other imperfections; how, on festivals, evensong would be solemnized with a multiplicity of lights, while at the Eucharist there would be the two solitary altar tapers; how—for every trifle is significant—the verger would collect the offertory at the Early Communion in his plain clothes, but don a cassock to show the fashionable people into their seats at matins. Ritual such as this is not only inexpressibly ridiculous, but essentially mischievous. What would be the result? Suddenly some one is missed from his place; the want of system and the absence of a definite teaching have done their work, and one more has gone to swell the ranks of converts to Rome. We shake our heads and talk of "these sad perversions," and the curate will perhaps allude to the secession in the next Sunday's

sermon, and complacently ask, "What *can* make people go over to Rome? Surely our own Church gives us all we want." But do we ever stop to ask who is to blame? Do we ever think that, in our fear to offend the weaker brethren, or in our desire to conciliate them, or, it may be, still worse, in our wish to avoid opposition, we may be over-reaching ourselves? Charity begins at home; and surely the feelings of those who support the clergy in their revival of neglected truths ought to be studied as well as of those who distrust and suspect them. Does it never strike us that to an untheological mind, and one accustomed to look only at the surface of things, the principle of "development," communion in one kind, the Immaculate Conception, the unvernacular service, great evils as they are, seem less objectionable than this system of compromise, inconsistency, and time-serving, because they do not thrust themselves so perpetually under the notice; and so at last people come, in their impatience of present evils, undeniable and glaring, to regard these, first with less repugnance, and at last to defend them as part of the mighty system of the one true Church? With a few exceptions in the case of those who have "gone over" on grounds peculiar to themselves, this is the history of all "secessions to Rome" made from the ranks of High Churchmen.

No such charges could be brought against the ritual at Claydon. It was consistent and uncompromising, and it was accordingly honoured by being selected as the subject of a leading article in the *Times*. I allude to it here because of two passages it contained. "If such

efforts," it said, after particularizing the ceremonial with which Ascension Day had been observed, "if such efforts succeed, that ends the matter." And, again, it spoke of the "strong measures" resorted to in striving to honour Our Lord's Ascension. In his reply—which the *Times*, with its proverbial love of fair play, refused to insert, but which appeared in the *Ipswich Journal* of June 6th—Brother Ignatius truly remarks, on the first count:—"I am thankful to say that the question is ended *here*, for our efforts have more than succeeded. The people still remember Ascension Day, and often speak of it, and many have told me that they never spent such a useful, happy day in their lives. We had six services, all well attended. In this parish is a population of 500 persons; between 300 and 400 have signed a memorial to the Bishop of Norwich, entreating that their Church Services may be continued as at present in their beautiful and reverent mode, and also that I may be settled amongst them as their rector's curate.* . . . Your article concludes by saying that 'We wish to retain the Church of England.' So do we most heartily; and we feel sure that if we are to do so we must restore her to her right place, and show her, in her true beauty and holiness, to the eyes of the thoughtful and thought-

* The Bishop's response was to inhibit Mr. Lyne from preaching, and to restrain Mr. Drury from allowing *any* clergyman but himself to officiate either at Claydon or Akenham. It is significant to find in a mock procession, got up by the "opposition"—whose "religious" qualifications we have seen—a *drunken* man carrying a banner, inscribed, "Three cheers for the Bishop."

less, the saint and the sinner, the enthusiastic and the phlegmatic alike. The musty, dirty deal tables"—(these, I must remark parenthetically, abounded in the neighbourhood, and were Brother Ignatius's special abhorrence) —"must give place to something very different, and the dingy, damp 'barn' to the pretty and cheerful, the gorgeous and imposing temple, before we shall make 'the people' love their Church. Claydon Church is thronged by persons from many miles round, who not only come from curiosity, which many do at first, but because, as numbers have told me, they have *there* learnt to love and worship God. In no church in the neighbourhood will people be found kneeling at prayer. At Claydon the people have learnt to 'fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker.'" Seldom was an appeal to success as the test of expediency so rashly made; and we can scarcely be surprised that the editor suppressed so masterly a response to his argument.

In reply to the charge of using strong measures, Brother Ignatius could justly plead, "Is there not a cause?" "At the present time," he truly remarks, "strong measures must be used for drawing souls to Christ; weak measures will do little good. The world and the devil are using 'strong measures' for alluring souls to hell. People would not flock to the public-houses and low dancing-rooms if they were not rendered attractive and inviting. No wonder, then, that many of our churches are empty, in spite of their paucity of number, for 'the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light.'"

If any one still hesitates whether "strong measures" are required or no, I know nothing more likely to help him to a decision than the perusal of the evidence concerning the lucifer-match manufacture appended to the report of the Children's Employment Commission, published in the course of last year, an abstract of which appeared in an August impression of the *Morning Post.* It reveals, as that newspaper truly remarks, "the existence of a sad blot on our social system." "A girl, apparently about fourteen, employed in a factory in Bethnal Green—'Does not know how old she is; never was at school in her life; does not know a letter; never heard of England, or London, or the sea, or ships; *never heard of God;* does not know what He does; does not know whether it is better to be good or bad.' Another girl, aged sixteen, employed in Camberwell—'Has not been to school more than once or twice on a week-day in her life, and three or four times on a Sunday; *has been once to church and once to a chapel in her life;* has never heard any preacher, or any one praying anywhere else; *does not know what the Bible is;* does not know that it is a book, she's sure; *never was taught any prayers.*'" The next three examples occur, strangely enough, at Norwich, where the Society has now settled. "A boy," the report continues, "aged twelve, at work in Norwich—'Went to an infant school, but has never been to any other; *never heard any one preach or pray in his life; has never heard of a Christian; does not know whether he is one or not, or what being christened or baptized is; never heard of the Gospel, or Jesus Christ, or whether He was a man; is sure*

he can't tell!' Another boy at Norwich, aged thirteen—'Has only been in a church or chapel once in his life; might have heard of Jesus Christ, but forgets.' Another boy at Norwich, aged ten—'Went to church a good while ago, and heard a preacher. *Does not know anything of the Bible, or the Gospel, or Jesus Christ, or Christians;* thinks he's a Christian; when people die, "they come to dust;" their "sould" sometimes "comes to angels," but he "ain't heard of nobody; them what don't pray, don't."' A boy at Newcastle, aged seven—'When people die, they "gang" to Jesus; if they are bad, they do the same; it's the same to be good as bad.'"

To turn from these extreme, but by no means uncommon depths of evil enhanced by the over-crowding of our large towns, and to take a very opposite example, is there no cause for "strong measures" when we have so far departed from primitive Christianity, that we find one of the best and holiest, and, at the same time, one of the most Catholic and most active of England's bishops, only venturing to say that *monthly* communion is the lowest standard that ought to satisfy a parish priest? Yet we know what antiquity would have said to monthly celebrations. It does not require much learning to feel that it would have excommunicated a Church which ventured to content itself with a *lower* standard than once a week.

Again: take the fearful preponderance of those who go from the cradle to the grave without ever tasting the Bread of Life! Claydon was quoted as quite a wonder because one person in five was a communicant. Yet if every village and town in England were to attain even

this standard, we should have a population in England and Wales alone of sixteen million non-communicants. If the real statistics of the non-communicating population could be got, what an appalling figure would it present—and this when for eighteen centuries the Church has proclaimed that baptism and the Eucharist are "generally necessary to salvation!" It must be confessed that much was done—yet how little when we consider what a Christian village ought to be—in Claydon to remedy this fearful state of affairs. If we consider that the Church of England, in common with the rest of Christendom, requires all persons who have been confirmed—as the Early Church did all who had been baptized, including infants—to be communicants, we shall scarcely consider any "measures" too "strong" that tend in any degree to lessen the amount of those fearful figures! I say nothing of the thousands of unbaptized persons—the thousands of unconfirmed—of persons involved in various forms of schism or heresy, from Mormonism and Swedenborgianism up to Wesleyanism—and of persons of no religious convictions whatever that the same statistics would reveal. I cannot refrain, however, from here expressing a wish that convocation would see fit to restore the ancient discipline of infant communion—which has never been lost sight of in the Greek Church, and which, with perhaps the single exception of a general substitution of the Eucharist for matins as the public Sunday-morning service of the Church, would do more towards lessening this

terrible host of self-excommunicated millions than any private efforts could hope to do.

Infant communion was not practised at Claydon, because the English Church has made no provision for it; but children were sent to confirmation at an earlier age than that which generally obtains in our church, and I did not hear that the bishop made any objection to any of the candidates on the score of youth. Children desirous and ready to be confirmed, and under preparation for that sacrament, were, of course, admitted to communion, as the rubric provides. Experience goes to show that if children are not confirmed and become communicants before leaving school, they rarely do so afterwards. The direction of the Prayer-book is simple enough; they are to be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him so soon as they can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, &c. I doubt if a bishop can legally refuse to confirm any one fulfilling these requirements, if he be duly presented by his parish priest. I cannot but think our late confirmations a very great evil.

There had been a confirmation shortly before I came to Claydon. The bishop has never held a confirmation there, nor indeed been into the church, though repeatedly solicited, I believe, to do so, during his five years' episcopate. The propriety of working with all sections of his clergy, which redeems a great deal of personal want of orthodoxy, does not appear to enter into his philosophy. I cannot but think this is to be

regretted, as all earnest work ought to receive the support of the Church's chief pastor, even if he cannot agree with every matter of detail. Thirty-six candidates were confirmed from Claydon, including several adults, who had either been won from the ranks of dissent, or had neglected to be confirmed before. The average number of candidates presented by the other villages was eight or ten, the next highest number being eighteen, though several of them exceeded Claydon in population.

One reason why the ritual worked so successfully was that it was made directly to teach dogmatic truth. I could not help contrasting what happened one Sunday morning with a similar occurrence that took place at another church. Some accident occurred with the blessed sacrament, a portion of the bread having fallen on the altar-step. After the service, the place was illumined with two tall tapers, and vases of flowers, which remained lighted for several hours, if I remember rightly, during the morning service at eleven. Shortly before I left for Claydon, the chalice had been upset in a church where I happened to be. No "demonstration" of any kind took place; the drops, which "High Churchmen" believe to be the very true blood of Christ, were wiped up with a "corporal," and water poured on the place, and similarly wiped up; the clergyman, whose surplice was literally stained with the same most holy drops, coolly went on administering the chalice to the people! This is *not* the way to teach people the Real Presence.*

* I cannot refrain from quoting a passage in a Roman Catholic

At the same church I counted one evening no less than four ritual errors which a little care might have avoided. It was the eve of the Conversion of St. Paul —Septuagesima Sunday. The collects, &c., were said for the morrow, though, ritually, the second vespers of Septuagesima Sunday over-ride the first vespers of the Conversion. The altar was vested in green, instead of violet; one hymn was that for the Conversion of St. Paul, and another was the *Alleluia dulce Carmen*, a composition, the object of which was to serve as a kind of "farewell to Alleluia," the use of which joyful word was interdicted in the penitential season between Septuagesima and Easter.

Father Gallwey, with a Jesuit's appreciation of the weak points of an opponent, lately wrote some letters in

periodical, *The Lamp*, which, alas ! may be only too true, though I cannot believe it occurred to the venerable clergyman there alleged to have been the chief actor:—

"'It is a comfort to think that there *was* really no profanation,' replied Father Raymond." [They were speaking of an accident that had occurred at an "Anglican" celebration.] "Clara did not answer. She was not quite prepared to say there *was* no profanation; but she mused over the shudder with which she had once seen the sacred elements spilt between the agitation and awkwardness of the clergyman and the communicant at Margaret Chapel, and how she had watched to see whether he would return to repair it; but no, he had passed on with a sorrowful look. It would have made too much fuss, or have been too open an avowal of his creed, and what he believed to be the precious blood of the Lord of Glory lay neglected on the chancel floor!"—*Clara Leslie; a Tale of Our Own Times*, in *The Lamp*, March to August, 1863.

The Lamp, which, apart from some considerable defects, certainly give us a few well-merited raps on the knuckles for our ritual eccentricities. "Supposing," he says—I am quoting from memory—"supposing their orders to be valid, I have no objection to admit that most Catholic practices are to be met with in the English Church; but not all everywhere. Every Church has a speciality. If you want incense, there is only one Church in London where it is to be had. Chasubles are not to be met with in London, but if you take a ticket by the Eastern Counties Railway you may see them in abundance. This," he goes on to say, "is all very well for rich people who have nothing else to do but travel about the country in search of the *disjecta membra* of Catholic ritual, but it is certainly not fair to the poor, who have no such opportunities." And he finishes up by saying, luckily with greater sarcasm than truth: "But in the hour of death even riches and leisure are of no avail, and it must be scant consolation to a dying Anglican to find that the priest who believes in extreme unction resides in Scotland." Surely after all that the Oxford movement has achieved during the last thirty years, its opponents should not have the opportunity of writing like this with even a shadow of truth.

Boys are proverbially discouraging in all that concerns the religious life. A modern writer has truly remarked: "There seems less that is good, less that is divine, less that is honourable, less that is hopeful about boys than any other members of Christ's Church. It is an age which painfully tries the faith of parents, friends, and

guardians. The love of church, and prayer, and the Bible, and the interest in death, funerals, and all softening and sacred things, which children often have, delighting their parents' hearts, seem to pass away or be clouded over in boyhood by self-will and nascent impurity. There is a negligence of thought, a hardening of the heart, a restlessness of the soul, a deplorable worship of self, most odious and depressing to Christian parents, and calling forth all their faith in the inestimable preciousness of holy baptism. So far as religion goes, they seem to make no way with their children in boyhood. It appears that all they can do is to keep ploughing, and harrowing, and sowing, and watering a hard rock, in faith that God will make a harvest grow there some time, because He has promised to do so. To keep a *boy* from going wrong seems almost the nearest approach we can make towards persuading him to do right." Yet this ought not to be. In former ages boys have willingly given themselves up to martyrdom, sacrificing even life for the love of Jesus. Witness St. Pancras, St. Majoricus, Saints Justin and Pastor, and a host of others. Is it less difficult to live for Him than to die for Him? Surely not; for the Church has her boy confessors no less than her boy martyrs. The youthful Winfrid, meditating at Crediton the after deeds of Boniface, the heroic missionary; St. Teresa and her brother planning, child-fashion, to leave their father's house, and give themselves up to the infidel, in order to suffer death for Christ; St. Antoninus, devoting all the time not spent at school or at home in prayer, and giving himself up at the age

of fifteen to a hard and dry course of study, in order to enter the Dominican Order; St. Aloysius Gonzaga, who, when others were at play, would withdraw behind the head of the bed to engage, unseen, in prayer—are only a few of the examples Church history could afford in proof that boyhood need not be the godless age it too often is. One reason why it so frequently is so among ourselves is, that we practise so much reserve in setting Church principles before the young. The Catholic faith in its fulness has an attraction for all ages. The continental Church has had the wisdom to see this, and whole orders—the Christian Brothers, for instance—devote themselves to the service of the young. Hence with them a religious boy is not the phenomenon it is amongst ourselves. Look at our boy literature. How is it that the "religious boy" of the book—introduced apparently as the "set off" to bring out in greater relief the wickedness and depravity of his companions—never strikes us as a *natural* character any more than Disraeli's boys talking deep politics over an Eton breakfast table? How is it that the religious boy of the book is so often a confirmed invalid or a helpless cripple, and that then the character seems so much more in accordance with our experience of life? A certain class of writers have even gone the length, like the fox in Æsop, of contending, in utter despair of ever seeing such a *rara avis*, that a religious boy would be a very undesirable thing; that a boy who acted, if not unswervingly, at least generally, on a tolerably high moral standard, is in reality the *ne plus ultra* of boyhood; and that any development of character

beyond this must, of necessity, be tainted with the sickliness and morbidity of the hot-house.

With a full knowledge of the danger of forced religion, and with a wholesome horror of that terrible species of the boy genus, a controversial young gentleman, I cannot but think there must be something radically wrong in all this.

As a church, we certainly leave boys too much to themselves. When their confirmation is approaching, a hurried preparation of a few weeks attempts to supply the place which should have been occupied by careful and uniform training from the font.

The boy population at Claydon was not free from the faults of its species, and I should fall short of the truth if I were to affirm that they never gave the Brothers any trouble. But a very great work was done among them. I attribute this partly to the great attachment which they, somehow or other, felt towards the Brothers, and partly to the fact that the services in the church were made attractive, instead of being the dull Sunday routine they are too often made to appear to the young

This attachment—which used to be quite disagreeable at times, as no game was deemed complete unless one of the Brothers would be a looker-on, though debarred from taking any more active part, and in recreation time a quiet walk in the grounds had certainly to be taken "under difficulties," when it numbered in its accessories a boy hanging to each arm, another leaping about excitedly in front, and perhaps two more, each contesting with its possessor his right to the arm—was no idle freak,

or love of the novelty of walking with "a real live monk." It never suffered any diminution or abatement, and there certainly was a strong temptation to them to join the boys of the opposite faction, and to "mob" persons in the unusual garb of a Benedictine.

One boy, H—— W——, particularly pleased me by his quiet, unobtrusive ways. He had a situation for some time at the railway station, and when the Brothers first came, kept himself very much aloof; but he soon became a very warm ally. He was terribly afraid when Brother Ignatius went to Scotland that he would not return to Claydon. "Don't go away from us," he said, with tears in his eyes; "you have taught us to love our parish church, and what shall we do if you leave us?" He was moved afterwards to another station, and had to walk five or six miles in order to worship in the church he so much loved. On obtaining this situation, he brought the Brothers half-a-crown out of his scanty earnings. "God has given me a better situation," he said, with simple faith, "so I have brought Him the firstfruits."

His two younger brothers were very anxious to join the order, but H—— said he felt sure he was not good enough for so holy a life. He was greatly attached to the Prior, who used often to ask him if he did not share his brothers' desire to devote themselves entirely to God's service; but he always had this one answer. He was very anxious to join the third order, but circumstances prevented his doing so while I was there.

This boy and his next brother had been confirmed just before I went to Claydon, and while I was there the

Prior prepared him for his first confession, which he was very anxious to make before becoming a regular weekly or fortnightly communicant. The Prior, who had a high opinion of him before, was much pleased by his demeanour. The Brothers gave the children just what help they required in preparing them for confession, leaving it quite optional whether they would confide the details to them, or reserve them alone for the ear of their pastor. H—— preferred the former course.

While I am on the subject of confession, I may mention what arrangements obtained at Claydon as regards this ordinance. The law of the Church of England was strictly followed, the use of confession being quite optional on the part of the people. It was put before them as a great help in the spiritual life under any circumstances, and as the Church's *rule* to those who found their minds disquieted before communicating. It occupied the place of the Wesleyan "class-meeting." Most of the communicants were found to avail themselves of the privilege.

It is no unfrequent thing for boys of all classes to plunge into long-continued habits of vice* without

* I remember an otherwise excellent Manual for Confirmation marring its usefulness by supposing candidates in a majority of instances to bring "innocence" to their confirmation. At the late age at which confirmation is administered among us, and in the utter absence of any special check — such as confession—which might tend to cherish baptismal grace, such cases might almost, I fear, be counted on the fingers. Those who question the necessity of "strong measures" as regards the young, would do well to read Dr. Pusey's preface to his "Sermons during the seasons from Advent to Whitsuntide."

knowing, or with only a dim perception, that they are indulging in *sin;* without the least knowledge of the fearful nature of that sin or of the misery it entails both upon soul and body. How many thousands of these most unhappy ones would sacramental confession—had they only known of its salutary provisions—have rescued from the madhouse or the sick bed, from a blighted and purposeless existence, from the suicide's end, and from hell hereafter! I confess that while trying to feel charity for all "denominations of Christians," I find it very hard, in the face of facts like these, to practise it towards those who raise the cuckoo cry against confession. Even during the short career of the order, young men have written to Brother Ignatius for that advice and sympathy which their religious surroundings had failed to provide for them. It is very pleasant to find the stern, devoted lives of ascetic men thus acting as a loadstone upon those whose part is rather with Magdalene than with the Virgin Mother—her who first chose virginity as the "more excellent way," even than a blameless wedded life.

Another boy, D——, whose demeanour at the lectures I have already mentioned, will serve as a specimen of several others. I remember once during a sermon seeing two of the choir boys in tears—a sight, I am afraid, seldom witnessed in our cathedrals. One of these was a rough-headed boy, with the face of a city Arab—a pupil in the "hedge school," also a candidate for admission into the third order, and a very well-behaved boy, and sincerely attached to the Brothers. A book of prayers,

given him by the Prior, was treasured up by him most religiously, his mother told me. The whole of this boy's family were zealous church people. His mother, a tall, "north-country" woman, would go out and expostulate with the "roughs" with the courage of an Amazon. One sister was the *cantatrice* at the church, whose efficiency I have before spoken of. She is, I believe, to be a sister in one of our English Orders by-and-by—a most well-behaved and religious girl. If I felt inclined to be out of patience with the world—a feeling that cannot always be traced to a tangible cause—a visit to this house always did me good.

To be turned out of the third order was esteemed by the boys the greatest possible punishment that could befall them. One boy, of the most difficult temper to deal with, I brought to instant submission, after some misconduct on his part, by threatening him with it. I gave him the alternative of writing a letter expressing his contrition, and promising not to offend similarly for the future, which he readily chose and complied with, though it must have gone sorely against the grain.

One little boy at school at Ipswich would walk over before breakfast to our communion service and back, eight miles, though his governess assured me that ordinarily she had great trouble to make him rise in the morning.

The services at Claydon certainly made the children love their church. I have noticed this, in its degree, in other churches where ritual propriety was more or less studied. I remember in a densely-populated town parish

two boys in the church choir, the elder of whom was a communicant, and at work at a pawnbroker's. The shop never closed on Saturday night till midnight, and by the time J—— went to bed I have no doubt it was nearly an hour later. His mother and the rest of the family lived right at the further end of the parish; but every Sunday morning F——, the younger brother, was up betimes, set out to his brother's, woke him, and they both went together to the early communion, though their duties as choristers involved their presence at the mid-day celebration as well. I used to contrast this with the terrible drudgery church-going was to me at their age, when, once a week, followed by a page with a pile of prayer-books, the "family" would start for their hired sleeping box at St. ——'s, to loll out a dreary parson-and-clerk duet, enlivened only, if I may use so equivocal an expression, by an anti-Popery discourse, with the occasional variety of an exposition of prophecy *à la* Cumming, or—*horresco referens*—a charity sermon.

Brother Ignatius certainly has a great talent for dealing with boys. His uniform patience with them, and his entering into their ways and pleasures, as well as his cheerful manner, which has a great charm for the young, is, I imagine, the secret of his success. He used often to amuse me with a description of the excitement produced in one of our old foundation grammar-schools by his appearance at the cathedral in his habit. All the boys were wild to know him, and so adopted the expedient of passing themselves off as the most devout High Churchmen, in order to gain his

attention. His description of their bowing at the "Glorias," and their looking furtively at him to see if the manœuvre had "told," was inimitable.

His manner with children was playful. I remember his saying to a little girl, "Mary, have you heard the last report?" On her saying she had not, he said, "What, not about how I am going to appear on All Saints' Day? I am coming out in a scarlet hood, a blue satin frock, a cloth-of-gold scapular, and a pair of pink slippers." He told a boy whom a clergyman had tried to keep from coming to see him, to ask him if he was afraid he should eat him? And, laying hold of his hand, and pretending to bite it, he said, "Now you can say I didn't eat you, but I had a nibble." One boy who always ran away from the Brothers, he came upon face to face one day. "Look here," he said, lifting up his cassock, "we've got feet, you see, like other people, not hoofs."

At Norwich, where the Brothers are now settled, they have a Sunday afternoon service, specially for boys, which is working with the happiest results. "Yesterday afternoon," Brother Ignatius lately wrote to a lady who took a deep interest in the work, "there were more than a hundred boys at my boys' class. When it was over they were so interested, that some volunteered to come and sing in our choir, &c., and all seemed to wish to shake hands with me before they left. There was no noise, although they had evidently come in for 'a lark.' Before they left, I got them down on their knees on the bare stones, and they joined heartily in the 'Litany of the Holy Name.' It was a beautiful sight—boys of all ages

and classes, who had come for a game, being brought to think seriously, as they evidently proved by their *extraordinary* devotion. It seemed something like a miracle." Later he wrote, "How I wish I could describe last Sunday to you! . . . I should think, at least, a thousand boys of all ages and classes beset our doors, wanting to attend our boys' service. Between three and four hundred, I should think, crowded our chapel and court-yard. Several want to join our third order already." Of course it was curiosity which brought many of these, but it is certainly most cheering to see an *interest* in religion awakened in persons of an age so seldom amenable to its influence. It is so rare a thing to see a boy *kneel* in church, that even that must have been a most refreshing sight. The influence of the Brotherhood was by no means confined to Claydon. As we have seen, people from the neighbouring villages used to frequent the church. A brother and sister, children of a farm labourer in a village four miles from Claydon, died during the past summer, and they were continually attended, at their own request, by one of the Brothers. They seemed to desire no visitor but him. "When will he come again?" was their constant inquiry day by day. They were sixteen and twenty years of age. I have heard the Brother describe this as one of the most peaceful death-beds he had ever seen, though from his former position he must have witnessed many. The poor mother, while thanking him with tears in her eyes, said of the boy, "He never was contented, sir, before he had that talk with you; after that he seemed a changed lad.

Instead of fearing death, he only seemed to long to be with Jesus." Another man, afflicted with a painful illness, was relieved and consoled in his affliction by the use of a rosary of our Lord's Passion, that was given him by a Brother. Incapable of sustained application, the half prayer, half meditation of that wonderful devotion was just what he needed. The rosary, adapted to the use of English Churchmen, was a very favourite devotion with all our poor people, and I ceased to wonder that it survived all the changes of the Reformation and was in use till late in the reign of Elizabeth. It was a prayer-book always ready at hand, and needing little learning to use it.

I was much amused one day by a conversation we had with an old man returning from Ipswich—"we" being the Superior and myself. The talk turned upon Claydon Church, and the Superior asked him if he had been there? "Oh, yes," he said, "and had heard a wonderful preacher —Brother Ignatius, I think they call un," not knowing who was his interrogator. "I ain't heard such a sermon as that un all my life, and I'm sixty-six years old come Christmas!" The worthy old man then launched out into an abuse of his parish priest, which Brother Ignatius vainly tried to stop two or three times. The clergyman in question was certainly an "extreme" Low Churchman, and means of grace were accorded to the poor parishioners in very scant measure; but, according to our informant, he was a harsh, unfeeling man, "that hadn't got any love for the poor," nor any forgiveness in him. He always brought up his catalogue by saying, "But I

ain't got no ambition against him, for all that he's a downright bad man"—*ambition* being the Suffolk equivalent for "spite." At last came the climax. "Have you never heard say, sir," he said, appealing to the Superior, "that a man's house is his castle? Well, sir, Mr. —— don't seem to think so nohows. He came into my house one Sunday, and began *chastising* my wife, and so I lost all patience, and clean put him out and shut the door upon him." The idea of a clergyman coming into a parishioner's house and beating his wife fairly staggered us; but we gathered from the context, that by *chastised* the good man merely meant, in East Anglian parlance, "scolded," a species of "chastisement" she very probably deserved. Several times during this conversation, Brother Ignatius had been trying to impress upon the good man the advantage of only detailing good about our neighbour. At last I thought he had succeeded, and was giving the Superior credit for his tact. "Now his father," the man began, "*old* Mr. ——, he *was* a good man, if ever there was," and for about five minutes he confined himself to an enumeration of the virtues of Mr. ——, senior. Then suddenly relapsing, with a "But as to his son," he broke out afresh in the old strain. It was a hopeless case.

Among our Sunday morning congregation for a long time was a young man from the workhouse. He got leave, with some difficulty, to attend the services at Claydon. He came to the early service, and communicated, and the morning service at eleven still found him at his post, and he was also generally at the late

evening service. It was not till he had done this several times that we discovered that to do it he had to turn Sunday literally into a fast, having no food till he returned in time for supper. Yet he told us Sunday was his happiest day. Eventually the authorities would not continue their leave of absence, so he was reduced to the means of grace afforded by the union.

As a pendant to this, I may mention the case of a boy of the "tramp" species. One of the Brothers found him with his mother in the road, and discovered in conversation that he was unbaptized. He was taken to the monastery, fed and washed, and was then baptized. It must have been a touching sight,—the boy, with his ragged clothes, but eager, earnest face, on which the light shone from the burning taper he held in his hand, fitting type of the light of faith which was henceforth to illumine his soul; the pale, worn mother, who had probably not entered a church for years; the clergyman, the monks, and the youthful acolyte. In how many weary pilgrimages will that strange unwonted scene recur to that boy's memory—will that moment be remembered when the wandering mendicant received a gift which kings might well envy him! There was a time when for such as these the monastery gate would ever be open to deal its alms, its hospice to afford a night's shelter—its cemetery, it may be, to give them the last shelter of all, not with a "pauper's funeral," but with an interment befitting the tenement which had been the temple of the Holy Spirit. But these days, we are told, are over; the broad chariot wheels of an advancing civilization have obliterated

their very footprints. Be it so; let them pass on. They have the hedge and the haystack, and the hardly-doled alms, and, when these fail, the workhouse and the workhouse shell—what more can they need?

Most persons have a tendency to idealize the past. "There were giants in the earth in those days" is, so to speak, the antiphon to which each succeeding age has perused the records of those which went before it. This spirit is certainly better than its, perhaps, legitimate reaction—the worship of the nineteenth century, with its pharisaic self-sufficiency, and its scornful ignorings of the "dark ages." Yet both weigh matters in a false balance; the difference is only one of degree. In the debateable land of the Middle Ages, for instance, the one party would find, probably, much that was very unfaithful in the "ages of faith," the other much that was bright and truly glorious in the "dark ages," did they search their records with unbiased carefulness. It is very instructive to study the history of one age by the light of the other. They have more in common than would appear to a casual observer. Human nature is essentially the same in all ages, how much soever it may differ in its accidents. Peter the Hermit preaching the crusade is certainly a figure that the wildest flight of the imagination could not appropriate to the nineteenth century. Yet in the quiet cloister at Claydon I often found myself drawing a comparison between the "movement" of which he was the main-spring, and that with which I was surrounded. Was it altogether imagination that traced a parallel

between Peter, with his mean presence and short stature, preaching a crusade that was deemed at first the idle dreaming of an enthusiast, but was destined to evoke the spirit which was to check Islam in its career of conquest, and which probably saved Europe from Mahometan rule, and the courteous and intellectual Superior of the Claydon community? Doubtless the hermit had the same oppositions to encounter in his enterprise as befall those who are doing any great work for Christ now-a-days. "Prudent" persons shook their heads and thought him very "indiscreet;" lazy parish priests of the *laissez aller* type were no doubt terribly "put about" by the doings of the meddlesome anchorite. History passes these by, and merely records his success. The prudent ones altered their tone then, like the inhabitants of Mellitus when Paul preached among them, and the lazy ones had to swim with the tide, and acquiesce in the inevitable. In every age so true it is that success exacts a homage that well-meant exertions otherwise fail to obtain. A glance at the past in this light is most consoling to those who are tempted in the midst of their trials to look back wistfully and sigh, "There were giants in the earth in those days." True, there were; but it was only after ages that did justice to their greatness. I used to wonder sometimes whether St. Antony or St. Benedict ever were troubled with the little petty annoyances that befell us at Claydon—none the less irksome because their very littleness destroys the "romance" which attaches to those which history has deemed worthy of a niche in her gallery; whether the

children of the monastery were ever caught birds-nesting (!) at recreation time, or otherwise allowing their boy-nature to triumph over the sobriety befitting the convent, to the scandal and perturbation of their seniors; whether any of the school children who came from the neighbouring villages for instruction were taken off to the Arian school by parents who objected to corporal punishment; and so on. After all, what a mere outline history is. It is like a panorama, which looks so complete and smooth at a distance, and when you get near, expecting to find the finished details of a photograph, it is all coarse daubs, suggesting, not supplying, the filling up. Many an event that looks very commonplace to us who view it so closely and familiarly may elicit from future ages the very same ejaculation, "There were giants in the earth in those days."

Be this as it may, the successful working of the Claydon Brotherhood was tempered with a due proportion of such petty annoyances, as well as more active opposition. I used often to be reminded of a prayer provided for the inmates of a monastery of old, which bade them thank God not only for the friends He had raised up for the order, but also for its enemies, who gave it so many opportunities of merit. For some time the Brotherhood had to bear the brunt of the determined opposition of a certain section of the High Church party, —amiable theorizers, who, surrounded by all the comforts and refinements of modern society, had been *wishing* for years for brotherhoods, which they had not the energy or the self-denial to inaugurate. It was nothing to such as

these that the order was working well, stirring up an interest in religion among those that the ordinary parochial machinery failed to touch, and successfully meeting some of our most flagrant ills. Life Christianity of old, it was "everywhere spoken against," and so it was evidently not "safe" to have anything to do with it. Even those inclined to favour it shared this spirit. First, it was a fear lest the ritual, however useful in the immediate neighbourhood, should retard rather than aid the Catholic movement in general; then, when apparently no such result had taken place, lest the monastic habit should have a like effect. St. George's mission, where Brother Ignatius worked more, and more successfully, than any other clergyman, was closed against him, because the "friends" of the mission threatened to withdraw their subscriptions if so "indiscreet" a person was allowed to be connected with it. "I trust the order will never have any 'friends,'" he used to say when mentioning this circumstance.

If, as I had occasion to point out before, there is a "philosophy" of a "No Popery" outcry, there is also a philosophy of "discretion," and its study is no less instructive. It has a respectable front, but it is a cold-blooded, calculating animal, and blights a vast deal of generous, unselfish work for God. Happy they who can afford to dispense with its companionship. Prudence is a Christian virtue; but it is not Christian prudence to keep silence, when silence may involve the loss of immortal souls. Among High Church people there has sprung up of late an undue craving for peace and

quiet, even when it is to be purchased at the price of the submission of some principle; and that absurdest of all hallucinations, the idea that the possession, in the Essayists, of a common foe, will draw the two great factions of the English Church together, as if the two religions—for such in fact it amounts to—which struggle in the womb of the Established Church could ever be at one on any other terms than the surrender, on one side or the other, of its distinctive principles, tends to make a charge of "indiscretion" one of the most damning charges one High Churchman can bring against another. In this respect history merely repeats itself. No sooner was there a lull in the persecution which preceded the martyrdom of St. Cyprian, than "expediency" and worldliness grew among Christians. They began to acquiesce in the state of things by which they were surrounded; and when the sword was again unsheathed to separate the chaff from the wheat, never had apostacies been so frequent, never had *libellatici* been so numerous. So true it is that active opposition seems essential to any healthy development of the Church. "*Quieta non movere*" may be all very well in its way, but surely not when "leave people to go to hell their own way" is its right interpretation. If confession and the Real Presence and the sacramental system are only mediæval myths, by all means let them be exploded as soon as may be; but if they are Catholic verities, let them be proclaimed upon the housetop. Yet people talk as if Christianity in general, and the "Oxford Movement" in particular, were a system designed to push certain theories as far as can

be done conveniently, rather than to save immortal souls; and so "discretion" is interpreted to be, not the art of managing things so as to save most souls, regardless of the personal toil and trouble involved, but that of keeping "out of hot water."

It is wonderful to see the depths of rancorous hate, or persistent ill-will, that an otherwise amiable man will exhibit towards one to whom attaches the stigma of religious "indiscretion," or "extreme" views or practices. The man who would forgive the servant who robbed him, or the friend that deceived him, has no mercy for his brother who dares to carry out sound theories into inconvenient practice, or to go a step nearer towards the logical consequences of principles common to both, than himself. There is distrust enough, and "evil surmisings," among persons of opposite schools of theology; but it is especially true of religion in more ways than one, that "a man's foes shall be they of his own house." Let a man's motives be ever so sincere and his work ever so successful, if he raises an outcry against himself he is henceforth a dangerous character. *Habet fœnum in cornu.* It has always been so, and will be, I suppose, to the end of the chapter.

Uniformly, I believe, the Superior found the greatest amount of support among those who would be called "moderate" Churchmen. I do not attempt to explain the phenomenon, but so it was. The more advanced school to whom he would naturally have looked for support held aloof, or threw cold water on his work. Perhaps it was that active Churchmen acquire an

awkward habit of snubbing all work that does not originate with themselves. At a lecture in a provincial town, Brother Ignatius stated that the only people who had thrown any obstacles in his way were the local Tractarian clergy—one of whom descended to threatening a bookseller employed to sell the tickets with the loss of his custom, if he undertook to do so! Dr. ——, of ——, had invited Brother Ignatius to preach there, but afterwards wrote, asking him not to come. The letter was inexplicable, till it was discovered that the Rev. Doctor had been at —— Vicarage shortly before he penned it. It would be too much to hope that among all who read these pages there should be found none who will withhold their sympathy from the work it describes; but all, it is believed, will admire the earnestness and straightforwardness with which it was carried out. The Brothers began at once as they meant to continue, looking opposition boldly in the face, and setting themselves to work with stern determination, as men who, having convinced themselves of the justice of their cause, meant to persevere till death. The success that they have been permitted to enjoy is an earnest that these qualities were better than the half measures and "expediency" that mar so much Church work.

He also experienced great kindness, as well as great opposition, from various sections of Dissenters. At Norwich, a local preacher, of the Wesleyan connection, expressed his admiration of the Superior's lecture, and added that, were he not a married man, he would himself join the order! The work at Claydon has been more

than once compared to Wesley's; and very probably, if Wesley had lived now, he would have founded a religious order, instead of a sect. As it was, he took the idea of his "Society" from the two orders of preaching friars, and never had the least intention of separating from the Church. The very word "methodist" is merely the English equivalent of the word "regular," which is applied to the monastic clergy, because they live by method or rule. The capability of the "monastic" movement for good may be judged of by considering what Wesleyanism would have been had it continued auxiliary, not antagonistic, to the Church.

Perhaps, as it is, we may live to see Wesleyanism what its founder wished it to be, a huge lay confraternity in communion with the Church. If, on its part, the "Conference" would recognize the fundamental doctrines of the priesthood, Baptismal Regeneration, and the Real Presence, and the Church would give its ministers the *status* of subdeacons, with power to preach, catechise, and baptise in danger of death, the schism might easily be healed. Nor will these terms seem extravagant, when it is reflected, on the one hand, that the doctrines in question were held by Wesley, and on the other, that serious propositions for restoring an order of subdeacons have of late been entertained by convocation. Certainly it is to a great extent, if not entirely, the Church's fault that this is not the position of Wesleyanism to this day,* and she is bound to do all in her power to remedy

* A friend has furnished me with the following anecdote:—An "Irvingite evangelist" went into a Wesleyan school, and after a

the ills which her own apathy and want of elasticity brought into being. Perhaps it may be reserved to the monastic movement to heal the breach.

I was much attracted, while at Claydon, by a lay brother of middle age, who occasionally accompanied me to Ipswich and elsewhere, and was frequently my companion in recreation time. He was, of course, very imperfectly educated, and had been brought up in the focus of dissent and radicalism, the *atelier* of an east-end tailor. I was first drawn to him by the entire absence of

little conversation inquired how they were getting on? "Pretty well," was the reply; "but we are sadly hampered by these Puseyites." "Indeed," said the evangelist; "and how do they interfere with you?" "Why, you see," was the rejoinder, "they make their services so attractive that they draw some of our people away; and then, to think of the deadly errors they teach, Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence!" Shortly after, the evangelist picked up, at a book-stall, a small pamphlet entitled, "Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence. Two sermons. By John Wesley." On inquiring the price, "Ah!" said the bookseller, "that is rather a rare pamphlet. The editors of Wesley's 'complete' works omitted to include those two sermons; so they have never been reprinted." The evangelist purchased the book, and expressed his intention of showing it to his Wesleyan friend when they next met. Among the "suppressed" works of Wesley, I once met with a life of some Roman Catholic ascetic, Don Lopez something, as far as I remember the title, of which it was almost impossible to obtain a copy. It was translated literally, with comments by way of notes, which now and then dissented from the sentiments of the original writer; but that the "Life" should have been translated and published by the founder, as calculated to edify members of "the society," is a significant fact.

secular topics in his conversation; he never seemed to have any interest for anything but religion. He had been brought up from childhood in the crowded streets of London, and had, I believe, never seen the country but once for a few hours when he accompanied some children to a school treat, till he came to Claydon. It was quite charming to see his appreciation of rural scenes and incidents. An enormous flight of crows, who literally covered a large field in one of our walks, gave him the child-like pleasure that is rarely witnessed in its perfection except among a party of children at a pantomime or a raree-show. This brother was wont to amuse his leisure hours by composing sermons, which he generally read to me on their completion; and though, of course, they had grave defects both of style and of grammar, I could not help thinking that a body of preachers taken from the lower ranks would be a very great boon to the Church. As it is, schism is swelled by the large bodies of men who fancy they have qualifications to fit them for the ministry, but cannot afford a university education, or even to take the usual course as "literates." I am always sorry when I hear people regretting that a lower class of candidates present themselves for ordination than heretofore. Surely, we have "gentlemen parsons" enough and to spare. The poor feel that men taken from their own ranks can understand them better than the gentry, and so they take refuge in dissent. At the same time an illiterate clergy is undoubtedly a great evil, and however primitive it may be for ministers to work at trades, and mix in the ordinary employments of

the world, it is unsuited to the present time. Monastic preachers would possess the advantages without the drawbacks; there would be an opening for the lower classes to enter the priesthood; yet their habit and mode of existence would mark them as cut off from every-day life, while the system under which they lived would give them the necessary training, and ensure the orthodoxy of their doctrine.

I learned at Claydon to appreciate the cut-and-dried system of routine and want of elasticity which lost Wesleyanism to the Church. During my sojourn there, there passed from amongst us one of that little band of noble-hearted men who battled for the Church's cause in the early and chivalrous days of the "movement," when the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. It is well to pause and ask why FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER died an alien from the Church he once so devotedly served? If I interpret history aright, it was just the insularity and narrowness which some people would fain laud as English that estranged him from us, and gave another illustrious name to the list of Rome's converts, and it may be also of her canonized saints. His intellect and his mind did homage to the elasticity of her mighty system, which, without fear of imperilling unity, can find room and work for men of the most varied *attraits*. At all events it is hard to fancy the busy Superior of the London Oratory at home in a little country rectory.

Luckily the spirit is on the decline, and a feeling is gaining ground everywhere that extraneous aids to the "Church system," properly so called, are necessary if

the Church is to reach the masses. From Mr. Aitkin and his revival meetings, up to mission churches with their frequent services, efforts are being made on all sides to supplement the ordinary parochial machinery of the Church. The days when taking holy orders was called "going into the Church" are luckily gone by, and laymen are awaking to a sense of their duties as Churchmen no less than the clergy. Lay agency is becoming more and more recognized. So, too, the various forms of dissent are wont to supplement their more ordinary machinery by employing the energies—vigorous, if coarse and ill-directed—of converted engine-drivers, conjurers, and colliers. Monasteries are nothing but all this "lay agency" systematized and directed; and if any one is inclined to ask, "What does the Church of England know of monasteries?" the reply is simple. The same question might be asked of Scripture readers, Bible classes, the Christian Knowledge Society, and all other things that are not set down *totidem verbis* in her system. But more. The English Church, as we have seen, refers us to the Primitive Church as our model; and certainly monasteries can claim a sanction from the Primitive Church that it would be difficult to find for Scripture readers, Bible classes, or even such societies as the Christian Knowledge Society, &c.

One thing is certain, that the Church of England is not in a position to lose anything that is calculated to strengthen her hands. Had she had the wisdom to retain Wesleyanism as an auxiliary to her parochial system, she would be in a very different position from

that which she now holds; and though in the altered state of affairs it is not likely that any amount of "snubbing" would drive Brother Ignatius into founding a sect, it will sooner or later rest with the Church to aid or retard—it may be to accept or reject—the work inaugurated at Claydon.

CHAPTER VII.

Internal working of the Order.—Monastic discipline.—A Retreat. A matter-of-fact Brother.—Attraction of Roman cloisters.—The "habit."—An objection met.—Form of government.—A *triclinium*.—Anecdotes of Brother Ignatius.—Visit to the Highlands.—A Presbyterian regiment.—Presbyterian toleration.—A formidable document.—A landlady *in terrorem*.—A meek minister of the Gospel.—Practical view of a maid-servant.—Services at Kingussie.—A poverty-struck mission.—Workings of Presbyterianism.—The ruined monastery.—Lacordaire and Brother Ignatius.—A professor of Gaelic.—Sermons at Aberdeen.—Episode of a purse.—The lost watch.—Fashionable young ladies.—A novel kind of self-contemplation.—Wasted pity.—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."—Incidents in the Superior's tour of lectures.—Value of a newspaper attack.—Monastic delicacy of conscience.—The narrow-mindedness of the cloister.—Letter to a friend.

In a quiet country village like Claydon, and in the uniform life which we led, the time passed by with but little of incident beyond our own work, and I soon found the period I had allotted to my visit drawing to a close. In this absence of incident, it may be as well if, before parting with my reader, I mention a few circumstances connected with the internal arrangement of the order, which I may have omitted in my description of the daily routine.

I forget whether I have already mentioned the harmony in which the Brothers lived. Here were six persons of

different characters and dispositions, and of different habits of life previous to joining the order, in no way related to each other, suddenly brought into the closest connection; but, although there were little subjects of internal annoyance, as I have hinted—habits of obedience not being acquired at once—I never, during the whole time I was there, saw anything like ill-will displayed. I had also, while there, a good opportunity of testing the value of monastic discipline.

One of the Brothers, who had joined shortly before I came, and who was not altogether satisfactory, had committed an act of disobedience, with certain attendant circumstances, which had got slightly exaggerated. In the absence of the Superior, the Prior reported the matter to him, and the offending Brother was terribly afraid that he would be removed from the order. The Superior judged it proper to test his vocation rather severely. The Brother was to be confined in a separate room, and to hold no intercourse with any of the Brothers but the Prior, till the Superior returned. He was put under "retreat." All manual work, beyond cleaning out his cell, was suspended, and his time was passed in prayer and contemplation. A paper was drawn up by the Prior, assigning a religious exercise to each particular hour. I do not remember its details, but in addition to the recitation of the "hours" in private, there were, I recollect, two meditations a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, the subjects of which were appointed by the Prior, and the Psalter to be said daily, as well as some minor devotional

exercises. The Brother cheerfully submitted to this discipline, and persevered in it till the return of the Superior. He even voluntarily increased its severity, begging the Prior to let him have only bread and water during the "retreat;" but after a few days he was obliged to give this up, as he found it telling upon his health. He afterwards spoke of this retirement as having been of much use to his soul, and he certainly seemed much improved by the discipline.

Individual Brothers had a "retreat" of two or three days from time to time, either at their own request, or when they were seen to require it; though it was very inconvenient to spare them from active work.

I once showed the Brother I have mentioned above a picture, a well-known one of Overbeck's, in which our Lord is represented as a Boy, standing with His arms stretched on the cross. He said he did not like it because it was not *natural*. I could not make him see its symbolical meaning. It was evidently not the *poetry* of the thing that had brought him there.

This young man might, I suppose, be called a convert from Romanism. That is, disgusted with the Protestant aspect with which the Church of England came before him, he had seceded some time back, and had thoughts of joining a Roman Catholic order. On hearing of Brother Ignatius, however, he had immediately begged to be admitted.

Another, who had not come into residence when I was there, but is now at Norwich, was also thinking of joining a Roman Catholic order before he heard of the

Claydon Brotherhood; and a third had seceded years ago, and entered upon the novitiate in a Cistercian monastery of the "Trappist" reform, but had found the rule too austere. He had subsequently re-studied the controversy, and convinced himself of the claims of the English Church upon his allegiance. Having always had a longing for the "religious life," he was an early applicant for admission into the order. Several had to be put off at Claydon on account of the want of accommodation.

The cost of each Brother is estimated at £25 per annum—a sum to the smallness of which the inexpensive nature of the "habit" greatly contributes. The Brothers were much attached to this habit. There was nothing Pharisaical in this feeling. The dress was to them a badge of their profession, and they took in it a pride similar to that felt by a soldier to his uniform, or, perhaps still more, to the colours of his regiment. It was, besides, a kind of portable cloister, recalling to them at all times their separation from the world. To be deprived of the habit for a time, which was occasionally done for a flagrant breach of the rule, was regarded as a severe punishment. I think if anything would have tried the faith of the Brothers in the reality of their work, it would have been the abandonment, on the part of their Superior, of their distinctive dress.*

* The reader who may care to go deeper into the question of the habit—its use, expediency and defence—is referred to a recent pamphlet, published by Mr. Wesley, of Paternoster-row, entitled, "A Plea for the Religious Habit."

It has been objected against the habit, that it differs more from the ordinary dress of men than the habit of sisters does from that of women. The clergy are bound by the canon to wear a cassock and priest's cloak, and were this acted upon, the monastic habit would have but little to make it conspicuous. Besides, the objection is really against the *thing*, not its outward expression. A man who approves of the life will not be found to take exception to the dress; and one who is prejudiced against it will not feel any more attachment to the Sister of Mercy, who dresses as much like the woman of the world as may be, than to the one who boldly assumes the wimple and the scapular.

The abbot is a constitutional monarch, elected by the Brothers in Chapter, and can be deposed by the same tribunal if he should fail to govern in conformity to the rule. Though he may be a layman, priests, or even bishops, were they to join the order, would be subject to him, taking their place below all the senior brethren, though, of course, they would retain the spiritual prerogatives of their office. The affairs of the society are ordered by the Chapter, which the abbot has the power of assembling at pleasure. The Chapter of the whole order is called the General Chapter. The Prior is useful as a link between the Abbot and the Brethren, as the supervision of the general affairs of the monastery draws the Superior a good deal away from their company. Abbots are forbidden to keep up any state, or to hold themselves aloof from the Brethren. At Claydon the Superior always dined with the other Brothers. Occasion-

ally, when he had matters to talk over, he would have supper in his own room with the Prior. On these occasions, as a guest, I was generally asked to be present.

At these meals I heard some interesting anecdotes of the Superior. One of these illustrates his extraordinary power of throwing himself into the feelings and habits of others. During his visit to the Highlands he travelled with a detachment of Presbyterian soldiers, and with his usual urbanity entered into conversation with the men. What passed I do not know; but the rough men of Mars, whose only ideas of religion had been imbibed through the medium of the narrowest and most bigoted of human creeds, were fairly won. "Here was a minister," they said, "that entered into all their ways and feelings; talked to them of their amusements and habits of life; and while he reproved sin and evil, and told them of the love of Jesus, did not tell them that to be religious it was needful to be morose and gloomy." The men asked if he was going to settle in Edinburgh, as they should like to hear him preach, and expressed a wish that he was their chaplain. It was to no purpose that Brother Ignatius told them he was not a clergyman of their religion—that he was not a Presbyterian minister, but a Catholic monk. Undeterred alike by this formidable phraseology and by the unwonted garb of their strange companion, they persisted in expressing a wish that he was their chaplain, and at the end of their journey parted from him with evident grief and many expressions of goodwill.

In direct contrast to this was an incident that occurred

to him at the Free Kirk parish of Carr Bridge, Morayshire. Here he was denounced from the pulpit as a heretic. The immediate cause of this was that he had distributed a tract which stated that Christ had died for all. It was his intention to have preached in the parish. On the Sunday morning—I beg pardon, the Sabbath—the following choice document was put under his door. I copy it exactly from the original :—

WARNING TO THE JESUIT PRIEST.

As thy Tribe was always a pestelence to the World. We warn you to forbear Spreading thy eroneous Doctrine in this parsh lest you get a broken head for as you acted aganst the law, you need not expect is protection So forbear to pray or Preach in this Parish if not the ill be on your own head.

The landlady—one Mrs. Lobban—had been threatened with all manner of summary processes if she harboured the Brother; so, accordingly, he had notice immediately. Not a lodging was to be had in the place, and as his party included an old lady, they were driven at their wit's end to know what to do. The landlady being inexorable, as a last resource, Brother Ignatius wrote a polite letter to the minister. But here a new difficulty presented itself. The landlady would not take it as "it was Sarbath," and if she did, she said the minister would not break the "Sarbath" by breaking the seal. It was only by promising not to preach that he was allowed to stay two days longer in the parish.

The next day Mrs. C——, the old lady, trusting to her venerable appearance and the respect due to age, undertook to convey his letter to Mr. Logan, the minister,

in propria personâ. Respect for old age, however, was there none in Carr Bridge if it savoured of "Popery." The minister treated her with great insolence; told her Brother Ignatius ought to have been ashamed of himself for going to lodge in an honest woman's house without first telling her what religion he was of—a proceeding which was apparently tantamount to lodging in the streets—and said he was a heretic and a *liar* for saying that Christ died for all. In answer to the letter he said he would not contaminate himself by speaking to him, and that he had already denounced him as a heretic and liar from the pulpit. The upshot was, that as soon as the two days' grace was expired, they had to ride, in a pouring rain, in an open car to Kingussie, a distance of some twenty miles, where they met with a more hospitable reception.

The "hours" which the household said during their stay at Carr Bridge, as elsewhere, were a source of much astonishment to Mrs. Lobban's girl. "They keep every day better than we do our Sabbath" was her simple but highly philosophical comment.

At Kingussie the vesper service of the Scotch Episcopal Church was said daily, and was attended by the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians alike. Holy Communion was celebrated three times during their sojourn there, a clergyman coming a hundred and fifty miles to perform the service! The Roman Catholic priest, a Highland chief, I believe, who had a large tract of country under his charge, and who celebrated mass at different "stations" by turns, made no opposition to his flock

attending on these occasions, though they did not communicate. The Eucharist was celebrated with a great deal of pomp, according to the Scotch rite, and must have contrasted strongly with the mass performed by Father Campbell, the paraphernalia of which, owing to the grinding poverty of the mission, was a *board* by way of altar, and two glass candlesticks, between which was suspended a holy water stoup, surmounted by a crucifix in rudely painted china, such as are to be met with in the cottages of the very poor. There must have been something quite patriarchal in a mass performed with these humble accessories by a priest whom the clan regarded at once as their temporal and spiritual chieftain.

Brother Ignatius reported very unfavourably of the workings of Presbyterianism on the national character. From having passed so much of his early days among them, he has a most enthusiastic admiration for a Highlander; but he says nearly all the good points of their character which are developed under the Catholic system, whether in its "Episcopalian" or its Roman aspect, give place to duplicity and low cunning under the warping influences of Calvinism. He says that in these secluded spots neatness, tidiness, and order, were always the attributes of the Catholic in contradistinction to the Protestant village—a fact the converse of which is often urged by controversialists as regards other parts of the globe.

The ruins of Beauly Priory, an old Cistercian monastery, surrounded by the most lovely scenery, the heights

of Ben Wyvis, the "mountain of the storms," in the background, with the torrent of the Glass sweeping by at its foot, and to the south the beautiful waters of the Beauly Bay, called forth an expression of his abhorrence of the sacrilege of the sixteenth century. His lines on Beauly Priory* evince sufficient talent to show that Brother Ignatius's powers as a poet are scarcely inferior to his capabilities as a preacher or a lecturer. This little work was printed at the expense of a country tradesman who heard one of his lectures, and its beautiful typography must be regarded as a mark of his sympathy with the work.

With the single exception of the Carr Bridge episode Brother Ignatius travelled through the length and breadth of Presbyterian Scotland in his monastic habit without meeting with the smallest insult. On the principle, I suppose, that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country," this kind of treatment was reserved wholly to the rustics of Claydon. He assured me that in travelling he uniformly met with the greatest politeness; an experience that I have heard shared by Sisters of Mercy, who have had occasion to travel. He has never had any occasion to regret that, like Father Lacordaire, he commenced by boldly appearing in the proscribed dress of a proscribed and "suppressed" order. Probably the French Dominican and the English Benedictine were actuated in this course by the same feeling—

*"The Ruined Monastery: a Waking Dream." By the Rev. Brother Ignatius. Taunton: R. F. Clarke. 1863.

a conviction that great works are not to be inaugurated by "half measures."*

While in the Highlands, Brother Ignatius conceived the idea of bringing back a native boy, to educate as a missionary, and to serve as an instructor in Gaelic to others to form the nucleus of a future mission in Scotland, but the limited accommodation at Claydon induced him to forego the scheme.

At Aberdeen Brother Ignatius preached on two occasions at St. Mary's Church. The offertory was liberally placed at his disposal on both these occasions. The first service, which was on Sunday, was crowded, several persons being unable to obtain admission; and though the congregation was almost entirely composed of poor persons, the collection realized five pounds. As he was leaving Aberdeen, two poor women, who had been unable to contribute, urged him to accept half-a-crown from each.

This five pounds, with some other donations which he had received in Scotland, amounting in all to about ten or twelve pounds, figured in a little adventure. On reaching London, Brother Ignatius had occasion to travel in an omnibus; and on alighting he discovered, to his consternation, that the wash-leather bag, which served him as a purse, together

* It is rather amusing to find a High Church newspaper taking exception to the habit on the grounds that it was *not* by assuming it before people were prepared for it, that Father Lacordaire restored the Dominican Order in France. The supposed exigencies of "expediency" make people strangely careless of facts.

with its contents, literally the whole property of the order, beyond the Sunday evening collections at Claydon, was missing. He pursued the vehicle; but the habit, besides attracting a great deal of attention, is certainly not designed for running, a species of exercise not contemplated by the rule; and the omnibus soon got so far ahead that pursuit was futile. Exhausted by his chase, Brother Ignatius went into the nearest shop, which happened to be a hair-dresser's, and begged to be allowed to rest. After a few moments of repining, he bethought him that it was wrong to grieve; that possibly the whole affair was designed by God as a trial of faith, and that in any case resignation to His will was a manifest duty. He took up his rosary, and said a decade. Scarcely was it finished, before a gentleman entered the shop, and, bowing to the Superior, said, "Might I ask if you have lost anything?" "Indeed I have," was the reply, "everything that I possess." On this the gentleman rejoined that he had seen him drop something on quitting the omnibus, which the conductor had picked up; and added that, if he took his card, which he produced, and told the conductor that he was ready to swear to seeing him pick up the purse, he would probably regain it. Brother Ignatius acted on the hint; the omnibus was blocked up among a mass of carts and waggons, and was easily reached; and the conductor returned the purse.

On his return to Claydon I walked over to Ipswich to meet him, and as we were walking through the fields, among other things Brother Ignatius recounted this incident to me. On reaching the rectory, he found that he

had lost his watch. Under a railway bridge he remembered stooping down to adjust his sandal, and there it was supposed to have been dropped. Inquiries were set on foot, but no tidings were heard of it during my stay. On meeting him subsequently, I had the curiosity to inquire if he had recovered his watch. "O yes," he said, "it was brought back soon after you left." The Brothers had been asked to pray for its return, as it was the timepiece of the monastery; and, contrary to human probability, it was brought back.

A conversation that he related with a "fashionable" young lady was highly characteristic. He was pointing out how trifles would serve to annoy people who lived the artificial kind of life she was leading, and had asked her if she would not be seriously put out if, when she was riding in Rotten Row, she overheard a gentleman pointing her out as "that ugly young lady?" She confessed that she would; though she added, naively, that it was an annoyance not likely to occur. The conversation continued, and its tone, half serious, half *badinage*, became highly distasteful to his fair listener. At length she thought she had caught this stern preacher of asceticism. "Now then," she said, "let me ask *you* a question. Is it right to admire the beautiful works of God?" "Of course it is," was the reply. "Well then," the young lady added, quite *au sérieux*, "*I* am one of the beautiful works of God, and, on your own showing, I do right to admire myself." "Certainly," was the ready response. "If you find the contemplation of yourself raise your mind to God, I should recommend

you to shut yourself up all day before your looking-glass." To another, who, as a friend of the family, exhorted him to give up "this madness"—meaning the life he had chosen—he said, "If you think that balls, and parties, and the opera, and morning visits, are the way to heaven, by all means follow the line you have marked out for yourself, but leave me to follow mine." These butterflies of fashion were his special abhorrence. I remember walking with him at Brighton, when a middle-aged lady, sumptuously dressed, said loud enough for him to hear, in passing, "Unhappy wretch! How I do pity you!" "I am much obliged for her pity," he said when she had swept by, "but she certainly might have reserved it to herself. A fashionable lady who has no higher object in life than walking about to see and be seen is certainly a legitimate subject for the sincerest pity. And as to my being unhappy, I wish she had a quarter of my happiness."

Certainly the time at Claydon used to pass by very happily; and the Superior often remarked to me that, notwithstanding the coarse opposition of the Claydon "Protestants," he had never spent a year of such unbroken peace and serenity. He would watch the Brothers at recreation time, and call me to observe them at their different occupations, saying, "It does one good to look at them; they are just like children, not a care or a trouble to ruffle their brows. All that," he would add, smiling, "falls on my shoulders." It was very true. The position of Superior is not an enviable one. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." To plan,

and watch, and arrange; to have perpetually to be weighing opposite courses of action; to be ever solicitous for the health, bodily and spiritual, of his community; to be always accessible to all to advise, admonish, rebuke, reprove; and all this in addition to at least a general, perhaps a detailed, supervision of the whole affairs of the monastery; who would not change all this for the straight, level path of holy obedience?

I heard him once bid an old lady tell some people who professed to be very "High Church" that she had found out they were not "High Church," after all; for all real "High Church" people went to communion before breakfast, whereas her friends communicated at the mid-day celebration. I have no doubt she duly astonished them by making this statement next time she saw them; possibly adding, in the simplicity of her heart, that she was truly glad to find that it was merely a love of music, not, as she feared, an attachment to the errors of Puseyism, that took them to St. ——'s. Perhaps it would have set them thinking—a habit some people exercise remarkably seldom—so it is to be hoped she did.

Subsequently, when he went on his tour of lectures, he experienced many curious incidents. Friends rose up in the most unexpected quarters. His power over his audience was very striking; and on every occasion members who went prejudiced came away perfectly satisfied. "We have received accounts," says the January number of *Church Work*, "from Exeter and Taunton of the marked success which attended the lectures of Brother Ignatius, recently delivered in those

places, on the subject of Brotherhoods in the English Church, and particularly in defence of the 'Anglican Order of St. Benedict' which he has established. The attendance appears to have included Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Dissenters of various hues, who all vied at times in warm applause. One thing is quite certain, that whether Brother Ignatius is worthy of blame for assisting to carry on illegalities and unwise eccentricities at Claydon or not, a matter we are not considering at present, he has done good service in bringing to light the fact that people generally are willing to contemplate the revival of monastic life in the English Church." At Taunton, the most "illustrious convert" was the *Taunton Courier*, whose editor wrote an excellent leading article entirely in favour of the order.

The *Church Review*, which, though disowned as its organ, is in some sort under the *ægis* of the English Church Union, published an article containing an attack upon the Brotherhood. A member of the Union sent the Superior a donation of five pounds, expressing his regret that the editor should have given currency to the article. Perhaps this is a fair sample of the value of newspaper attacks.

A lady at Bristol, of "evangelical" tendencies, happened to go to St. Raphael's the day Brother Ignatius preached. She succumbed to his influence, and annoyed the good lady with whom she was staying—who was a member of the sect of Plymouth Brethren—so immoderately by sounding his praises, that she could scarcely keep within the bounds of ordinary politeness.

There is in Brighton a certain Saul, a head and shoulders taller than the rest of the people, and a well-known persecutor, *quantum potest*, of all who exceed his standard of Gospel simplicity, and, as such, the terror of timid and the amusement of sturdy Churchmen of the neighbourhood. Even he was not beyond the magnet's influence, and he put it on record at a public meeting that he had a great respect for Brother Ignatius. I suppose a downright, honest, straightforward "Tractarian," who went boldly to work without disguise or shuffling of any kind, was such a rare specimen of the genus that he involuntarily did homage to its worth. It is astonishing how these qualities will conciliate; yet we see people clinging frantically to their old threadbare "theories" of expediency, and putting a stopper upon progress by twaddle about "the weaker brethren," which is simply nauseating.

On looking back to the time spent at Claydon, I can only recall two experiences which I have not recorded in these pages. One was the fallacy, urged by some people, that in retiring from the world, people, by a kind of spiritual cowardice, run away from temptation. Nothing can be more untrue. The nature of the temptation may, perhaps, be changed, but temptation is not removed. If the recluse is not brought into contact with the grosser forms of sin, the higher spiritual atmosphere in which he lives begets in him a delicacy of conscience which leads him to attach deeper importance to what ordinary persons would call *little* sins. This is perhaps why monastic authors have spoken in such vehement terms of

corruptions. To these men, an abbot affecting the state of a baron, assumed the heinous aspect in which men of a worldlier tone of mind would view only absolutely immoral prelates; and a community who had relaxed the primitive fervour of its rule, had lengthened its recreation, abandoned its silence, or shortened its manual labour, appeared to the spiritual and the fervent to be akin to Sodom. Modern writers, unable to enter into their feelings, have misinterpreted their meaning; and so perhaps unwittingly—laid to the charge of mediæval monasteries "things that they knew not."

Another charge against religious communities is, that their seclusion from the world begets in the inmates a spirit of narrow-mindedness and a morbid self-contemplation. How far this may be true in purely contemplative orders, I cannot, of course, say; though I should think the duty of intercessory prayer, which forms so large a portion of the life of a contemplative, must be an effectual safeguard against the danger. As St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi said to her nuns, "God has separated you from the world, in order that you may appease His wrath against sinners." And the life that involves the daily remembrance before the throne of grace of "all states and conditions of men," and that not merely *en masse*, but, as far as possible, individually, cannot run any great danger of narrow-mindedness. "Persevering, systematic prayer for others," I heard a preacher once say, "is a sovereign remedy for selfishness."

By way of bringing to a close my experiences of the order, perhaps portions of a letter I wrote to a friend in

Scotland, while at Claydon, and which has been already quoted in the *Union Review*, may not be unworthy of reproduction, as presenting a kind of bird's-eye view of the working of the society during the year of its infancy in a country village, before it emerged into the wider mission field of a large and populous city. If the tone may be objected to as somewhat enthusiastic, it will be remembered that it was addressed to one thoroughly disposed to sympathize.

"Church principles in Claydon," I wrote, "present a very cheering aspect, which is in a very great measure due to their consistent setting forth on the part of the rector, and to their practical enforcement by a correct ritual, but no less to the assistance rendered him in his work by a resident community. That bane of the Catholic revival, the principle of reserve, which has done us such incalculable injury, is unknown here. The result is, of course, that the devil is fearfully enraged against us, and throws in our way every conceivable opposition; but, on the other hand, such solid progress is made as far outweighs these considerations. If we could only be time-servers, like so many, the opposition would greatly decrease, perhaps die out altogether, and, I may add, 'prudent' persons would speak well of us, and give us the right hand of fellowship, but then we should have to be content with making an infinitesimal amount of progress. We prefer, therefore, to take the opposition as a matter of course—to go on manfully, and to live it down. We have a population of five hundred; of these there are a hundred communicants. The average number

on Sundays is twenty; but on festivals forty, or even sixty persons receive. There is daily celebration, at which several assist without communicating, and daily choral vespers. On the first Sunday in the month there is, in addition, a solemn celebration, with lights, incense, &c., at eleven, matins having been said plain at ten. Several persons have been admitted into the church from the ranks of dissent; and lest you should think all this is mere excitement, I may add that the Church's recommendation as to sacramental confession as a preparation for communion is largely followed. Sixty persons (all, as far as we can recall, parishioners, and several of them converts) went to confession on Maunday-Thursday evening, and afterwards volunteered to keep vigil in the church out of honour to Good Friday—a refreshing sight in these days of cheap excursions on that most awful day. At a recent confirmation, this parish presented thirty-six candidates, the average number being eight or ten, and the next highest being eighteen, though several villages far exceed ours in population. With the Church party the Brothers are most popular, and several of the converts look up to them as to their spiritual children in Christ. The affection of the children is quite touching. . . . In this quiet, retired spot, with the careful ritual, the constant sound of the bell for the Brothers' offices, even waking the dead of the night with its call for nocturns, with the deeper booming of the 'Angelus'* at early

* The "Angelus," so called from the first words of its antiphon, "The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary," &c., is a "commemoration" (that is, an antiphon and collect in honour) of the

morning, noon, and again at even, the Brothers seen here and there in their sombre and picturesque habit, one might fancy that the reunion of Christendom, which is the object of our prayers, were already accomplished, and one seems to see, in actual fulfilment, those glorious verses of Neale's, beginning 'The good old days of England.' Another thing that would please you much is to see the sign of the cross so universally used by the people. It recalls the days of Tertullian and St. Cyril, when people had not yet learned to be ashamed of the sign of the Son of man. In a word, don't think me too enthusiastic if I add, that we seem to have here all the beauties of Rome without her drawbacks. I cannot help thinking that, if the Catholic faith were taught in every so-called High Church parish as it is here, the impetus given to the movement would enable it to carry all before it. Ease and quiet would have to be sacrificed, undoubtedly, as they have been here; but then, would not the result more than repay the inconvenience?"

The editor's comment is too valuable to be omitted. It is this: that "the Church of England, when her principles are faithfully taught, has as much hold on her children as her sister of Rome. A correspondent in the

Incarnation, which is repeated thrice a day, viz., at 6 a.m., before prime; at noon, before sext; and at 6 p.m., before vespers. Every one joins in the prayer, when the bell sounds, no matter what may be his occupation. It is the Christian equivalent for the Mahometan "call to prayer," which travellers are wont to contrast favourably with Christian habits of forgetfulness of the claims of religion in the midst of their daily occupations.

John Bull says, 'In Claydon the Church of England is essentially a *teaching* church;' and this is the secret of these increased communions, these conversions from dissent, and frequentation of the sacraments, which our correspondent speaks of. If the Church of England is to regain her hold on the people, she must come before them as 'a teaching Church.' In the pulpit, in catechising, and, we may add, in ritual, which is an acted sermon, the trumpet must give no uncertain sound; and then, even if its notes are the prelude of war, we may say with well-grounded hope,

"'Then come the battle when it may, and God defend the right!'"

I cannot find more appropriate words than these with which to close the record of my experiences of the "English Order of St. Benedict." They are the legitimate teaching of its year of probation at Claydon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparations for departure.—A mediæval legend.—The Objector returns.—Theory and Practice.—"Deaconesses."—Variety of Orders.—Rationalism and "Protestantism."—Importance of ritual as an engine of Church teaching.—Tendency to rest on our oars.—An oracular utterance.—"Save me from my friends."—The Objector resigns his office.—Progress of the "Oxford movement."—Was the Reformation anti-ritual?—The Reformation a mixed movement.—Antiquity in favour of ritual.—"Edification of the people" promoted by its use.—Monastic democracy.—The Abbot a constitutional ruler.—"English" character of the Benedictine rule.—Its freedom from "Roman" peculiarities.—The Objector departs.—A farewell walk.—My escort to the station.—From Claydon to Brighton.—The curtain falls.

I WAS sitting at the casement of the "parlour," looking out upon the scene before me, reflecting, it may be somewhat sadly, that my place in its midst would soon know me no more. For three months the little world on which I was now gazing had been my world in as real a sense as ever was Crusoe's desert island to that hero of romance; and, like him, I could not leave the scene of so many incidents, the centre of so many hopes and anxieties, without regret. But the sands of my appointed time were fast running out. Once more the autumn sun would rise upon me at Claydon. When next it showed itself, I should awake in the midst of other scenes. I had wandered sadly and listlessly about; had gone into the little school where I had so often

taught and where I had listened to "lectures" from the Superior; had traversed once again the garden walks that had been the scene of so many interesting conversations, where the Superior or the Rector had so often talked over with me the prospects of the order, where the lay brother I have spoken of had read his sermons. Every place seemed consecrated by a tradition, and it was an effort to realize that my sojourn had to be measured by months, not by years; that the world had been wagging on all this time in its wonted fashion, as unmindful of the atoms who had segregated themselves from its society, as it is of the larger array of atoms whom every pulsation of the clock is launching into eternity; that any day, six hours' travelling, or by any better railway, three hours, would have brought me back into the scenes I seemed to view through such a long vista; that to-morrow six hours' travelling would actually do this; that the day after I should be mingling in the busy throng of men, be witnessing the same crowd of the upper ten thousand who frequent the cliff at Brighton; should catch the notes of the same German band, with its endless tune that had set my teeth on edge in days of yore; and should ever and anon find myself fancying that I was regarded by passers-by as the denizen of another world, who had returned to revisit the places of its earthly sojournings.

I once visited a ruined abbey on the banks of the Rhine, which tradition assigned as the theatre of a strange event. Many an age back, when the abbey was not in ruins, but the home of a vigorous colony of monks,

there was a novice—says the legend—of a meditative and speculative turn of mind, and it was his wont to ponder in the wood, which formed as beautiful a leafy background to the busy monastery then as it did to the roofless ruin when I visited it. In the course of his musings, the difficulty suggested itself to him, how the joys of heaven could be eternal and unchangeable, and yet never weary by their sameness. He was new to the cloister, and perhaps his heart turned occasionally to the varied sports and pastimes he had left behind him, to the busy, ever-shifting scenes he had witnessed in the crowded streets of Cologne or Frankfort, and had not yet learned to see in the fixed routine of his adopted life, a foretaste of the bliss of the celestial inhabiters of whom the poet says,

> All that we know of saints above,
> Is that they sing and that they love!

Or as Archbishop Leighton puts it, when he defines an angelical life to consist between "ascending by prayer to heaven, to obtain graces, and descending to scatter them among men." Be this as it may, tradition relates that he went one day into the wood, and was revolving the difficulty the consideration of which had now become habitual to him, when he was entranced by the notes of a bird, whose song seemed to his delighted ears to be of more than earthly sweetness. He listened, and listened; still the little chorister poured out its flood of music; still the spell-bound novice listened to its wondrous song. In vain the bell tolled forth its call to prayer and praise; in vain sunshine gave place to twilight, and

twilight deepened into night. He heeded them not; his soul was in the song. At length the notes died out, and with an unsatisfied craving the novice retraced his steps to the Abbey. Was it his fancy that gave the place an altered look, that made him deem the stones more moss-grown, the mullions more weather-stained than when he left its walls but an hour ago? He rang at the bell; a strange voice returned his salutation, a strange porter opened the well-known door. He entered; it was the same. There was the well-remembered refectory—the familiar chapel; but the faces were new to him. He walked with bewildered steps to his stall in the choir; it was occupied by another. At length the mystery was cleared up. Some of the older monks remembered that long, long years before, when they were children in the minster school, a novice, bearing the name of this stranger, had been lost in the wood, and the astonished novice knew that he had listened to that song he had deemed all too short for years; "God," says the chronicle, "designing by this miracle to show him that if he could thus listen for years to the notes of a bird, the joys of heaven, which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, could never weary those who were privileged to join in them." I have given this legend at length, on account of its allegorical beauty. It is curious to contrast the astonishment we may conceive to have possessed the monk on perceiving the changes by which he was surrounded, with my own unreflecting wonder that during my short absence there had been so few.

An argument I once had about this very legend is noteworthy, as showing how Protestantism tends to neologianism, which is merely a carrying out of its tendencies to their legitimate conclusions;—how, among other things, a scepticism as to ecclesiastical makes room for a denial of biblical miracles. Of course there is the wide difference between the two, that the latter are *de fide*, while the former are merely matter of historical evidence. But a disbelief, permissible, though dangerous, in the one draws people on till they enter the forbidden ground of questioning the other. My opponent asked if I believed the legend? I replied that I neither believed nor disbelieved it, not being in a position to do so, having never weighed the evidence on which it rested. He spoke something about its inherent improbability. I replied that, in an inquiry of the miraculous and the supernatural, any questions as to "inherent probability" were plainly beside the mark. Probability is measured by experience; but miracles are exceptional phenomena, and as such cannot fall within the range of experience. Other things being equal, it was quite as probable that God, if the designs of His Providence required it, should stay the course of nature as regarded a single monk for years, as that He should make the sun to stand still for Joshua. The whole question of miracles simply amounts to this, whether God is superior or inferior to His own laws. If a voice were to come one day from the altar, all the world would be talking of the stupendous miracle; yet this would not be half the marvel that is daily taking place around us;—that, in obedience

to His own appointed law of consecration, the Eternal Son should come down into the lowly elements of bread and wine—should remain there in a state of self-chosen helplessness, speechless and concealing His glory, literally abandoning Himself to the power of His creatures to deal with Him as they list, not only to bear Him to the garrets of the poor, but to give Him to the wicked and the unholy, or to cast Him down in the streets, as has been done when the evil passions of men have been let loose, to be trampled under foot by those He died to redeem.* After all, the real miracle is, that God should

* "The magnificent Cistercian Monastery of Casamari," lately wrote the Roman correspondent of the *Tablet*, "on the extreme frontier of the Papal States, was sacked by the Piedmontese on January 28th, 1861. The soldiery, under General Garbet de Sonnaz, sacked and burned the hospice and spezieria, or surgery, which dispensed medicine and aid in illness to the entire country; stole—I beg pardon—*annexed* the plate, bedding, and linen of the great house and community; and, worse than this, sacked the church. The hosts in the tabernacle were unhappily very numerous, being reserved for a general communion; and the wretched soldiery joined with a band of Garibaldians from Sora in throwing the adorable sacrament all over the sanctuary, till it was crushed and trodden into the crevices of the encaustic pavement; and the Prior told me he had to go about for several hours with a magnifying-glass and needle to recover and consume the sacred particles. It is a singular coincidence that the next day, when the Piedmontese army were completely worsted before the little Royalist band at Baneo (who made 3,500 men with artillery capitulate to 700, mostly armed with stones and rusty rifles), a Piedmontese officer was carried down mortally wounded to Casamari for succour. He had been actually engaged in the work of sacrilege; but early teaching,

tie Himself down so generally to a submission to the laws of nature, not that He should occasionally dispense with them. His daily and hourly concurrence with sinners, by which He continues to them the very powers they employ in offending Him, is a greater miracle of forbearance than was, of vengeance, the power that He gave Elijah to bring down fire from heaven to destroy the ungodly.

In this state of mind I had resolved on occupying myself in some way that would divert my thoughts; and for this purpose had returned to the parlour, and was indulging in a last reverie before putting my intention into practice.

I was interrupted by the knock of a Brother, who announced a gentleman, and, on turning round, I found it was my old friend the Objector, from whom I had not received a visit for some time. I was glad of his company, as the conversation it would involve would afford just the "rousing" that I required; so, laying down the book I held in my hand, I gave him a hearty welcome.

"We have been in some sort fellow-students of English monasticism," I said, "and though, perhaps, our studies

probably, came back on him, and he asked for a priest. None was to be had; the monks had fled to Neroli; the convent was a blackened ruin; neither medicine nor aid, spiritual or corporal, was near, and the miserable man died in despair, crying, 'Non c' è misericordia parche ho calpestato Jesu Christo sotto piede'—'There is no mercy, for I have trodden Jesus Christ under foot.' This, I had better state, was told me, not at Casamari, but at Isola, on the Piedmontese side, by a Garibaldian refugee of Rome, who was an eye-witness of his miserable end."

have not led uniformly to the same conclusion, you, I doubt not, as well as myself, have been glad of the opportunity of gaining an insight into its details, which your visits here have afforded. My sojourn here is well-nigh at an end; but I shall always look back to it with pleasure."

He was good enough to say something about being beholden to my kindness in always doing my best to clear up his difficulties, and added that, whatever their views, all people, he thought, might learn something from the little community which Brother Ignatius had succeeded in establishing. Monasticism was a subject to which English people generally have given but little attention, and as, in common with most subjects, it certainly had two sides, they owed the little colony at Claydon some gratitude for drawing attention to it in a practical way.

As long as they confined themselves to theory, those who advocated a restoration of monastic orders were naturally looked upon by their fellows as mere enthusiastic dreamers; whereas those who boldly put their shoulders to the wheel, and carry pretty sentimental theory into hard, stern practice in their own persons, cannot be so summarily disposed of.

"Yet we see some of the foremost of these theorizers among the first to look coldly upon those who are merely carrying out their principles," I replied. I might have instanced, had our conversation taken place somewhat later, the case of a clergyman of this type, who, albeit the founder of a flourishing sisterhood, hastened to

declare in print that he had no connection with Brother Ignatius, a fact which nobody had stated.

"True," he rejoined; "but you have, I think, given the true explanation of the phenomenon. A new and untried work must ever be more or less of an experiment, and Englishmen in general, and, if all I hear be true, High Churchmen in particular, are too cautious to lend their countenance to anything that *may* turn out a failure. It is a pitiful spirit, be it shown in matters religious or secular, but I fear thoroughly English. In proportion as your work acquires signs of stability, you will have these men taking you under their patronage."

"Very possibly," I said, "and it may be, by-and-by, claiming by virtue of some hybrid society of their own devising, which never could have been brought into being had it not been for the previous labours of those who adopted a bolder line, to be the restorers of communities for men in the English Church. This has been the case with 'deaconesses,' an inferior imitation of a Prussian institution, which is itself an inferior imitation of the *Beguines* of Catholic Belgium, in its turn a comparatively modern innovation upon the primitive traditions of the religious life."

"Do I understand you," he asked, "to deprecate the formation of any communities but those which follow the Benedictine Rule—to discountenance any variety among future foundations? Would not this be to perpetuate the want of elasticity, which you complain of as having wrought so much evil in the Church of England?"

"It would indeed," I replied, "but I have no such desire. By-and-by, in God's good time, the seed sown at Claydon may spring up into many such communities, differing in their objects and in the details of their rule of life sufficiently to provide a home for men of widely different temperaments and capacities; and while I should deem a variety of orders to be preferable to a variety of detached communities, I can cordially say, God grant it be so! What I wished to point out was, that in aiding or in hindering Brother Ignatius's work, people are in reality aiding or hindering future developments of the religious life. Water and tend the young tree, and you may live to see it throw out branches in the required direction; a consummation you certainly cannot hope for if you ruthlessly cut it down in its youth, because its stem leans not quite in the way you wish."

"I like your idea as to a reunion of the Wesleyans," he said, changing somewhat abruptly the topic; "but are you not afraid that the influx of so large a body would greatly increase the weight of the Evangelical party?"

"Had I any such fears, I could not allow them to weigh against a simple matter of duty," I replied; "but I have not. Nothing will ever bring back the sectaries to Church membership but an exhibition of the Church as an active worker, and there is only one 'party' in the Church that can offer them any attraction in this respect. Besides this, Protestantism is everywhere breaking up, and earnest thinkers are being more and more drawn to the fulness of Catholic truth. Terrible as is the remedy, it is consoling, amid all their sad havoc of souls, to think

that Colensoism and the Essayists are frightening people into the only haven of safety which can afford sure anchorage in the impending storm of rationalistic unbelief."

"You anticipate, then," he asked, "that rationalism will spread?"

"I fear so. The popular Protestantism of the day cannot but prove inadequate to cope with it. Men would none of the Church or her divine doctrine. In an evil hour they adopted as their war-cry, 'The Bible, and the Bible only.' They have lived to see its inspiration denied, its veracity impugned. They have said almost in the language of the Jews, 'We will not have this man to reign over us by His body, the Church. We will have no king but Cæsar—no guide but the written Word.' Can we wonder that the staff they elected to sustain them should have proved a broken reed, and pierced the hand that leant on it? The reaction is a terrible but a natural one—if, indeed, it be not rather a development than a reaction. Surely there is only a difference in *degree* between impugning the counsels of perfection as promulgated by our Lord in the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew, and denying the eternity of hell-fire as taught by Him in the twenty-sixth. If we search the records of the Church to find what is the faith once delivered to the saints on the one point, we cannot refuse her teaching on the other. Reject the one, and how can we appeal to the other? *Yet in that appeal lies our only safety.* 'Internal evidence' will never satisfy the doubter that αἰωνα means *everlasting* in an absolute sense,

rather than *of long duration*, or the reverse, if he apply its tests with the most searching analysis. 'Biblical criticism' will not clear up self-created difficulties of this kind, if men argue themselves into downright atheism. There is only one issue. *What has been the faith of the Church?* If men would apply this honestly and unsparingly to every dogma of Christianity, to-morrow's sun would rise upon an undivided Christendom. The whole controversy resolves itself into a struggle—it may be the final one—between Protestantism, or the spirit of private judgment, and Catholicism, or an appeal to the traditionary teachings of the Church. The man who believes in the eternity of hell—and there are many such—because his mother taught it him when a boy, is so far a Catholic. He holds in unquestioning faith a tradition as he received it. If everybody had acted in the same way, heresy is a word that need never have been coined. And yet men denounce 'Puseyism' and talk about 'ritual eccentricities,' and bishops harass poor, faithful, and consistent priests, while the very foe is effecting a breach in our walls. What matters it whether there be a hell, or only an aggravated purgatory, so long as incense can be kept out of our churches, chasubles be put down, and confession and the Real Presence be unproclaimed from our pulpits? What matters it whether the Pentateuch be genuine, or the miracles true, so long as priests and bishops can deny the apostolical succession and coquette with dissent?—so long as Scripture readers and Bible women may take the place of 'religious' communities?"

"You speak strongly, but not, I admit, without cause. But have you no ray of light to let in upon the picture you have drawn—no prospect of a remedy for the evils you denounce?"

"Only one; the ultimate triumph of Church principles. When the whole Church practically, as now in theory, accepts and acts upon her own standard of an appeal to antiquity, then, and not till then, rationalism will be an impossibility. This is the only remedy I see for the ills of the Church of England, and I know no other for the ills of Christendom. A general council, defining the faith held from the beginning, and restoring unity to the Church by the universal acceptance of its decrees. Sooner or later, both in the local and in the general Church, it must come to that."

"You lay great stress upon ritual. Do you deem it of so much importance?"

"Ritual, by which I mean a well-digested system of symbolism, not little detached fragments of dilettantism, is a most important means of Church teaching, a part of the missionary appliances of the Church, second to none. Every other Church has the wisdom to see this, and Canterbury must not be too proud to learn of her elder sisters in the faith. She must bear in mind that when painted Britons were offering human holocausts in the lithic temples of Stonehenge, the Church of God, emerging from the catacombs, was everywhere building her children up in the faith by symbolistic teachings; that painted banner and chanted litany were the first to herald in the approaching downfall of the worship of Thor and

Wodin. If we do not always see the fruit we should wish from it, we must consider how miserably trivial hitherto have been the attempts on the part of Churchmen to restore 'the beauty of holiness' to our churches. Half the trouble that was cheerfully endured some years back to reach the then *Ultima Thule* of High Church ritual—the surplice in the pulpit—would suffice to establish a ritual that would witness to important and oft-forgotten doctrines. But Churchmen lack the energy to undertake the work. Things are not so hideously awful as when the Blessed Sacrament—I tremble to write it—was consumed by nodding sextons and smirking pew-openers, and so they remain apathetic. Only the other day I wrote an imploring letter to one of our Church societies, asking them to back with their influence the stand made here for a sound ritual. The response was worthy of the Sphinx or the Delphian pythoness. The society gave as its opinion, through its secretary, that 'everything should be given up at Claydon that may not lawfully be practised in the Church of England;' and this when the very object of my letter had been to solicit aid in setting at rest for ever the question as to the legality or non-legality of the observances in question! Here we have a 'High Church' newspaper coolly advising us to put ourselves entirely in the hands of the bishop, and when we have duly ruined the most promising mission in England in accordance with its advice, it kindly offers us the 'sympathy of Churchmen,' if the bishop should by any chance be over-exacting in his requirements. No wonder proverbial philosophy has enshrined among its

aphorisms the pithy ejaculation, 'Save me from my friends.' After all these years, we have got to nothing higher than a few detached pieces of ritualism—often absolutely meaningless in the absence of their legitimate companions—which are ventured upon in isolated churches after duly sounding the feelings of the 'influential' members of the congregation, whom it is a 'first principle' to conciliate. Just fancy some time-honoured observance, sanctioned, it may be, by the practice of a Chrysostom or an Ambrose, or perhaps coming down to us from the days when in fear and trembling the divine mysteries were celebrated in the catacombs at midnight —depending on the appreciation of some elderly lady, whose only merits for judging its fitness consist in the fact that she is the donor of a font or a stained window, or leases so many seats in the centre aisle! I wonder what St. Ambrose would have said if Theodosius had objected to the use of incense in the Great Basilica at Milan. I wonder what the poorest and most careless of foreign priests would say if the great lady of the commune despatched an elegant note, duly tinted and scented, from the chateau, requesting him to dispense with the chasuble at mass. A clergyman who is alive to the claims of ritual, has surely viewed the matter in its right light when he writes to me—'Surely the devotion of the poor people to your beautiful ritual is the best answer to the attacks of the gainsayers.'"

"The anticipation of your journey makes you somewhat caustic; but I cannot deny the justice of your complaints. Certainly, if you think that a cross and a couple or more of

candlesticks, this and that vestment, this and that ceremonial, further the ends of Christianity, you have as much right to test their efficacy, as Wesleyans or Revivalists have to try their respective machineries, provided they do not contravene any law of your communion; and any attempt to stop you is persecution pure and simple; while those who agree with you in principle, but fear to give open expression to their convictions—making 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'—seem to me to be in a more pitiable case than those who would resort to the *argumentum baculinum* to reduce you to their standard of Gospel simplicity."

"Is Saul," I asked, smiling, "among the prophets? Is the Objector among the ritualists?"

"Nay, not Objector," he said, somewhat hastily, "I am out of conceit with the title. Say Inquirer, if you will. You said just now that we were fellow-students of English monasticism, and Inquirer is a title which befits a student more than Objector. I shall some day, perhaps, come before the world as the 'Inquirer at Claydon,' to match the 'Listener in Oxford.' I have seen enough to reconsider many of my prejudices, and certainly it seems to me that your successful work here scatters the objections of anti-ritualists to the winds. But is not a feeling in favour of ritual gaining ground?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied. "We see something of this in the lectures we have been favoured with at Ipswich. It is noteworthy that Mr. Bayley only ventures to condemn '*extreme* ceremonialism,' unmindful of the time when the surplice was denounced as a 'rag of Popery;'

and Canon Stowell, oblivious of the days when all true worship was deemed to be wholly and solely a thing of the Spirit, is fain to declare himself an advocate of *some* ornamentation of churches. Even the Dissenters are moving in the same direction. They have appropriated the ritual of architecture, so that it is sometimes difficult to discriminate between the conventicle and the church till you cross the threshold; and I see a letter in the *Watchman*, in which the writer complains that 'in his (Wesleyan) circuit the custom is being introduced of intoning the Lord's Prayer and the Amens of our simple methodist services.' My very point is, that some ritual has been fought for, and may be said to have gained the day; and that while the work is yet incomplete, there seems to be a tendency among Churchmen to rest on their oars, a luxury that it is treason to indulge in ere the haven is reached."

"But did not the Reformation," he asked, "in introducing a vernacular liturgy discountenance ritual?"

"I think not; at least in the way you put it. It intended doubtless to simplify a complicated and cumbrous system of ritual, but not surely to destroy it. The very store that I set upon the blessing of a vernacular liturgy renders me all the more desirous to see it made efficient by appealing to the eye as well as the ear. With her great advantages, her appeal to primitive antiquity, her vernacular services, and her restored chalice, the Church of England might be the regenerator of Christendom were she only true to herself. She has been content to see her children alienated from her, and

herself branded as the fruitful parent of schism. The Reformation was necessary; and it was, perhaps, too much to expect that it could be accomplished without much attendant evil. Perhaps a return to primitive Catholicity was not too dearly bought at the cost of the sacrilege and ungodliness that disgraced the era of its accomplishment. But if there was nothing greater at stake than questions of ritual, such as some people make an outcry about, as if their repudiation were of the essence of the Gospel, men may well shrink with horror from the excesses of the sixteenth century, and ask, 'Can this be the work of God?' Could not saint-worship be checked, and purgatory repudiated, and pure episcopacy be substituted for papal supremacy, without the removal of incense, lights, and vestments? Were the movement nothing more than a mere crusade against symbolism, there was wondrous little to show for rifled shrine and desecrated altar—for chalices made into drinking-cups, and copes used as coverlets, and the ashes of the departed strewn to the winds. *We* who try the whole movement by the Church's own standard of primitive antiquity are the true children of the Reformation, able to discriminate between what was the Church's doing, and what the evil passions of men produced."

"You speak more favourably of the Reformation," he remarked, "than I should have expected."

"The very fact," I replied, "that the Reformation was accepted—nay, tolerated—proves its necessity. A revision of the Prayer-book would, now-a-days, infallibly involve an overt schism in the Church, which

is what its advocates probably wish. If the Pre-Reformation Church were perfect, the Reformation was nothing more or less than the *unchristianizing* of a nation; and the supposition that a nation would submit to be unchristianized by Act of Parliament is too absurd to need refuting. In so far as it was a Church reform, it was imperatively called for; even the Council of Trent was an attempt at Church reform. And in so far as it was a lawless and sacrilegious outbreak, it was merely the crowning act of apostacy, the seeds of which were sown in Catholic times. A Church that would tamely submit to acknowledge the king's supremacy at the mere expression of his will, and would erase canonized saints from its calendar at his pleasure, must have had within it the seeds of certain decay. If the Church of England be Erastian, we should do well to consider that its Erastianism has descended to it from so-called Catholic times."

"You would appeal, then, to the Reformation as favourable to ritual, rather than antagonistic to it?"

"The *principles* of the Reformation—an appeal to antiquity—are undoubtedly in favour of ritual. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that the apostles were sent to establish Romanism, and Luther to substitute Protestantism as a new revelation. They brand as 'Popish' things of such high antiquity, and talk to you in the same breath about the '*modern* errors of Romanism.' Incense is Popish according to these people; yet we find directions for its use enshrined in the earliest Christian liturgies, documents which bear every mark of being coeval with the apostles. The

same may be said of lights and vestments. A Church that refers us to antiquity cannot, of her own free will, be an anti-ritual Church. But I think there is internal evidence in the structure of the Prayer-book that she intended the old ritual to prevail in so far as was compatible with the changes in the services. The anxiety of the reformers to suppress as unseemly the various 'uses' that had obtained before—in some cases only involving a slight variation in a prayer or a hymn—may be taken as an index of the feelings with which they would have regarded the almost endless variations in the manner of saying Divine service, if not in the matter itself. But uniformity—a principle, as we thus see, of the Reformation—is impossible without a well-defined ritual, except perhaps in Quakerism. As long as certain things have to be done, it is idle to say there are no directions as to how they are to be done. Either they must be done in *the old way*, or uniformity must be sacrificed to individual predilections, and the teaching of ritual be lost. If a manual of rubrical directions were promulgated by convocation to-morrow, the principles of the Reformation would be advanced, not imperilled, and the efficiency of the Church enhanced rather than lessened.* But to

* The *Times* appeals to "the great argument of tradition," as being against the claims of the ritualists as regards the English Church. Surely this is not fair. Tradition, to be worth anything as an argument, must be free and unbroken; but the traditionary use of ritual has been notoriously broken in upon and fettered, first by the interference of certain foreign reformers resulting in Edward's "Second Book," and again at the Great Rebellion. When

take a lower ground: you will not deny that the object of the reformers in translating the liturgy was to edify the people. In the absence of ritual, the result has been quite the contrary. In the 'dark ages' of Christianity, we find no traces of people repeating to themselves the absolution or even the consecration after the priest, as it is by no means uncommon to hear pious people among ourselves do, thinking, in the simplicity of their hearts, that they 'are doing God service' thereby; nor, if I mistake not, did our benighted forefathers pray in their hats on entering church, or kneel with their backs to the altar if they could find a more comfortable position by doing so. Albeit the king on his throne might not be able to subscribe his name to a deed, the simplest villager would have known that absolution and consecration were the prerogatives of the priesthood, not mere formal and meaningless responses in a set service; and would have testified by lowly obeisance and gesture that the Lord is in His sanctuary, and that the altar is the special place of His earthly tabernacling. Vernacular services will never produce either reverence or edification if the good foundation be not supplemented by a ritualistic teaching."

There was a pause; so I said, "This will probably be

at the *last* reform, the Church, by referring again to the second year of King Edward VI., solemnly reasserted the principle, it was found difficult to restore what it would have been easy to have conserved. Subsequent events caused any systematic attempts at a restored ritual, till lately, to be confined to the nonjurors.

our last conversation, so if you have any more difficulties that I can assist you in clearing up, speak. You may wish once more to exercise the office of Objector, which you have resigned."

"It has struck me," he said, "that in one respect you verge dangerously on democracy; I mean, by levelling all ranks. If I understand your system aright, you receive all comers alike, provided only they possess the necessary qualifications?"

"I will reply to you in the words of St. Isidore, because they meet your objection in language more beautiful than I could command, and because it is pleasant to see the objections of to-day refuted twelve hundred years ago. It is an incidental witness to the immutability of the faith. 'Our holy army,' he says, 'fills up its ranks not only with freemen, but especially (*plerumque*) with those of servile condition, who come to seek freedom in the cloister. Men come also from rustic life, from laborious professions, from plebeian labours, and with so much the more advantage, as they are better inured to labour. *It would be a serious fault not to admit them.* We must not inquire,' he adds, 'whether the novice be rich or poor, bond or free, young or old; neither age nor condition matters among monks; for God has made no difference between the soul of the slave and that of the free man. . . . Many plebeians have exhibited brilliant virtues, and are worthy to be raised above nobles. . . . But let not those who come out of poverty to enter the cloister, swell with pride to see themselves the equals of

those who appeared to be something in the world. It would be an unworthy thing if where the rich, giving up all worldly splendour, descend to humility, the poor should allow themselves to rise into arrogance. . . . They ought, on the contrary, to put aside all vanity, to understand humbly their new position, and never to forget their former poverty.'* How can that be democracy where all are alike governed by an unchangeable code of laws settled centuries ago?—where, so long as he transgress not that law, all are in absolute submission to one head, and 'the people' have not a voice even in carrying out that code of laws, unless the Abbot sees fit to call them to a Chapter? From the nature of things, the Abbot is a monarch chosen by his subjects, not hereditary; but if you call this democracy, the principle of obedience steps in, and makes it essentially conservative."

"You say, 'so long as he transgress not the law.' Suppose the Abbot chose to alter anything in the constitution?"

"The remedy is simple; the Chapter would depose him and elect another."

"Then you do not carry out the principle of the divine right of kings,'" he said, laughing. "But does not the system of dispensations virtually set the Abbot above the rule?"

"Certainly not. The Queen can pardon individual

* St. Isidore of Seville, A.D. 606. De Offic. Eccles., c. 15; De Monach., c. 5; and chap. iv. of his "Rule."

criminals, or transmute their sentence, but she cannot alter the laws that refer to them as a class. The Abbot's tenure of office depends upon his respecting the rule which he has sworn to obey, and by which he is bound no less than the humblest of his brethren. Any discretionary power that is lodged in him is clearly defined. There is something so thoroughly English in the constitution of the Benedictine rule, that I do not wonder it took root so deeply in our fatherland. Were it not for chronology, one would be almost tempted to think that the patriarch of western monks had taken his scheme of government from the constitution of England. We certainly could not have begun with a better rule. Its form of government—a limited monarchy of the purest type—its love of agriculture and of learning, nay, its very provision for the study of Holy Scripture, it has been well remarked, are all points in its favour, should English people ever awake to the fact that monachism is not necessarily Romanism—an idea that an increasing study of history as a whole is doing much to dispel, and will do more. I may add that its singular freedom from the peculiarities of the Roman system is not less so. We often say here, that were Dissenters to imitate the monastic movement, as they have imitated most Church movements, the rule would need no adaptation, unless, indeed, its enforcement of a fixed liturgy in the shape of the weekly recitation of the psalter, and its provision for the observance of festivals, were found to be insuperable objections. Doubtless, however," I added, smiling,

"prior to that, extempore prayers will have become superseded by liturgical forms, and the principle of 'anniversaries' and 'jubilees' be elaborated into a recognition, however incomplete, of the principle of feasts and fasts. The horizon is not without signs."

My companion gazed out in thought on the old church tower, and was silent for a moment. Then he muttered, as if to himself, "Monasticism as a doctrine of the Gospel; an abiding feature in Church history, a witness against the evil tendencies of the age; Tractarianism as an antidote to the rationalistic tendencies of the age; ritual as an engine of Church teaching;—you have given me much to think over. The bell is going for church, so I will not detain you, save to thank you yet again for your kindness to one over disposed, it may be, to criticise. Should you ever be my way, I shall be only too glad to play the host in my turn."

With these words the friendly Objector bade me adieu and God speed, and I saw him no more. I glanced at the card he had thrust into my hand, perused its legend, and smiled.

Next day, at recreation hour, I paced the terrace before the church—a noble cloister of nature's workmanship—where we had often walked and taken sweet counsel together; whence I had seen the infant borne through yonder door to receive the laver of life; the bridal party enter to ask the church's benediction; and the still corpse—it was that of a little child—carried to the house of worship for the last time, ere it was laid in

its narrow bed almost at my feet. To my right was the paddock where I had so often witnessed the children's recreation, flanked by the little school. Before me lay the village, peaceful and happy, save only for sin and its malignant influences; conspicuous among its buildings, the railway station, with its tall signals—the emblem of civilization and temporal prosperity—and the meeting house that told of a divided faith; and on my left, in the valley and behind me at intervals, the towers and spires of neighbouring churches, some of which we had visited in our Sunday rambles; churches whose bell tolled forth no daily summons to prayer and praise, whose altar was rarely spread for the Eucharistic feast, yet whose uncared-for walls and scanty means of grace called forth no episcopal censure, and drew on their parish priests no opprobrium; and I wondered whether the Church of England would ever be in good sooth the Church of the people.

My thoughts were interrupted by the flight of inexorable time; and bidding adieu to my hosts, I turned my steps to the station. I had quite a little *cortege* by way of escort; the Superior and another Brother, a little girl and boy in the school, who had been waiting about to bid me good-bye, and then begged to accompany me to the station, and two boys who were private pupils of the Brothers. The five p.m. train soon came up, and ere the bell next rang out the "angelus" and its summons to vespers, I was far on my road.

At midnight, tired and hungry, I alighted at Brighton; esteeming—was it with unwarranted enthusiasm?—

the few mementoes of my sojourn—a fragment of the broken east window, a few dried flowers, a rough sketch of the church, and an ancient stone of Saxon workmanship that the rector had kindly given me—as one does the relics of a foreign land.

CHAPTER IX.

Subsequent events.—A mediæval city and its modern counterpart.—The Sack Friars and the Friars preachers.—Sir Thomas de Erpyugham.—The dissolution.—Fate of the Black Friars.—The Church becomes a town hall, a playhouse, and a concert-room.—The dark side of the middle ages.—Pagan reaction the cause at once and the consequence of the Reformation.—Lecture at Norwich.—The Brothers are invited to settle there.—They purchase a portion of the Dominican monastery.—Work at Norwich.—Poverty of the society.—Their visible dependence on God's providence.—Monastic luxury.—"St. William's Boys club."—Its objects and contemplated offshoots.—Letter from Brother Ignatius.—Crowded services and lectures.—Attitude of the neighbours.—The daily sacrifice.—Effects on the early communion of a neighbouring church.—Dissenters and Roman Catholics.—The boys' service.—Nocturns.—The work cramped for want of funds.—The Author makes his bow.

As an eye-witness my labour is at an end, and as a personal narrative these pages are concluded; but a few particulars as to the events that have taken place subsequent to my visit to Claydon may not be deemed out of place, or be altogether devoid of interest to those who have accompanied me thus far.

I have already had occasion to relate that circumstances rendered it impossible, even if desirable, that the Brothers should continue at the Rectory after Christmas; and that to raise the requisite funds for commencing an establishment of their own, Brother Ignatius undertook

a tour of lectures, which were so far successful that they raised an interest in the work, and provided a sufficiency of funds to render its continuance possible. Henceforth the work of the Brothers was to have a wider range; the rural scenes I have been describing were to be exchanged for the noise and turmoil, the crowded streets, the poverty-stricken alleys of a vast city. Claydon, with its five hundred inhabitants, was to give place to Norwich with its seventy-five thousand.

It would be as idle to regret the change, as to wish that the experiment had been first made there rather than in a little country village. The teachings of the year at Claydon are too valuable, if I have interpreted them aright, for us only to see therein a quiet novitiate, as it were, to allow the movement to gain consistency ere launching into a wider channel, though the latter is undoubtedly one aspect under which we may view it.

I once met with a curious work by the late Mr. Pugin, called "Contrasts,"* in which that eminent architect drew, among other things, a contrast between a mediæval and a modern city. In the former the towers and spires mark the locality of numberless abbeys, priories, and religious houses, crowned by the beauteous pinnacles of the cathedral; in the latter, tower and spire were broken and crumbling, if conserved at all, or their place was

* "Contrasts; or, a Parallel between the Noble Edifices of the Middle Ages and corresponding Buildings of the Present Day; showing the present decay of taste. Accompanied by appropriate text." By A. Welby Pugin, Architect. London: Charles Dolman. 1841.

usurped by the hideous meeting-house of this or that modern sect; while in the foreground, as if pointing out cause and effect of the ruthless alteration, the spot formerly occupied by a chantry chapel was now the site of a substantial rectory and pleasure ground attached, conspicuous in which appears the "rector's lady" surrounded by a numerous progeny, and a vacant space that once served the good citizens as the scene of the manly exercises so much affected by our forefathers was occupied by the extensive buildings of the county gaol. Succeeding plates elaborated the idea. I recall one contrasting a modern and an ancient poor-house. The former built in the shape of a hideous octagon, enclosed by a high wall, broken only by buttresses at the angles, and chimneys in the centre of each compartment, and seeming to tell you, by its huge, windowless front, that poverty is a crime, and as such, must be imprisoned; the latter disposed college-wise, with spacious quadrangles and gardens at the rear, and a noble church for the use of the "Brethren." In the former was depicted "one of the poor men," crouching down beneath a prison-like door; "the master" with handcuffs and irons; the master "enforcing discipline" by ordering an unhappy woman to the lock-up; and "the poor man's convoy," a truck, namely, to bear away in a rude shell his remains for dissection. The corresponding subjects were grouped in similar order around the other sketch. The poor man was depicted in a substantial cloak, marked with the cross, as showing that the poor are brethren in Christ; the master, in the attire of an ecclesiastic, dispensing alms at the door of the

house, and enforcing discipline by reading before the assembled brethren the statutes of the brotherhood; and, lastly, "the poor brother's convoy," a decent and becoming funeral, with lighted taper and processional cross, testifying that, though poor in this world's goods, the departed brother was rich in faith.

Allowing for a little one-sidedness in the portraiture, and remembering that the artist was regarding things primarily in their architectural aspect, in which respect he certainly had good cause for indignation, and matter abundant for his satire, some such contrast must there be between mediæval Norwich and its modern counterpart—between "the most Catholic City of Norwich," as it was then styled, with its numberless spires grouping round the goodly Cathedral, its Benedictine Priory attached to the Cathedral, and its Convents of Black Friars, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Austin Friars; its fair Hospital of St. Giles, and its Free Grammar School; the goodly College of St. Mary-in-the-Fields; the Benedictine Nunnery of St. Mary and St. John; the Priory of St. Leonard, at Thorpe Wood; the Hospital of St. Paul, and that of St. Edward; the Guilds of St. George, St. William, and the Holy Rood, meeting in the Church of the Black Friars; of our Lady, and of St. John the Evangelist, dependent on the Franciscans, as also that of St. Barbara, of St. Margaret, and of St. Austin, attached to the Austin Friars; of St. Gation, in connection with the Carmelites, all of which were lay confraternities for works of mercy and of prayer; and the city as it now is, the seat of commerce and manufactures, and

the 738 houses, which its now ruined walls enclosed, succeeded by a population of nearly 80,000 souls! The spires are levelled, and the Church is represented to a population more than twenty times as great as that they once kept guard over, and daily summoned to prayer and praise by thirty-six parish churches, whose frequent daily and Sunday services have given place to a solitary Sunday function in some cases, to two or three at best in most others, while the "Service of Song" is hushed in all but in the cathedral, and one other church, where it has lately been restored; the daily service, even in its baldest form, has ceased, with only one other exception; and if the "daily sacrifice" has not "ceased out of the land," it is that two chapels of an alien rite are found to represent the string of masses which, from daybreak till noon, were wont to be celebrated at the altars of mediæval Norwich.* The monastic institutions, of which so prejudiced a writer as Rees could say, in an accession of candour, that "Norwich, like many other ancient places, is indebted to monachism for numerous charitable institutions," and could speak of "the many religious houses which once evinced the devotion and charity of the place," are razed to the ground, and in their place, testifying to the divisions of Christians, and to the fruits of private judgment, a recent writer (1831) states that "there are

* At the Convent of St. Antonio, at Padua, there are, or were till recently, seventy masses said daily, and above two hundred on the greater festivals. At the Church of the Gésu, at Rome, there are more than three hundred communicants a day on ordinary week days.

four places of worship for Baptists, two for the Society of Friends, two each for Independents and Wesleyan Methodists, and one each for those in the late Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion and Unitarians, a Synagogue, and two chapels belonging to the Roman Catholics." The choir of one, as we shall see, is made into a chapel for Dutch Calvinists; portions of another, as if in bitter mockery of the days when poverty was tenderly cared for by the Church, have been converted into a workhouse; while the hall of a third, that of the joyous white-robed Carmelites, with their deep devotion to the Incarnation and to the sacraments which flow from it, does duty as a Baptist meeting-house; so that the quiet, sanctified retreat of study and prayer is now the head-quarters of a heresy, which, sad as are its tenets, surrounding ungodliness and paucity of Church ordinances, compel one almost to regard as a qualified good. The remainder of the cloister forms, or did form, at the beginning of the century, a cellar to a public-house. One only, as if the ancient spirit of the place could not quite die out, is now the *locale* of a small hospital, in which *ten* poor women are lodged and supported, thanks to the charity of two worthy brothers, who flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

In the middle of the thirteenth century there arose a new order of friars, styled "De Pœnitentia Jesu." This title, however appropriate, was too unwieldly for conventional use, and the brothers became known in common parlance as "Fratres Saccati"—Sack Friars. The order, which took its rise at Marseilles, was not destined to

make a name in history. It lacked the vitality of older foundations. It may be that the rule was too strict for poor human nature; and besides this, the Church authorities discouraged, and eventually forbad in the Council of Lyons, the formation of new orders, as tending to produce disorder. Divers houses, however, were founded in England; among others, one in the parish of St. Andrew, at Norwich, where one Sir John de Vallibus granted them certain messuages and tenements, at a place since called Elm Hill. The decree alluded too, having forbid the friars to receive novices, and allowing the professed brothers to retire if they would, into less strict orders ("religiones laxiores")—a thing ordinarily forbidden by the monastic canons;—the numbers were speedily reduced; and in the second year of King Edward II., William de Hoo, their prior, a man "broken with age," being the sole survivor, Petronilla de Nerford, daughter of Sir John, bestowed the monastery upon the Friars Preachers, or Dominicans, who had an inconvenient *domicilium* across the water, in the parishes of St. George and St. Clement, "to have and to hold to the said Friars Preachers and their successors in pure and perpetual alms for ever;" making, as the sole condition, a provision for the maintenance and comfort of the aforesaid William de Hoo.

Hither, then, the Dominicans moved in 1307, and they appear to have been one of the most active of the religious communities of the city. They established a school in their house; built a goodly church and a spacious cloister, with a preaching-yard attached, where in summer

weather the good citizens, forgetting for a while the cares of business and the mysteries of cloth and camlets, would assemble to listen to the fervid exhortations of a Galfrid de Derham, or a Robert de Fretone; and which we read was "strawed with green sedges," and provided with forms or benches for Rogation-week, preparatory to the then honoured, but now well-nigh forgotten feast of our Lord's Ascension. Bequests to be buried in their church were frequent.

The church and part of the monastery were burnt down in 1414, and two of the friars perished in the flames; and the church was accordingly rebuilt in a more magnificent manner than before, chiefly through the munificence of Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, and, after his demise, by his son, Sir Robert de Erpyngham, who was a monk of this house, and also—by an abuse then gaining ground—rector of Bracon. It may be that the worthy old knight, awaking to a full sense of the evils of Lollardism, which he had been inclined to regard somewhat favourably, as now a descendant might to the evils of neologianism, took counsel with some holy man how he might at once repair the scandal he had given, and testify his repentance and his orthodoxy; and seeing the church of the Dominicans in ruins, resolved to rebuild it, in the spirit of Araunah, giving royally to the King of kings; saying, with David, that he would not "offer" unto the Lord of that which did "cost him nothing;" for we read that the gate of the cathedral precinct, still called "the Erpyngham gate," was built by the same Sir Thomas "as a penance for his having been an abettor of

the Lollards." Be this as it may, the new church, with its spacious nave and aisles, with their slender columns of exquisite workmanship; its clerestory windows; its noble choir, adorned with curious paintings in wainscot; its chapel and altar of Our Lady, and also of St. Thomas à Becket, under the library; its chantry, called "Rauff Skety's Chapel," from one Ralph Skeet, its founder; and its beauteous steeple, in which was a bell weighing twenty-two hundredweight,—was a source of pride and delight to the good people of Norwich; and substantial merchant and simple peasant, as they heard the deep booming of its bell at the consecration of the host, or marked its tapering spire, springing up from the crested roof, where the nave and the choir joined, blessed good old Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, and uttered a hasty prayer for the repose of his soul.

At the dissolution nothing was safe from the hands of the lustful king, and the religious houses at Norwich, as elsewhere, were suppressed, and their inmates turned adrift to swell the ranks of the poor and destitute whom they had once fed. The good people of Norwich, foreseeing that the Black Friars would not escape, determined to make an attempt to get it for themselves, and petitioned the king to grant it them, "to make of the churche a fayir and large halle for the mayore and his brethrene, with all the citizens of the same, to repair thereunto for their common assemblages," &c. Sacrilege had become too common to appear in a very heinous light, and if it were to be, the citizens doubtless thought they might as well reap the benefit as the king and his myrmidons. In the

petition one knows not which to loathe the most—the fulsome adulation heaped upon the monarch, or the pitiful meanness with which the suitors endeavoured to curry favour by appearing to approve the king's design. Yet it is this document we have to thank that one stone was left upon the other.* The king, through the influence of the Duke of Norfolk, was induced to consent and signed a formal document handing over the whole to the corporation; but afterwards repenting of his generosity in parting with other men's goods, he made them pay for "the lead of the church chancel, steeple, and two aisles of the common hall"—as now the Church of St. Mary was called—the sum of one hundred and fifty-two pounds.

After the dissolution the place went very much to decay. The "Friars' Chapter House" at the east side of the cloister very shortly fell down. The tombs and brasses, and probably the ashes of the faithful departed appear to have been ransacked before the town were

* It is, perhaps, a question whether those who levelled the monasteries to the earth did not perform a kindlier deed than those who preserved their empty tenements for centuries of desecration. About five years ago I visited St. Alban's Abbey. The Lady Chapel is made into a Grammar School; so that, unless the boys are of a very exceptional character, which, of course, I had no means of testing, the ribald oath and the obscene jest may be heard where the "spotless lily of Israel" was once venerated; while between the Chapel and the shrine, which for centuries contained the body of England's protomartyr, conveniences have been erected for the boys within the walls of the church! This is only a sample, I fear.

allowed the quiet enjoyment of their *gift;* for we find seventeen loads of "small pathynglyte" brought from the Grey Friars' to pave the church, now dignified by the name of "St. Andrew's Hall." The vessels were *sold* partly to other churches, partly to any one who cared to buy them, as also the stained glass, or portions of it, in the windows. The chamberlain's account, anno 33· Henry VIII., is thus significantly headed, "Costes and charges had and done in the place late the Black Fryers, now cald the Common Hall, *whyche place was spoiled and sore decayed,* and now re-edifyed and reparyd." Henry could give away the shell, but he must wreak his vengeance on the kernel! The high altar is preserved in the hall, where it figures as a table, and is colloquially known as "The Stone." I do not know if it is used in civic banquetings, but should think it was. The choir was to be used by the corporation, "to make it a chapelle for a preest for the said citizens, at their assembley dayes, and other, to here masse, therein, and other service dayly;" but mass and daily service soon went out of fashion, and the corporation, I suppose, found it as easy to do without religion as without religious houses, for we soon find the choir given up to the use of a congregation of Dutch Protestants. An attempt was made to carry on the Dominican school, and one Walter Halle was appointed schoolmaster; "but," says my authority—a red-hot Protestant—with charming simplicity, "after the city had purchased the charnel for a free school, I find no more of a school here." Paid officials were expensive luxuries, as well as being more

limited in supply than those who devoted themselves to the works of mercy for the love of God, and so one school could only be set up at the expense of the other's existence. Part of the old monastic buildings were turned into a workhouse, and an industrial kitchen; part figured as a storehouse for beer, part as a granary. The bells were sold—the large one to the churchwardens of St. Andrew's, whose successors, on two occasions, barbarously had it melted down and recast into smaller bells; and so badly was the church—I beg pardon, the hall—preserved, that on November 6th, 1712, the steeple fell down for want of proper attention. A congregation of Presbyterians and one of Independents were also established here, temp. Charles II. The "preaching-yard" was used as an artillery-ground.

It is curious to mark how, in spite of the fearful desecrations of which it was the theatre, the spirit of religion seemed only gradually to die out of the place. At first a chaplain was appointed—one Sir John Kempe—and services held for the corporation, as we have seen. A little later we find it used as a *playhouse;* but only apparently for one of the old "mysteries" or religious plays, as the grammar-school boys were the performers. It was similarly used in the reign of Edward the Sixth for "an interlude" on "the Sonday, Monday and Tewsday" by the "Kyngis players," and on December 14th by "my Lord Protector's players;" also on "the Sonday before Candylmas." Later in the reign of Queen Anne, theatricals were performed therein four days. It is now used as a lecture-hall, concert-room,

&c., and serves all the ordinary purposes of a town-hall. Rees describes it as "a noble fabric."

Have I forgotten, in describing evils too patent to be concealed, too deep to be lightly passed over, that there is another side to the picture I have drawn? Not so: I do not deny that the Middle Ages were by no means the brightest in the annals of monachism; that the world's honour had dimmed somewhat its pristine beauty. The mitre and the pastoral staff, and still less the seat as baron in a lay and political assembly, were not the idea of an abbot, as it presented itself to the minds of a Benedict or a Bernard; nor were lordly abbeys and wide domains the primitive types of a monastic dwelling. I do not deny that abbots were very often, if not generally, men who used their influence for good ends—good landlords we know they were; but though the thing was possibly a necessity of the times, and staved off greater evils, it was opposed to the primitive simplicity of the monastic state. Nor am I blind to deeper ills. The habit which too often obtained, of giving parish churches to monasteries, who put in one of their number as vicar, was injurious to the secular clergy, and, indeed, to the monks also; and there was a tendency among the mendicant orders to decry and preach against the old monasteries, while they retaliated, instead of acknowledging the good they undoubtedly did. Under happier circumstances all, or much of this, might have been avoided. Nor do I overlook the fact that from the terrible evils of the Reformation, viewed in its political aspect, the Church of England rose—sick, indeed, and

emaciated, but purified through sufferings; that a vernacular liturgy, and, still more, the restoration of the chalice to the people, are boons rich enough to make up for much that we have lost; and that the almost total dishonour of God's saints, and of His blessed Mother in particular, however sad, is but a legitimate reaction from the undue position they were too often made to hold of old.* For the rest, some of the Church's weaknesses and short-comings were of older date than the Reformation; at least the seeds were sown of which that was the harvest. Monasteries were suppressed, not by the Church, but by a king, who burnt those who dissented from her dogmas, and who died nominally within her pale. In its non-ecclesiastical aspect the whole movement was but the result of an influx of pagan ideas which had long been setting in, and which it accelerated fearfully. Every-

* The simple *Ora pro nobis* of earlier times had given place to addresses, different not only in degree, but in kind. Instances will be found in the *Sarum Encheiridion*. Not having it at hand to quote from, I may cite the following, which occurs on the back of a print of St. Sebastian in my possession :—

"O glorioso e valeroso S. Sebastião, que para defender e confirmar a fé de Jésus Christo derramaste vosso sangue e deste vossa vida; alcançai nos do mesmo Senhor a graça de resister a todos os ataques que o inferno faz ao povo *fidelissimo*: livrai-nos, com vossas supplicas da peste, fome, e guerra, sobre tudo da peste moral que tentos precipita nos abysmos. Fazei que aquelles que têm a disgraça de ser instrumentos do inferno se convertam.

"Que os justos perseverem, que os impios se convertam, que a fé se espalhe, e que a caridade triumphe!!!

"*S. Sebastião livrai-nos da fome, peste e guerra.* Amen."

where its marks were visible. In architecture Christian art was discarded; in education, dogmatic instruction waned more and more before a rage for "classical" learning; boys were taught—may we not say, *are* taught?—little about God, much about Jupiter—little about the Christian sacraments, much about the Eleusinian mysteries; and the coarsest obscenities of a heathen poet were placed in the hands of Christian youth, if only they were couched in a pure Latinity. Even in the churchyard the cross gave place to the urn, or the inverted torch; and a fulsome adulation, that might have graced the tomb of Cicero or Socrates, took the place of the humble prayer for mercy. And this not only, though chiefly, in Protestant England, but in its degree throughout the West. In the midst of all this evil—of a sacrilege perfectly unparalleled—of this torrent of pagan ideas, the Church had to do her work of reformation; in other words—for it amounted to this—to save what she could from the wreck. The wonder is, not that so much was lost, but that even essentials were retained, and that her candlestick was not taken away, as was the case with the so-called "reformation" abroad.

The passions that evoked the Reformation have had time to die out, and we can ask, what avails it a Church to be pure in theory if she refrain from practice? What avails it to have high privileges if she cannot distribute them among her children? Is a vernacular liturgy that thousands never hear from one year's end to another, or an unmutilated Eucharist that multitudes never draw nigh to taste, after all a subject for so much boastfulness?

Shall not the very preciousness of these inheritances stir us up to bring them within the reach of all?

And there is the further question behind—Is division to be for ever the normal state of Christendom?

But I am digressing. In December last, Brother Ignatius gave a lecture in St. Andrew's Hall, the old Dominican Church, on the subject of a restoration of monasteries in the Church of England; and some of those who heard it begged him to establish his infant community in that city. He promised to entertain the idea, and went elsewhere in his round of addresses. The petitioners continued to press him to come, and mentioned two suitable houses which could be had. One of these was, I believe, near the Bishop's Palace, and was possessed of some curious old vaults, whose history I do not know; the other was a large rambling, tumble-down mansion, formerly occupied by one Elisha de Hague, whilom town clerk, and more recently used, if we may credit the *Norwich Argus*, as a receptacle for rags and paper. The latter contained forty rooms of tolerable size, and stood on a portion of the site of the old Dominican Monastery, and adjacent to St. Andrew's Hall. The latter circumstance determined the Brothers upon renting it; but from the peculiar nature of the tenure some difficulty occurred, and it was judged better to purchase it, a course that involved considerable outlay, but was the most advantageous, as well as the most satisfactory course in the end. "To-day I receive the intelligence," writes Brother Ignatius, under date "January 20th," "from Norwich, that the old Dominican premises are OURS,

Deo gratias;" and thither on the 30th he went with one or two others, and in a day or two was joined by the remainder (making in all ten Brothers), not quite a year after their arrival at Claydon, Shrove Tuesday, 1863.

The repairs necessary to render the house fit even for monastic habitation, involved considerable outlay, and eat into a great part of the funds subscribed. On the ground floor three rooms were formed into one, to serve as a chapel, capable of holding about two hundred persons, but the Brothers were unable to seat it, so the crowded congregations had for a long time, and, for all I know still have, to *stand* throughout. A disused well in the courtyard was emptied of the rubbish, and rendered fit for use, and one or two minor repairs were made, but much remained to be done. The doors were throughout devoid of locks, and the lower windows were smashed, glass and woodwork, and had been so for years.

Their visible dependence on God's providence from day to day, reminds one of the early days of the Cistercian Order. "This morning" he wrote to a lady, to whom I have before alluded, "just as our firing was nearly all spent, a gentleman sent us two chaldrons of coke. One of the Brothers fainted away in choir on Wednesday last, and some ladies who were present in chapel sent, about an hour afterwards, a hamper of fish and seven-and-sixpence; and so, he adds, with simplicity, "we had a good dinner that day." The neighbours evinced a friendly disposition from the first; several joined the Third order, as at Claydon. Of these, one volunteered to

do all the whitewashing, and another the tailoring, for the community, for nothing; while a woman undertook to do the washing on the same terms. The neighbours were most anxious that the Brothers should open a school; and it was a source of great grief to the Superior that an absolute dearth of the requisite funds forbade his complying. One day "a gentleman came in and asked us if we meant to have a school? I said, 'Yes, directly we can afford to get some forms, mend the windows, and patch up the walls of the rooms set apart for school-work.' Next day he ordered in carpenters to take the measure of the rooms for desks and forms." Another person, unknown, sent masons to brick up the broken outside windows of the chapel. "This," writes the Superior, "will make our chapel *safe* as well as warm." The severity of the weather, and the Lent rule, laid up one or two of the Brothers; and the draughty state of the half-ruined house gave the Superior himself a severe attack of rheumatism. At once a medical gentleman volunteered to attend the Priory gratuitously. "God is raising us up kind friends here," is his pious comment. "I tell you of all this," he wrote to a friend, "because I know it will interest you, and I am thankful to be able to show what great things our good Lord has already done for us." "Your kind gift," he wrote to one who had sent oatmeal, "was quite a relief to my mind, because, although we eat very little," he said, playfully, "and stint ourselves in every way we can, we do want something." To a lady who sent five pounds, he writes, "Your kind present has bought us two bedsteads and

straw mattresses, paid our baker and milk bill, and there is some over to buy more bread, potatoes, &c." To another he wrote, in allusion to a report that had gone the round of the papers, "The celebrated pervert, Mr. Charles Matthews, of the Brompton Oratory, is now sleeping on the floor at the Priory, and would be thankful for a bed." Alluding to a family who had been brought over from dissent, he writes, "The wife, good, kind woman, thinking that I look very ill, has been saving up the eggs which her fowls have been laying to bring to the 'poor, delicate young monk,' as she styled him. . . . The wife of one of the city magistrates, hearing that I was very hoarse in speaking, brought me a jar of black currant jam. Last night but one a gentleman who attends our daily services brought me quantities of jujubes, lozenges, &c., for my cold. On Saturday night some Norwich people sent us in quantities of eggs, tea, sugar, &c. . . . A very nice boy, who attends our chapel, hearing that I was unwell from cold, and therefore was not able to give the morning lecture at six o'clock, directly prime was over, went out and bought me some beautiful grapes and a packet of tea. Rabbits, beef-pies, &c., have been sent in to the monastery on Saturday night, for the Brothers to eat on Sunday, when the fasting is always relaxed, and they are allowed to eat a good dinner, 'if they can get it.'" A family in the neighbourhood also signified their intention of sending the Brothers in a dinner every Sunday. Notwithstanding all this, the support of ten or twelve Brothers, several of whom are unable to give anything towards the funds,

upon means so slender, would dishearten any one with less faith than the Superior.

The following description of their Lent life will be interesting to those who talk of monastic luxury:—"We only eat meat on Sundays, and have two meals a day, or rather, one meal and a half." And to the opposite and contradictory charge of gloomy fanaticism, we find opposed this artless statement:—"We are all very happy and cheerful, with plenty to do;" which was certainly the case while I was with them at Claydon.

I have already alluded to the boys' class and its successful working. The Brothers have in contemplation, among other works of mercy, a club for boys, to be called St. William's Boys' Club, the object of which is, by providing indoor amusement of a harmless character, such as a reading-room, lectures on interesting subjects, draughts, chess, &c., and eventually, it is hoped, also a gymnasium, to counteract the evil influences of the streets.* In connection with this it is hoped to establish a "Shoe Black Brigade," similar to those established so successfully in London, and an Orphanage; but these, as well as a similar club for young men, though imperatively called for, are, of course, delayed at present for want of funds, and are still completely *in futuris*.

* This "St. William," in whose honour there was anciently, as we have seen, a guild here, was a boy martyred by the Jews of Norwich, in the reign of King Stephen, as testified by the "Saxon Chronicle," anno 1137; Thomas of Monmouth, a contemporary monk, and others. (See Bloomfield's *History of Norfolk*.) He was buried in the choir of the Cathedral; but I do not know whether his body escaped at the Reformation. A chapel was built in his honour at Thorpe-wood, where his body was found; and his feast was observed on the 24th of March.

Perhaps I can best describe the work done since the Brothers took up their abode in Norwich, by quoting at some length from a letter from Brother Ignatius, which the kindness of a friend has placed at my disposal.

Benedictine Priory, Norwich,*
Thursday in Passion-week, 1864.

My dearest Brother,—I am so full of gratitude to our dearest Lord for all His infinite mercies, that I must let it brim over by detailing to you the miraculous outpouring of the heavenly benediction upon our monastic mission here.

You know the tremendous opposition which the newspapers, "Baron de Camin," and others, were striving to stir up against us —the terrible profanity of the lawless mob, the obscene songs, &c., sung about the streets respecting us. All this has been amazingly disappearing; the reverence of the crowds attending our eight daily services and three daily lectures is astonishing. I can scarcely refrain from blotting my letter to you with tears of gratitude, as I think of the continuous stream of living souls pouring in and out of the monastery gates all day long, from before six in the morning till after nine at night; all evidently either seeking the "water of life," or coming from curiosity and going away impressed, often sobbing and audibly giving vent to expressions of sorrow for sin. The Spirit is indeed moving upon the face of the waters of sin in this place, and a mighty desire after better things seems springing up around us. Our immediate neighbours seem to vie with each other in acts of kindness to the Brethren, and have stated in the public papers that they feel it to be a blessing and a privilege to have the monks in their parish! The rector of one of the fine old parish churches of this city has offered to celebrate *daily* for the Brothers, and to allow the Brothers to make the celebration musical by forming the choir and taking charge of the organ. The altar is a low, unraised little

* The Priory is called "St. Mary and St. Dunstan's Priory, Elm Hill." St. Mary was the original dedication of the Sack Friars, and St. Dunstan has been added, as mainly instrumental in establishing the rule of St. Benedict in England.

table, and there are no conveniences for the proper celebration of the adorable sacrifice; but let us hope better things soon. The church is a magnificent old Gothic structure, capable of holding 2,000 persons at least; the glorious roof of almost cathedral pitch, splendid arches and clustering columns; an immense choir, it having been a conventual church evidently. There are brasses, of monks, priors, &c., still on the pavement. There is one church in Norwich open for weekly communion on Sunday at 8 a.m. When we first came, the average attendance was from ten to twenty, or not so much; it is now nearly two hundred, I should think. We preach up this church in our chapel, and entreat the Norwich people no longer to neglect this great blessing, as they have hitherto done. Six of the Brothers attend there every Sunday morning.

Dissenters and Roman Catholics are leaving their chapels to attend ours *daily;* and of course, as a *sine qua non*, we lead them on to a union with the Church of England. We never preach a word against the Roman Church, as we do not desire to draw off their people in a town like this, so wholly destitute of Catholic feeling and principle; it is the lukewarm and the godless that we long to stir up to the love of God and repentance. And yet Dissenters and Romans alike will persist in regularly attending three or four, or even six, services daily in our chapel; and this in a town where week-day worship was scarcely known, except as represented by the cold, florid, unloving, dead cathedral services. One young Roman Catholic has boldly confessed his desire to be admitted as a novice to join us in our labours of love. Frequently after the lectures, when we sing the "Litany of Repentance," people fling themselves sobbing on their knees, and you hear the response, "Have mercy upon us," roll, in a deep, wave-like murmur, through our ugly, miserable-looking chapel. Our church is a perfect sight at vespers every night; the dense throngs, still and motionless, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, from the titled person down to the veriest ruffian and vagabond—all dear blood-bought souls—listening intently to our pleadings and entreaties to turn from Satan to God, from sin to righteousness.

On Sundays and Thursdays we have a service for boys and young men only. It is wonderful to see how the grace of God

seems to subdue our, at first, unruly congregations of young people. You may see hundreds kneeling when the lecture is over, singing the responses, with the monks, to the "Litany of the Child Jesus," and the peal of voices in grand unison rolls right down the street, and crowds are listening in wonder from the street and the neighbouring windows. In this vast assemblage of boys (and there must have been a thousand last Sunday) are gentlemen, tradesmen's sons, and the poorest of the poor, all alike striving to get in, to hear the monks teach them the truths of the Catholic faith, and see the solemn ceremonies of our monastic services, thereby imbibing a taste for religious externals and Catholic ritual. A family of Dissenters who have just left their own chapel, and who now attend regularly our services, declare that they had been going on without really feeling what religion was, but that now it seems as if their eyes were open to see religion in its true light . . . .

One other point of interest I must mention—viz., our daily nocturns and lauds. The convent bell rings sharp and shrill every morning at 1 a.m., for nocturns, and at 2·30 for lauds; and, strange to say, even this unusual summons is not without effect, for our grated postern is frequently obliged to open to admit worshippers (only men) even at that hour. Strangely are the night echoes of the sleeping city broken in upon by our convent bell summoning the monks of "St. Bennet's rule" "to watch and pray." On Sunday morning the night office is solemnly performed, as also on great feasts of the order. One morning such as this, a party of young men, returning from some carouse, were startled on passing the monastery to hear the chapel bell ringing. They entered just as the procession of monks was passing from the sacristy up the aisle, chanting softly, "At midnight there was heard a cry: Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. And the wise virgins took oil in their lamps," &c. At the head of the procession went the crucifix and two lights, then one or two banners, and lastly the thurifer, with censer smoking, and myself. The altar was solemnly censed while the anthem concluded, and then pealed out the sweet Lenten Invitatory, "It is not in vain that ye haste to rise up early in the morning before the light, for the Lord hath promised a crown to those who watch." Some of the young men

fell upon their knees before the service was over, and would even stop for the second service of Lauds.

There has been a Church Guild established in Norwich for some time. Many of its members have joined our third order, which is extending itself rapidly in this city, and is sowing, I trust, the seed of very much good among the young men of the place. Our boys' and young men's club is in abeyance, from an utter lack of funds for setting it on foot. It would be a very great blessing here if we could only begin it. Our chapel, too, is in a lamentable state of neglect. I wish Christians would send us help for this and our other missionary objects. I am sorry to say that assistance comes in such small sums at a time that we have only enough to supply our daily wants, small as they are (for we have only one regular meal a day, at 4·30 p.m.), and to keep the part of the house we inhabit from decay. Our visitors' rooms we are most anxious to furnish, as several persons have written, asking us to receive them at Easter for a short time, three priests among the number. Unless people will send us in funds soon, part of the house will be rendered positively useless from decay. One thousand pounds would set it in order; and what is that when we consider the immense sums expended in pleasure and sin, and also the holiness and immensity of our work? If we had funds to-morrow to buy back the desecrated Priory Church which adjoins this convent, it would be none too large, though it will hold three or four thousand people. I do not doubt that if two or three wealthy persons would help, the city would sell us this glorious church to re-dedicate it to the service of Him for whom it was built by the monks of old. Henry VIII. sold it to the corporation for a town-hall at a mere nominal sum. This glorious church is just opposite our dormitory windows, and as we return from compline of an evening we see the lights streaming through the glorious clerestory windows of the gigantic nave, and through the magnificent tracery of those in the side aisle; and we do covet earnestly the possession of the magnificent pile, and without sinning, I am sure. Something must be done, as dear —— says, to get it for God again. . . .

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother in Jesus and St. Benedict,

Br. IGNATIUS, Superior.

The reader will have noticed that the references in this letter are to the "Lent Rule," which will explain any discrepancies between its description of the work at Norwich, and my own account of the daily routine at Claydon while I was there, when, of course, the "summer rule" was in force, extending, as it does, from Easter till autumn.

The future of the Order is in the hands of God. I have traced its history from the time when the idea first assumed a tangible form in the mind of its earnest-minded and zealous founder, till that it may have said to have established itself in the old, long-desecrated monastery of the Sack Friars, dwelling naturally more at length on that phase of its history on which I am enabled to speak from experience. That phase has, indeed, passed away, but I cannot believe its record will be without its interest and its use. I could have wished, indeed, that I could have made him who is the master spirit of the whole enterprise stand out more prominently in these pages as the centre figure round which, as accessories, the rest might be grouped. But it is the fault of narratives that take the form of autobiographies that one's *own* feelings, thoughts, and experiences, are necessarily more prominent than could be wished—the feelings, thoughts, and experiences of others correspondingly thrust into the background.

If in any case my narrative has tended to disarm opposition or to deepen friendly sentiments, I am truly rejoiced that it is so. Where it has been otherwise I would say, "Judge nothing before the time." By-and-

bye, impugned and impugner will stand before the Judge, and the fire will try every man's work. If I have anywhere spoken strongly, and with apparent bitterness, it is not from any ill-will I bear to any section or denomination of men, but only because I feel strongly on the subjects I have treated of. Plain speaking and rancour are not synonymes; and the surgeon who probes with the friendly lancet must not be confounded with the assassin who lies in wait with the murderous dagger.

In conclusion, if these pages should serve to while away pleasantly an hour or so, snatched from the business of life, I shall be thankful; but without having any ambition to be either dull or dry, I would fain hope that they will serve some higher end; that some at least of the thoughts that seemed to me to be suggested by my sojourn in an English Monastery may meet with a responsive echo in the breast of my readers; and that some may learn to form a higher estimate of the self-denying labours it records than could be gathered from the chance paragraphs of the newspapers, or the ridicule of *Punch;* and that book and work alike may tend to the welfare of our Sion.

APPENDIX.

By the kind permission of the Editor of the *Church Times*, the following letter, which appeared in a recent number of that journal, is here reprinted, as giving (what from the nature of the case I was unable myself to give) the testimony of an *eye-witness* to the working of the order since its removal from Claydon :—

"THE NORWICH BROTHERS.

"Sir,—I shall feel greatly obliged if you will allow the following account of a visit to the Norwich Brotherhood to appear in your columns. I will begin by stating that I had been a good deal misled by the different accounts which from time to time have appeared in the public papers respecting the monks. At first the papers, even those professing to represent the Catholic school in our Communion, were pretty generally either indifferent or hostile to the movement. The Evangelical papers laughed at it. After a time I noticed a change. The Church papers became either neutral or friendly in tone; the Evangelical papers became bitter. Still no decided voice was spoken. On the part of the monks indications appeared here and there of rapid advance and progress. Beaten down by the Episcopal tyranny and mob violence at an obscure country village, they suddenly emerge in the very centre of the largest city in eastern England, the actual seat and stronghold of their oppressors. Silenced in the little parish church, the voice of Ignatius sounds from the pulpit of one of the most popular churches in western London. He appears on the platforms at Puritan places, such as Ipswich and Bristol. Everywhere he wins the day. With difficulty obtaining a hearing at first, he ends by lifting his hearers out of themselves. People flock to him, out of curiosity at first, and end by enrolling themselves in the third order, till this last is now in a fair way to reach to two hundred

members. Some of these members I had met accidentally at London hotels and elsewhere, and been greatly struck by their tone and bearing; young men for the most part, yet with a quiet confidence and enthusiasm which looked very like the inspiration of a master mind. I thought to myself, this movement may be fanatical, and it may be irregular in its working at first, but it is assuredly not a thing to be laughed at. The scene may be English, but its features bear a marvellous resemblance to a Clairvaux and Assisi; so I determined to run up to Norwich and see with my own eyes what the work really is, and perhaps to report it to English Churchmen through you. With this purpose I wrote a note to the Superior, asking him if he would admit me as a visitor to the convent for a few days. I ought to premise, by the way, that the Superior and all the Brothers were utter strangers to me. I had never even seen one of them, nor did I know the names of any of them except the Superior, whose original name I had seen in the papers. Neither do I know any of their friends or relations. I am therefore able to give an entirely unbiassed account.

"My request being most kindly acceded to, I arrived from London at the convent gate soon after eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday, April 2nd. I rang the bell, and after being inspected, through a flanking port-hole, by the porter, was admitted, through an old wicket in the great entrance door into the portal. Through this I passed into a quadrangular court-yard with a door immediately opposite. As I crossed the court-yard I heard the clear voice of the Superior preaching in the chapel, which forms the lowest story of the whole left side of the quadrangle. Preceding me with a light through the door above mentioned, the old porter led me up-stairs to my room immediately above it. There a cheerful fire was burning, and everything prepared for my comfort. However hard the Brothers, owing to their utter poverty, may live—and very hard they do live—they take good care that their guest shall not go short even if he eat the last crumbs of bread in their house. A wooden staircase led from my room by a few steps into the chapel. By this I slipped in unmolested. 'Slipped in' is the right expression, for the chapel was crowded to excess, and I had no more than standing-room. I found myself in the centre of what would be in an orientating chapel, the north wall of the

nave. A very pretty chapel so far as interior decoration makes beauty. The cross-beams of the ceiling supported on iron pillars clad in red cloth, three down each side; thus giving an appearance of central nave with side aisles. A conventional chancel is made by a high screen, rendered impervious to the eye by coloured hangings, except where the richly vested altar with crucifix and candles, flowers, &c., is seen through the central arch. Within the chancel sate the Brothers, seven or eight in number, surpliced and cowled, together with two or three choristers and acolytes. The body of the chapel was fitted with benches to accommodate two hundred people. Perhaps three hundred were present; every inch of standing-ground being occupied. The passage leading to the chapel was also filled, and clusters of people crowded in the court-yard outside, round the three open windows of the chapel, all perfectly quiet and very attentive. The eyes of everybody were fixed upon the preacher, Brother Ignatius. I feel prevented by delicacy from giving a particular description of one for whom a three days' acquaintance has inspired me with a feeling of more than friendship. Suffice it then to say that my anticipations were more that fulfilled. He was in every way what I had expected, except in one respect. I had not expected to find a man of the rare intellectual power which I found in him. His oratory is of the very highest order. I never heard anything like it in our communion. Occasionally he reminded me of the French pulpit, and some of his transitions resembled Segneri a good deal, but though I might fancy a resemblance now and then, he was thoroughly original. He spoke straight out from his heart evidently, and I should imagine with little or no preparation for the particular sermon. Biting sarcasm, which seemed to pierce with cold keen edge the very marrow of one's back-bone, alternated with glorious eloquence, which kindled the soul into a yearning for heaven, such as I have felt when a full choir has been singing 'Jerusalem the Golden' on a high festival. Occasionally genuine humour would creep out, even in the shape of a good story; and I have heard several times that peculiar sound in the congregation produced by everybody laughing under their breath at once. Then suddenly he would change into pitiless denunciation, so sudden that one would *hear* a shudder run through the people. In fact he can do what he likes with a

congregation. It is my firm conviction that Brother Ignatius will prove to be the greatest orator the English Church has ever had. I say this deliberately, with considerable experience of pulpit eloquence both in Great Britain and on the continent.

"To which I will also add this: Give that young monk standing-room and he will shake English Protestantism to its centre. Nor is this a mere private opinion of my own. I could not have believed that in two months—nor in two years for that matter—such a work could have been done for souls as I saw before me in Norwich. It is marvellous. With sound wisdom they display our worship in all its beauty. They use the authorized version of the Psalms, but arranged according to the old Benedictine use. Their day-offices are nearly identical with the 'Day Hours of the Church of England' in common use in our sisterhoods, the matin service being of course extra. Every accessory which can be given by the use of vestments, incense, processions, &c., is freely used. The result is that people are coming in to them from all sides. They have converted more than thirty Dissenters —Baptists, Independents, Socinians, &c., and what is very remarkable, several Roman Catholics. The latter, when asked, give as their reason for coming in, that a Church showing such signs of spiritual life cannot be schismatical. Nor are these conversions of Dissenters from mere love of novelty or æsthetics. There is a real turning of the heart from the world to God. It is a genuine Catholic revival. This I assert with authority, for, being the only priest in the house, my services *as a priest* were called into request for individual souls. I have therefore a right to speak as no one else could do. I may not, of course, speak more particularly than this on such a subject; but what I do say I say emphatically, and I think that it ought to bear great weight. Now I will ask this of your readers. What sort of a fool would any of us have been thought who would have predicted such a two months' work in ultra-Protestant Norwich without the direct interposition of God? A rare lunatic he would have been called who would have foretold that any amount of force, moral or physical, would have induced the wife of a British farmer to walk four miles to *prime* at six o'clock in the morning in the nineteenth century. Yet this is but one instance among many similar, which are going on at Norwich, the cathedral city of

Pelham Episcopus. Of course they meet with much opposition; yet, as far as I can see, without the slightest effect. The Low Churchmen batter and pelt them from their pulpits, but the sounds of abuse do not often penetrate those quiet convent walls; they lie secure in the midst of it all like an iron-clad among wooden three-deckers. Persecution is almost part of a monk's rule, and it amused me to see how they took it as if it were as much a matter of course as the singing of their services. I was walking in the street by the side of one of the monks when a low fellow threw a stone, which struck him full in the jaw. He took no notice, but the blow made the face swell. The low rabble at present give them some trouble when they go together at stated hours anywhere through the streets. They go every morning to a celebration at eight, provided for them by the brave-hearted young rector of the principal city church. In going and returning they have a considerable escort, principally composed of little boys and women. As far as I could judge, however, the feeling among these was simply curiosity; there were a few black sheep among them who were inclined to insult, but not many; and some of the little boys were disposed to be facetious about the monastic habit, inquiring anxiously, 'How's your poor feet?' and so forth. This will all cease when the novelty wears off, unless fanned into flame *ab extra*. When the monks go into the town casually, great respect is shown them, the tradesmen often uncovering to them, and bowing at their shop-doors. Besides, their third order is getting numerically strong in Norwich. I myself saw about fifteen admitted at once, rather more than half of them being women. Their hours of service are these:—Nocturns and lauds, two hours after midnight; prime, at 6 a.m.; celebration in the parish church, at 8; terce, at 9; sext, at 12; nones, at 2 p.m.; vespers, at 6; compline, at 9. The favourite service in the city is vespers. The chapel is overcrowded indeed at that service. At compline they have generally room to kneel (which few can do at vespers), and exceeding devout they are. I never in my life saw devotion so earnest in our communion as I have seen at these services. I imagine that compline is a good deal leavened by the third order. Admission to the chapel is by tickets, which are held perpetually. Though many strangers come therefore, the

congregation is less fluctuating than might be expected. A sermon is preached at vespers, and very often at prime. The offertory is collected after vespers for the expenses of the chapel services. It averages about sixteen shillings, but rises higher than this when a special purpose is announced. On one evening while I was there it amounted to £1 4s. Though no expense available is spared in the service of God, the Brothers themselves are, as I said above, exceeding poor. All their money has been spent, I fancy, on the purchase of their building, which is now their own. They are very fortunate in securing this, for it is in the heart of the city, and contains no less than twenty-five rooms; but it is very ruinous, and wholly unfurnished. When they first entered it they had absolutely nothing. Some kind friend in the place provided them with mutton chops, which the Superior roasted before the fire on a string and a bit of stick. At night they slept on the bare floor. The whole work of the house is done by themselves. This is part of their rule. I must say it went dreadfully against the grain with me, to see a gentleman mending my fire and emptying my slops. They all seem very cheerful and happy, and devoted heart and soul to their Superior, whom I believe they would follow to death. They made very merry over their first attempts at cookery. None of them knew anything whatever about it, and everything had to be learnt without any teacher, except experience. Now, however, they manage very fairly indeed. I fancy that they live almost entirely on what is brought them in kind. Offerings are brought daily to them from the town. One person would bring a basket of eggs, another a cake and a loaf, a third some coffee, a fourth a pat of butter, and so forth. I saw one woman bring two fenders, having nothing else to offer. Another seems to consider it her mission to bring pots of jam. She manages to bring one daily, or nearly so; so that the Brothers are rolling in jam at present, without overmuch bread to spread it on. Flowers for the chapel are brought in most lavishly. One excellent lady was sitting over her bedroom fire one bitterly cold night, when the thought came across her, 'What are the poor Brothers at Norwich doing to-night?' Without a moment's hesitation she got up, took off her own frilled flannel dressing-gown and sent it straight off to Brother Ignatius. Its arrival created no small consternation in the

monastery, as the first impression was that it must be some strange vestment not in general use with us. The Lord have mercy on that good soul in the day of His coming! All this is very encouraging, but at the same time it is precarious. I thought to myself, that if some of the ladies who read the *Church Times* knew how many breakfasts to these brave soldiers of Christ the price of a silk dress or a brooch would supply, there might be a reduction here and there in milliners' bills. I am writing this letter with a view to giving a plain narrative of facts, not to making an appeal to your readers, for which I have no permission whatever, writing as I do without the knowledge of the Brothers. Yet it seems to me that the facts themselves are an appeal to our sympathies.

"If this should meet the eye of any of our great merchant princes, who are spending their thousands and their tens of thousands so nobly in God's service, I will venture to urge this :—You give of the riches which God has lent you to the stones and mortar of the material building, which shall crumble into dust and pass away; will you not also spare a little of your substance to this rising altar in the Church, not made with hands, which the mighty power of our God and of His Christ is building in your midst? It would be well laid out, and would bear much interest.

"I remain, Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

"April 9, 1864. "G. M.

"P.S.—I ought to have said that the Brothers want funds, not for increasing their own comfort, but for extending their operations. Great numbers of applications come to them from persons wishing to enter the novitiate with a view to ultimately making full profession as monks. Some of these implore to be admitted, if it be only as labourers. This of course is impossible. The Brothers are all equal; the only difference being that the Superior is almost more zealous in self-denial than his Brothers, if that be possible. If they could afford it they would send out missions in different directions, and undertake work on a wider scale. But they cannot afford to increase their numbers."

THE END.

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